

A. C. Maxwell

[illegible] from a painting by
[illegible] in 1871

ering of Almeida, remained entirely in their hands, and that the French eventually acknowledged themselves beaten by withdrawing from the contest and from the country, without accomplishing any one object whatever, and simply because of being repelled by the battle. And the British might have farther claimed it, on the ground that the great disparity of numbers would have rendered even a drawn battle a virtual victory to the allies,—and on the ground also of supereminent generalship on the part of the British chief,—on the very ground, in fact, that he manœuvred the right wing and the centre of his army, while in the very grasp of their assailants, out of temporary defeat into eventual assured success.

"In calmly reviewing the varied fortunes of this long and sanguinary conflict," remarks Maxwell, "it is impossible, in weighing the merits of those commanding, not to award an immeasurable superiority to the talents of the British general. Obliged to abide a battle, and that too upon a field in no way favourable for an inferior force to sustain the assault of a superior enemy, Wellington's dispositions were masterly, and every arm he had was ably and usefully employed. Massena, on the other hand, displayed none of that military genius which had placed him foremost among Napoleon's lieutenants. He wasted his strength upon the village of Fuentes d'Onoro; and with the key of the position in his possession, he allowed this advantage to remain profitless, when through Poço Velho he could have poured his whole force upon the plateau, and overwhelmed the British right wing by mere numbers. The ground was favourable for cavalry to act efficiently; but the French marshal's magnificent dragoons were neither skilfully nor vigorously employed; and while they should have been deciding the fortune of the fight, they were trifling with the partidas of Julian Sanchez. 'Having indicated all the errors of the English general's position, the Prince of Essling stopped short at the very moment when he should have sprung forward.' To whatever cause it may be ascribed, the movements of the French marshal throughout the 5th were marked by irregularity and delay; and his attacks upon opposite flanks, which, to have ensured success, should have been simultaneous, were made with a considerable interval between them. In short, Massena's genius seemed asleep, and none could have imagined that the victor of Aspern was he who failed so signally at Fuentes d'Onoro."

On the 6th, Massena maintained his ground in front of the allies, and sent his wounded to the rear, but showed no disposition to renew the combat. On the 7th, he continued still there, and still inactive. On the 8th, he withdrew his main body into the woods toward Espeja and Gallegos, but left posts at Alameda and Fuentes d'Onoro. And on the 10th, his whole force retired across the Agueda, Regnier's corps by the bridge of Barba del Puerco, and the rest of the army at Ciudad Rodrigo. The allies did not make any pursuit,—advanced posts merely being pushed forward to the Azava and the Lower Agueda, and

A Memoir of Field Marshal The Duke of Wellington.

WITH NOTICES OF

his Associates & Opponents



offering the Regalia of Mysore
to the Duke of Wellington

VOL. I.

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A

MEMOIR OF FIELD-MARSHAL

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON;

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WIL/M

WITH INTERSPERSED NOTICES OF

HIS PRINCIPAL ASSOCIATES IN COUNCIL,

AND

COMPANIONS AND OPPONENTS IN ARMS.

VOLUME I.

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PREFACE

FEW subjects are more popular than a life of the Duke of Wellington. Few have so earnestly engaged the attention of publishers and practised writers. So grand a subject could not fail, and has not failed, to elicit brilliant displays both of illustrative and of literary art. Lives of the Duke have been produced of all sizes, from the penny pamphlet to a set of three octavos,—in all varieties of outer style, from the plainest to the most elegant,—and in all kinds of inner execution, from the most lightly gay to the most gravely historical. The talent lavished upon them has been immense. Most of them, each in its own way, are excellent. Yet some are entirely military; some display considerable party spirit; few have the character of memoirs; and most, from some cause or other, have important defects. Hence was another life needed, more comprehensive, more biographical, labouring in every respect to do full fair justice to its illustrious subject; and that life the present work aims to be.

This work is commended by its size. It is sufficiently large to permit the full clear treatment of every part of its subject, but not so large as to permit indulgence in minor details. Any smaller life of the Duke does not give satisfactory information; while very small ones, no matter how great their ability, are compelled so to conceal some features, and to dwarf the rest, as virtually to produce a caricature instead of a likeness. Wellington's is not the kind of history which can successfully or even tolerably be exhibited in miniature. A larger work than the present, on the other hand, would give scope for such digressions and prolixities as would seriously mar the effect of the narrative.

The present memoir derives great advantages from being written after the Duke's death. Some of these are, the reflected light which his last years threw upon his previous character,—the numerous facts which his death elicited in illustration of his previous history,—the multitudes of opinions upon his worth, and testimonies to his celebrity, which it evoked from all classes of public men, both in Britain and on the Continent,—and the opportunity which it afforded for making a comprehensive digest of the thousand conflicting things which had been said regarding him. The Duke's meteor-star sped a longer course, and

emitted a brighter radiance than the star of any other conqueror; and not till that sublime meteor sank, did the proper moment arrive for ascertaining the result of the observations which had been made upon it, and of the influences which it had shed. No memoir of the Duke written during his life-time, no matter with how much ability, could be either so true or so fair as one written after his death.

The present work also possesses the desirable property of being all written in as biographical a style as possible. Some other large lives of the Duke are mere accounts of his campaigns and his political actions, relieved only by a few personal anecdotes, and differing little from general history. But this memoir attempts to be a true biography,—keeping its hero constantly in view,—never losing sight of him even in the thickest crowds, or the most complicated events. It even aims to make the Duke in a considerable degree his own biographer, by giving free extracts from his correspondence, on all occasions when these could be made to fit well into the narrative. Nor does it content itself with views of his public career or outer conduct,—with the unfolding of his history as a soldier and a statesman, but labours, with no less care and prominence, to give whatever true accounts could be obtained of his mental progress, his private conduct, his inner nature, the unbending of his mind toward his companions, the current of his feelings toward his antagonists, and the springs of that stupendous power which he wielded in camps and courts.

This work has likewise the recommendation of containing descriptive notices of his principal associates and antagonists. This property does not mar the biographical feature, but rather imparts to it distinctness and relief. The Duke, while passing through a marvellous diversity of human intercourse, was supereminently affected by every kind of influence which plays more or less strongly upon all warriors and statesmen; so that, in order to the full comprehension of his character and deeds, we must understand those of the chief persons with whom he acted, and the measure of talent and experience with which he had to contend. His outward history, too, exhibits such a play of events suddenly struck off from counsel with his friends or from collision with his foes, that it needs illustration almost as much from their character as from his own. His life, however, not theirs, is sought to be illustrated. Hence all notices of them in the present work are of an interspersed kind,—generally short, often medallions rather than portraits, and always so placed as to make the smallest possible break in the continuity of the main narrative.

This work, as a general one, addressed to all classes of readers, probably loses nothing from being written by a civilian. A merely military life of

Wellington, for the amusement or instruction of military men, requires to be written by a military man. But a life like the present, which looks at its subject in every kind of light, and presents that subject to every kind of mind, would lose more advantages than it could gain from a technical pen. Its main requisite in military matters is accurate description; and this, it is hoped, has been attained, in terms which, while technical and animated enough to be accepted by military readers, are not so overloaded with technicalities, or so gory with the love of battle, as to be repulsive to any general reader. The writer is even one of those who regard war as justifiable only in the last resort,—who think that only such amenities as were practised by Wellington can prevent the conducting of it from being a continuous monstrous crime,—who heartily respond to the prayer of one of the most famous of ancient warriors, "O God, scatter thou the people that delight in war;" and he hopes that, on that very account, his admiration of the great British hero will be found thoroughly honest, and his account of that hero's wars perfectly impartial.

On the general literary execution of the work, nothing needs be said. The literary style of a book, like the architectural style of a building, must abide the free criticism of all observers, let the author or the artist think what he may. A word or two, however, may be said respecting the materials. An ampler use has been made of the Wellington despatches, or at least an use of a much greater number of the letters, than in any other life of Wellington; insomuch, that this work may be regarded as containing most of the cream of these voluminous and celebrated documents. It also contains a careful and condensed digest of vast quantities of miscellaneous matter respecting Wellington, which lie scattered through as many periodicals, journals, biographies, and histories as would make a large library. The materials, at the same time, have been well sifted. Only a few of the thousands of loose inflated anecdotes, so long in free circulation, have been accepted, and these only on independent evidence of their credibility, or with a note of their doubtful truth. The accuracy of descriptions of marches and battles has been tested by minute examination of the best maps. Quotations of all kinds, wherever made, have been made formally, and with due acknowledgment.

The outward execution of the work speaks for itself. The illustrations, it will be seen, have been selected on a plan of comprehensiveness, variety, and truthfulness, similar to that of the memoir. The plans of battles, and the maps of territories that became the theatre of strategic operations, will be found to illustrate the most interesting or the most intricate portions of Wellington's campaigns. The scenes here given exhibit the salient points of the countries in which he fought, as well as some of the places which were either theatres or bases of

his operations, and they give ideas of the general scenery amidst which his victories were achieved. The portraits, besides in two instances showing his own person, display a fair large specimen of "his principal associates in council, and companions and opponents in arms." The whole work, it is hoped, has fulfilled every reasonable expectation which was raised respecting it in the Prospectus, as a work "challenging comparison, in outward execution and in price, with the finest works of its class, be the subject of them what it may."

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MEMOIR OF FIELD-MARSHAL

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S ANCESTORS—THE COLLEYS—THE WESLEYS—THE DUKE'S FATHER AND MOTHER—HIS BIRTH—HIS EDUCATION—HIS EARLY PROMOTIONS IN THE ARMY—HIS APPEARANCE IN THE IRISH PARLIAMENT—HIS FIRST MILITARY CAMPAIGN

THE Duke of Wellington's remote ancestors were landowners in Rutlandshire. Their name has been variously written Colley, Cooley, and Cowley. In the reign of Henry VIII. John Colley held the manors of Glaiston and Oakham-Castle in Rutlandshire; but in the reign of Charles I. Sir Anthony Colley alienated a large portion of this property; and from that period the family became obscure in England.

But at the time when Henry VIII. offered liberal inducements to well educated Protestant English gentlemen to settle in Ireland, two brothers of the Colley family, Walter and Robert, went to that country, and there perpetuated the family name, and laid the foundation of its permanent celebrity. They soon received a grant of the clerkship of the crown in chancery during their life; and afterwards Robert was appointed master of the rolls, while Walter, the elder brother and the ancestor of the Wellesleys, became successively solicitor-general and surveyor-general.

Henry, the eldest son of Walter, chose the profession of arms, performed exploits against the turbulent Irish, acted as commissioner of array for the county of Kildare, sat in parliament for the borough of Thomastown, was made governor of King's County, received the honour of knighthood, and became a member of the privy council. The Lord-Deputy Sydney, writing to his successor in the government, the Earl of Sussex, says, "My good Lord, I had almost forgotten, by reason of diversity of other matter, to

recommend unto you, amongst others of my friends, Sir Henry Colley, a knight, and of my own making, who, whilst he was young and the ability and strength of his body sound, was valiant, fortunate, and a good servant, and having by my appointment the charge of the King's County, kept the same well-ordered and in good obedience. He is as good a borderer," a vigorous maintainer of the power of the English Pale against the encroaching Irish, "as ever I found any where. I left him at my coming thence a counsellor, and esteemed him for his experience and judgment very sufficient for the room he was called unto. He was a sound and fast friend to me; so I doubt not but your lordship shall find, when you have occasion to employ him." Sir Nicholas Malby, also, speaking of Sir Henry Colley, says, "He governed the county honourably, though sorely oppressed by the rebels the Connors."

Sir Henry had three sons,—George, afterwards Sir George of Edenderry, the ancestor of the Viscounts Blundell, now represented by the Marquis of Downshire; Gerard, afterwards of Ardee, the ancestor of the Moors of Barnmeath; and Henry, afterwards Sir Henry of Castle-Carbery, the ancestor of the Wellesleys. This second Sir Henry ran a similar career to his father. He filled the offices successively of constable of the fort of Philipstown and seneschal of King's County; he was a brave soldier, kept around him a fair force of military retainers, and acted some time as providore or commissary-general of the army; he made great efforts, both political and military, to bring the refractory Irish into subjection to the crown; he was publicly knighted in Christ Church cathedral, Dublin: and at length, when full of years, he withdrew from the excitements of his energetic life, yet lingered a while to serve his country as member of parliament for the borough of Monaghan. He lies interred beneath a splendid monument, in the parish church of Castle Carbery.

Henry, his eldest son and successor, lived a secluded life. But Dudley Colley, the son of this third Henry, performed the part of a zealous royalist in the Cromwellian wars, and was rewarded after the Restoration with a commission in the king's army and a grant of the townlands of Ardkill and Collinstown in the county of Kildare. He also sat in parliament for Philipstown. His daughter Elizabeth was married to Garret Wesley of Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath; and this marriage speedily brought the name and blood of the Wesley family into the line of the Duke of Wellington's ancestry.

The original name of the Wesleys seems to have been De Welesley or De Welseley, but was afterwards shortened into Wesley, and did not take the form of Wellesley till the elevation of the Duke of Wellington's eldest brother to the British peerage, under the title of Baron Wellesley; so that the Duke himself, even for several years after he entered the army, was known as Arthur Wesley. The De Welesleys were of Saxon origin, and settled early

in the county of Sussex. In 1172 one of them went with Henry II. to Ireland as his standard-bearer, and obtained from him large grants of land in the counties of Meath and Kildare. William De Welesley was killed in 1303 fighting against the Irish; and John, his brother, sat in parliament as a baron of the realm, and received from Edward II. a grant of the custody of the castle of Arden, which he exchanged in 1341 for the manor of Demor. Richard II. in 1381, by a special missive, appointed another William De Welesley governor of the castle and lands of Arkhill.

Henry Colley—the fourth of his name, the son of Dudley Colley—inhabited the Castle-Carbery estates, and died in 1700. Anne, his eldest daughter, was married to William Pole of Ballyfin, in Queen's County; and the line of her descendants eventually deflected to a senior brother of the Duke of Wellington, the Honourable W. Wellesley, afterwards created Baron Maryborough, whose family have adopted the surname of Pole. Richard Colley, the youngest brother of that lady, succeeded by inheritance to the Castle-Carbery estates, and also, in the year 1728, obtained by bequest the extensive possessions of his cousin, Garret Wesley of Dangan Castle. He and his heirs, in consequence, assumed the name and arms of the Wesley family.

Southey, in his Life of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, relates the following remarkable anecdote respecting the acquisition of the Dangan estates by the Colleys:—"While Charles Wesley was at Westminster school under his brother, a gentleman of large fortune in Ireland, and of the same family name, wrote to the father, and inquired of him if he had a son named Charles: for if so, he would make him his heir. Accordingly, his school bills, during several years, were discharged by his unseen namesake. At length, a gentleman, who is supposed to have been this Mr. Wesley, called upon him, and, after much conversation, asked if he was willing to accompany him to Ireland. The youth desired to write to his father before he could make answer: the father left it to his own decision; and he, who was satisfied with the fair prospects which Christ's Church, (Oxford,) opened to him, chose to stay in England. John Wesley, in his account of his brother, calls this a fair escape. The fact is more remarkable than he was aware of; for the person who inherited the property intended for Charles Wesley, and who took the name of Wesley or Wellesley, in consequence, was the first Earl of Mornington, grandfather of the Marquis Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington. Had Charles made a different choice, there might have been no Methodists; the British empire in India might still have been menaced from Seringapatam; and the undisputed tyrant of Europe might at this time have insulted and threatened us on our own shores."

Richard Colley Wesley held several high and honourable offices,—was auditor and registrar of the royal hospital of Kilmainham, second chamberlain

of the court of exchequer, sheriff of the county of Meath, and member of parliament for the borough of Trim. In 1746, he was created a peer of Ireland, by the title of Baron Mornington. He died in 1756, leaving an only son, Garret, who succeeded him.

The second Lord Mornington was the father of the Duke of Wellington. On the 6th of February, 1759, he married Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, who long survived to enjoy the celebrity of her offspring. On the 20th of October, 1760, he was created Viscount Wellesley and Earl of Mornington. His children were Richard, first Marquis Wellesley, who was born on 20th June, 1760; Arthur-Gerald, who was born in May, 1761, and died young; William, Baron Maryborough, who was born on 20th of May, 1763; Francis-Seymour, who was born in March, 1766, and died young; Anne, Lady Culling Smith, who was born on 13th March, 1768; Arthur, Duke of Wellington, who was born on 1st May, 1769; Gerald-Valerian, D.D., who was born on 7th December, 1770; Mary-Elizabeth, who was born in January, 1772, and died in March, 1794; and Henry, Baron Cowley, who was born on 20th January, 1773.

The Earl of Mornington lived in peaceful times, amid the softest amenities of society, with little inducement to cultivate any other properties than those of a private gentleman. He showed no fondness for the military profession, and took little part in politics; but, possessing a powerful natural taste for music, he cultivated this with enthusiasm, and made the cultivation of it a sort of business of his life. "In him," says the Rev. G. N. Wright in his Life and Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington, "was illustrated one of those instances of precocious musical talent which astonish all who witness them, and remain inexplicable by metaphysical or other rules. While yet in the arms of his nurse, and before he was able to put a complete sentence together, he distinguished the performance of his father, who was an excellent violinist, from that of Dubourg, a professor, so nicely, that when the latter visited at Dangan Castle, the child would not suffer his father to play; and during the performance of the most difficult pieces, he beat time with so much accuracy as to lead those present to conclude that he could not mark it untruly. At the age of nine years he was persuaded, by a painter employed in the mansion, to take up a violin, and attempt to play; and, in the space of a few hours, he learned the old catches of 'The Christ's Church Bells,' and 'Sing one, two, three,—come follow me.' A neighbouring clergyman was much applauded for the composition of a new country-dance; and this little circumstance secretly worked upon the feelings of the embryo musician so acutely, that he now turned composer, and, without the assistance or knowledge of any one, produced a minuet the base of which he wrote in treble-clef. He next composed a seranata, consisting of three parts,



not yet having had any instruction, nor even having heard music, except his father's playing on the violin and his sisters' on the harpsicord, and not having attained his fourteenth year. His father, observing the extraordinary musical genius of his son, told him that he had an intention of presenting an organ to the parish church, if his son had been capable of acting as organist. The youth immediately promised that if his father would only order an organ to be built, he would be fully prepared to play the most difficult music by the time of its erection; which promise he actually fulfilled, playing fugues extempore, the moment the instrument was set up, to the amazement of his father and friends, who had never before heard him execute a single bar, nor had he an instrument to practise on.

"In process of time, his lordship read, studied, and composed music; and although he never received any instruction in that pleasing science, Rosengrave and Geminiani, who examined his compositions, declared that they were agreeable to all the established rules, and that he seemed intimately acquainted also with their proper exceptions. In the early part of his life, he was always most pleased with simple melodies, but subsequently he exhibited a strong predilection for church music and full harmony. He was ultimately so distinguished as a musical composer and performer, that the university of Dublin conferred upon him the degree of Doctor and Professor of Music; and a chant which he composed continues, to this day, to be performed in the churches of Dublin. Amongst the most admired of his vocal compositions are, 'Here in cool grot,' 'When for the world's repose,' ''Twas you, sir,' 'Gently hear me, charming maid,' 'Come, fairest nymph,' and 'By greenwood tree.' Writers of musical biography have distinguished five from among those that were most conspicuous by a display of musical talent in infancy: they are, Mozart, Charles Wesley, Samuel Wesley, Little Crotch, and Lord Mornington." His lordship, however, had expensive habits,—was more munificent than prudent; and he died on the 22d of May, 1781, leaving to his heir and large family an encumbered property.

Richard Wellesley, second Earl of Mornington, and afterwards Marquis Wellesley, was within a month of his majority at his father's death. He wielded in some degree, over his brothers and sisters, the influence of a father. His character in early life was a noble one, affording full promise of the many brilliant virtues of his maturer years. He studied at Eton and at Oxford; and was there distinguished by energy, generosity, fine taste, and rapid learning. And both his natural excellences and his acquired ones were displayed as freely, in his young manhood, amid the privacies of home, as afterwards throughout a long life, in the public duties of a statesman and a ruler. All his rights of property as his father's heir he for a time surrendered to the control of his mother, for the general benefit of the family,—simply on his own part sharing

in her counsels and maintaining her authority; but with this honourable reservation that, though in most instances not at all legally bound to do so, he made himself responsible for his father's debts, and in good time discharged them all.

His mother was abundantly worthy of his confidence. She was a lady of great cleverness, shrewd judgment, extraordinary decision, keen foresight, and wise, careful management,—amiable in her personal qualities, and most exemplary as a mother. She probably had been stimulated to the practice of economy by the lavish habits of her husband, and no doubt found frequent occasion for it in the circumstances of her household during all the early years of her widowhood. Under such a mother, young Arthur Wellesley, then a lad of twelve years and upward, may be supposed to have acquired the germ of many of those habits which afterwards raised him to distinction, and enabled him to maintain it. This greatest of modern military commanders, like multitudes of other great men in all departments of human greatness, unquestionably owed much of the excellences of his manhood to the maternal influences on his boyhood. And even his simplicity of manners, his frugality, his dislike of luxury, the massive Spartan energy of his whole character—which ever distinguished him as markedly as his very heroism—may all have arisen from his mother's fine practical lessons in economy.

Our hero's birth is said, by most writers on his history, to have taken place at Dangan Castle on the 1st of May, 1769. But both the date and the place have been the subject of a controversy, which probably does not now admit of any conclusive determination. Our impression is that the date which we have mentioned is the right one,—that the birth took place on the 1st of May; though this impression is much marred by counter-evidence, particularly by a record which fixes the baptism to the 30th of April. As to the place, the evidence weighs heavily against Dangan Castle, and in favour of Dublin; and we accept with little hesitation the statement of the Times' biographer when he says, "Our own information leads us to believe that the Duke first saw the light in the town residence of his parents, Mornington House, a mansion of some pretensions in the centre of the eastern side of Upper Merrion street, Dublin, and which as it then abutted as a corner house upon a large area, since enclosed with buildings, was occasionally described as situate in Merrion Square." But any doubt as to either the date or the place of the birth is of not the slightest consequence to the illustrious life which followed, and was treated with perfect indifference by the Duke himself, who, ever after the close of his military career, held his birthday on the 18th of June. A more curious point—though *merely* curious—is that Buonaparte and Wellington were born in the same year. Louis XVIII. remarking on this coincidence, said, "Providence, when permitting the evil, sent also the antidote."

Arthur Wellesley, after a few years of private tuition, was sent to Eton

College. He there had means and inducements of the highest order to seek proficiency in elegant scholarship. But he felt little relish for this. The traditions of the school say that he fought briskly on the [illegible] ground, but made scarcely a struggle in the class-room,—that he was a spirited boy in free intercourse with his school-fellows, but dull and moody at his books. At all events, he made no figure in his classes, gave grievous disappointment to his mother, and was remanded, for a short time, to private tuition. "That he should have passed through the forms of Eton without distinction," it has been well observed, "need not excite either surprise or regret. Byron found nothing to interest him at Harrow but its manly sports and exercises: and Arthur Wellesley, the destined conqueror of Napoleon, soon perceived that Eton was not a field for the exercise of a mind possessing scientific powers only, and capable of being stored with all the theoretic learning of a military school,—a description of academy which England at that period did not possess."

His clever parent, soon discerning what was most likely to suit the development of his genius, sent him to the Military College of Angers, in the department of Maine and Loire. This was under the direction of Pignerol, the most celebrated military engineer of the period, who has bequeathed his name to one of the most remarkable of the fortresses in the Alps. The arts of war and of fortification were taught in the best style by Pignerol; and at the same time literature and general science were taught, in a conjoint university, and royal academy, by other eminent professors. Angers was altogether a seat of high practical learning, the resort not of Frenchmen only, but of many Germans and other foreigners. Arthur Wellesley could not but profit there. He did not indeed, when going away from it, leave any signal reputation behind him; but he bore broad marks of having learned great things from Pignerol; and he no doubt acquired among the general society of Angers the ready knowledge of the French language, and no small portion of the frank, polished manners which were afterwards so useful to him in his European campaigns.

On the 7th of March, 1787, the embryo conqueror, then in the 18th year of his age, received his first commission, as an ensign in the 73d regiment of foot. On the 25th of December, in the same year, he became lieutenant in the 76th regiment of foot. On the 23d of January, 1788, he was transferred to the 41st regiment of foot. On the 25th of June, 1789, he moved to a lieutenancy in the 12th light dragoons. On the 30th of June, 1791, he was promoted to a captaincy in the 58th foot. On the 31st of October, 1792, he exchanged into the 18th light dragoons. On the 30th of April, 1793, he became major in the 33d foot. And with this regiment he remained till the 1st of June, 1813,—obtaining the lieutenant-colonelcy of it by purchase on the 30th September, 1793, and becoming colonel by brevet on the 3d of May, 1796, and colonel on the 30th of January, 1806.

A remarkable thing in these early movements is his alternating between the two departments of the army, so as to lay the foundations of his military experience alike in infantry service and cavalry service. Another remarkable thing is his being on the roll of so many regiments, giving him ample opportunity of studying the character of different officers and messes,—an advantage rarely enjoyed in the early part of their career by distinguished commanders, many of whom pass from their first commission to high rank in connexion with a single corps. And a third remarkable thing was the rapidity of his promotion. This was so great as to excite extensively a suspicion that he owed it all, or at least owed most of it, to mere gold and influence. His eldest brother was already far in the ascendant,—had sat in the British parliament, in the 22d year of his age, for a Devonshire borough,—had been associated in the ministry with Pitt,—had earned the special notice and even friendship of the sovereign,—had begun to shed freely the far-strewn radiance with which he eventually illuminated the whole political sky of India: and his power, especially as aided by the accumulated renown of the family, onward from the time of the first Sir Henry Colley, may be supposed to have won all the elevation of the young Arthur. But, in reality, it did very little. "A review of the facts," remarks the Times' biographer of Wellington, "will lead, we think, to the conclusion, that, though the young officer commanded sufficient interest to bring his deserts into immediate and favourable notice, he was not so circumstanced as to rely exclusively on such considerations for advancement. A French historian, indeed, has indulged in a sneer at the readiness with which the haughty aristocracy of Britain submitted themselves, in after times, to the ascendancy of an Irish *parvenu;* but this assumption is as little warrantable as that by which the distinctions of the young cadet are attributed to the nobility of his extraction. The pretensions of Arthur Wellesley were insufficient, even at a somewhat later period, to secure him from failure in that test of social position—the choice of a wife; nor could his opportunities have produced more than commonplace successes to a man of ordinary capacity. On the other hand, they relieved him from those risks of neglect and injustice which must occasionally be fatal even to eminent worth, and they carried him rapidly over those early stages in which, under other circumstances, the fortunes of a life might have been perhaps consumed. He possessed interest enough to make merit available, but not enough to dispense with it. On a remarkable occasion in after times he spoke in the House of Peers of having raised himself, by his own exertions, to the place he then filled."

Before our great soldier commenced his active career, he was attached as aide-de-camp to the staff of the Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and in 1790, when just come of age, he entered the Irish parliament, as member for the borough of Trim. Sir Jonas Barrington, a writer more rhe-



torical than exact, says that, at that time, he was ruddy-faced, juvenile in appearance, popular among the young men of his age and station, but unpolished in his address, and without any promise of his subsequent celebrity. But another writer, who first visited the gallery of the Irish House of Commons in 1793, accompanied by a friend who knew the persons of all the members, gives a somewhat different account. He says,—"A young man dressed in a scarlet uniform, with very large epaulettes, caught my eye, and I inquired who he was. 'That,' replied my friend, 'is Captain Wellesley, a brother of Lord Mornington's, and one of the aides-de-camp of the Lord-Lieutenant.' 'I suppose he never speaks,' I added. 'You are wrong; he does speak sometimes, and when he does, believe me, it is always to the purpose'" The subject that night under discussion was one of no less mark than Catholic emancipation,—or at least a farther concession to the claims of the Roman Catholics. Captain Wellesley spoke upon it; and his manner was unembarrassed, his delivery fluent, and his remarks pertinent and terse. But the captain, while residing in Dublin, in attendance on parliament, divulged a trait of character widely out of keeping with the lessons he had received from his mother, and with all the habits of his maturer life He got seriously into debt. "So pressing were his obligations," says his Times' biographer, "that he accepted temporary relief from a bootmaker in whose house he lodged, and before quitting England on foreign service, confided the arrangement of his affairs to another Dublin tradesman, whom he empowered for this purpose to receive the disposable portion of his income."

In May 1794, the active services of Arthur Wellesley commenced. He then embarked at the Cove of Cork, with his regiment, the 33d foot, under the leadership of his gallant countryman, the Earl of Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, to serve against the French in the Netherlands. The aspect of things then was dismal. War had, about twelve months before, been declared by Britain against republican France; and a force of ten thousand British troops, under the command of the Duke of York, had been despatched to co-operate with our Dutch and German allies. But the state of that legion, as also the reputation of the whole British army of that period, was miserable. Many of our colonial battles had been fought with mercenaries; the defence of our coasts and the protection of our kings had been partly done by hired German battalions; the Duke of Cumberland had been systematically beaten by Marshal Saxe; and the fame of the Duke of Marlborough's wars, the entire prestige of British valour on the continent, had practically perished. The British legion under the Duke of York had not reputation enough to challenge either the respect of the Dutch or the fear of the French, equally with the rest of the allied army. Still less had it either good appointments or efficient discipline. The commissariat was wretch-

ed; the medical department was almost useless; and the power of the provost-marshals was nearly all in abeyance,—insomuch that mismanagement, peculation, and rapacity were everywhere prevalent. The accoutrements and head-gear of the men were oppressive; and their uniforms were as stiff and tight as if they had been contrived expressly to injure health and prevent activity. The battalions formed slowly, moved heavily, and could not be depended on for attention to orders. The men individually, indeed, were eminently brave,—braver far than most other Europeans,—as, owing to some subtle influence of our climate, all healthy Britains ever will be; but they went to an attack and hung on like bull-dogs, and if at length compelled to give way, were liable to behave like a routed mob. The officers, also, with some exceptions, were egregiously ignorant of their profession. They had no ideas of castrametation, and very erroneous ones about conducting marches, stationing outposts, and taking up positions; and when they received good orders, they might either misunderstand them or not know how to carry them out.

The circumstances of the scene of war, too, were not a little unfavourable. The country had been stripped of all its strong fortresses under the Emperor Joseph, and being totally destitute of natural fastnesses, was now little better in a military point of view, than an immense flat common,—excellent for pitched battles, with "fair field and no favour," but worthless for schemes of strategy and defence. The weather, also, for great part of the time, proved dreadful. And to crown all, the Dutch were unfaithful to their alliance,—turned away from the British, and gave a welcome to the French. Disasters to the Duke of York's little army, therefore, were inevitable. Victory in any such circumstances would have been miraculous. The army, in a series of engagements which we need not describe, was driven from the southern frontier of Belgium toward Antwerp; and at the time of the Earl of Moira's arrival, it lay in a position of great peril, hard pressed by a superior French force. The foreign legions which had co-operated with it, were in a similar condition, the Hanoverian commander, Walmoden, and the Austrian general, Clarfait, having retreated from the frontier towns and formed a junction in the interior. In fact, ever after a fatal battle on the 26th of June, on the plains of Fleurus, all the allies were compelled to fall back. The republican armies of France, at that time, in their phrenzied passion for what they called liberty, moved along like a whirlwind; so that they overcame every obstacle, swept down all the veteran troops of Europe which came in their way, and won the admiration of many classes in the Low Countries. Such were the scene and circumstances of Colonel Wellesley's first campaign. If he learned great things at the military school of Angers, how immensely greater was he likely to learn here!

The force under the Earl of Moira was about 10,000. He landed at Ostend, having secret instructions to relieve that place and defend it. But he soon saw reason to abandon it, in order that he might send a division of his force by sea to the Scheldt to join the Duke of York, and lead the rest across the country to the relief of Ghent. Colonel Wellesley's first military operation was the evacuation of a town in the presence of an enemy; for he had to embark his regiment as part of the division destined to the Scheldt: and while doing so, the French under Pichegru were already at the gates. His active services throughout the campaign were singularly prominent for an officer of his rank, and comprised a series of brilliant actions in circumstances of the greatest danger, in the rear and in retreat. At Alost, where a fierce but unsuccessful attack was made by the French on Lord Moira's outposts, Colonel Wellesley, both before and after the attack, rendered valuable aid in the command of a brigade that was to cover the rear of the army. At Boxtel, when that place was the most advanced of the British posts, completely surrounded by the river Dommel, and when it had been forced by the enemy, with the slaughter of 1,500 troops of Hesse Darmstadt, our hero, at the head of his regiment, fought in a detachment under General Abercromby, to recover it. The allied army having been decoyed into a plain in the prospect of an advantageous engagement with the enemy, and suddenly discovering that they were in imminent peril and must make a precipitate retreat, Colonel Wellesley performed the critical duty of covering the rear,—and performed it to the admiration of his superiors. Being at one point hard pressed by the enemy's advanced column, and severely galled by its fire, he deliberately halted, caused his phalanx to open, and let the cavalry in front turn, pass through, and make a charge behind him, with the effect of thoroughly driving away his tormentors. In two hot actions, also, the one on the banks of the Neathe, and the other on the banks of the Waal, he performed exploits worthy of his future reputation.

But his greatest services in this disastrous campaign were achieved during the grand final retreat in the winter of 1794–5. This was one of the most harassing retreats on record,—scarcely, if at all, less dreadful in the amount and variety of its horrors from cold, hunger, disease, and hostilities, than the retreat of the French in 1812 from Moscow. The rivers were so deeply frozen as to be passable by the heaviest cannon, the snow lay so deep as to conceal all traces of roads, the country afforded no shelter from the fierce blasts and the drifting snow, the tears of shivering sufferers froze upon their cheeks, the breath of men and horses congealed into icicles on their face, and food was so scarce that sometimes the only sustenance which could be obtained during a day's march was a drink of water. The pursuing French were ever close at hand in overwhelming numbers, and the perfidious Dutch, the inhabitants of the country, were undisguisedly hostile. Many of the British, exhausted by fatigue and overpowered by

cold, sat down to rest, fell asleep, and never awoke; many more straggled by night from the columns, and perished either from cold or by the daggers of the foe; and even waggons laden with the sick and wounded were unavoidably abandoned.

Colonel Wellesley, throughout these tragical scenes, commanded a brigade in the rear-guard. He was ever in difficulty and danger there, and sometimes urged to warm, critical action. Particular details of what he did need not be given; for his whole conduct, in that position, was a continuous exploit, characterized by courage, coolness, and determination, and abundantly indicative of his brilliant military genius. It received the special commendation of Sir James Craig and other officers of high rank, who observed it; and, but for public attention being absorbed at the time by discussions about the commander-in-chief, the Duke of York, it probably would have earned him a large degree of the same superlative fame which he soon afterwards acquired so rapidly by his achievements in India.

Yet far better for his professional worth—and far better too for securing his permanent celebrity—was the experimental knowledge which that retreat gave him. He was destined to occupy positions more numerous, varied, and awful than most great military commanders of either ancient or modern times; and he could scarcely have undergone a better preparatory training for them than amid the rough events of the retreat from Holland. "He observed the absolute need of undivided authority in an enemy's presence, and the hopelessness of all such imperfect combinations as state jealousies suggested. We are justified in inferring from his subsequent demonstrations of character that no error escaped either his notice or his memory. He saw a powerful force frittered away by divisions and utterly routed by an enemy which, but a few months before, had been scared at the very news of its approach. He saw the indispensability of preserving discipline in a friendly country, and of conciliating the dispositions of a local population, always powerful for good or evil. Though a master-hand was wanting at head-quarters, yet Abercromby was present, and the young Picton was making his first essay by the side of his future comrade. Austrian, Prussian, Hanoverian, French, Dutch, and British were in the field together, and the care exemplified in appointing and provisioning the respective battalions might be serviceably contrasted. Every check, every repulse, every privation, and every loss, brought, we may be sure, its enduring moral to Arthur Wellesley; and although Englishmen may not reflect without emotion on the destinies which were thus perilled in the swamps of Holland, the future General had perhaps little reason to repine at the rugged tuition of his first campaign."

CHAPTER II.

COLONEL WELLESLEY'S COUNTERMANDED DESTINATION TO THE WEST INDIES—HIS DESTINATION TO BENGAL—HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HABITS AT THAT TIME—THE POLITICAL STATE OF INDIA —PREPARATIONS FOR WAR—THE MYSORE CAMPAIGN—THE SIEGE AND FALL OF SERINGAPATAM.

On the return of the shattered army to England in the spring of 1795, Colonel Wellesley's regiment landed at Harwich, and encamped for a considerable time at Warley. He vigorously employed himself in recruiting it, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing it again in an effective state. In the autumn of the same year, he received orders to join the expedition of 25,000 men appointed to proceed under the command of General Abercromby to the West Indies. He had shared the toils of Abercromby in the disasters of the recent campaign, and now hoped to win laurels with him in a far different clime. But Providence had work for him in another sphere, much better suited to his genius. He embarked at Southampton in the West-Indian fleet, shared largely in the series of remarkable tempests by which that fleet was baffled and broken, and after being six weeks at sea was driven back to Portsmouth. The political aspect of things had changed; and he received counter-orders to remain at home. Thus were he and Abercromby separated, never again to meet on earth. How similar were these two heroes in coolness, firmness, intrepidity, power of comprehension, and other great qualities of a general; but how widely different in fortune! Abercromby never met an enemy in battle, never had an opportunity of winning reputation as a warrior, till he was in the 60th year of his age, 14 years older than Wellington was when the latter terminated his long career of triumph at Waterloo. Abercromby's earliest martial actions were all done in the same disastrous war in which Wellington drew his virgin sword,—the two warriors commencing their career almost side by side, the former hoary with years, and the latter a ruddy youth. And Abercromby, from the hour of his first standing fire till the hour when he breathed his last, lived altogether only eight years, yet lived them nearly all in warfare, and finally fell by shot at a moment of victory.

Colonel Wellesley was sent some months to Ireland to recruit; and then, in the spring of 1796, received orders to embark for Bengal. At this juncture, as also at several critical periods in the early part of his subsequent career, he, who eventually became hardy enough to earn from all men the soubriquet of the Iron Duke, fell so severely sick as to be incapable of professional duty.

His corps sailed without him. But he soon rallied, got a rapid passage to the south, and overtook his regiment at the Cape of Good Hope. The rest of the voyage was duly accomplished, and he landed at Calcutta in February, 1797. By a notable providence, his eldest brother, the Earl of Mornington, then in eminent power of both place and accomplishment, and soon after created Marquis Wellesley, was appointed to the Governor-Generalship of India within a few months of our hero's arrival at Calcutta, and in consequence was soon at hand to develop his genius and aid his fortunes. "A venerable and much-revered friend, who was in Calcutta at this time, and who afterwards filled a high post in the civil service," says Mr. Charles MacFarlane, in his Memoir of the Duke of Wellington, "tells me that his recollections of Colonel Wellesley are these, —that he was a handsome and most soldier-like man, with an eye that looked you through; that he was cheerful, free of speech, and expansive among his particular friends, but rather reserved in general society; that he would often sit in a corner of the splendid saloon in the government house, silent and abstracted for an hour at a time, and then pace up and down the room with quick impatient steps. 'It was quite evident,' says my old friend, 'that he was impatient of monotony and inactivity, and was longing for something to do.'"

But our great soldier, in a sense, was never idle, always active, ever making increase to either the acts or the elements of his power. He is known to have employed the long period of his voyage to India in studying more deeply the principles of warfare,—to have been generally in his cabin storing his mind with knowledge in the various departments of his profession; and he was not the man, in such novel and exciting circumstances as were around him in Bengal, to let any golden hour of leisure pass, without improving it well in observation and reflexion. Nor had he occasion, in the most literal sense, to continue long in "monotony and inactivity." In the August following his arrival, his regiment formed part of an expedition which was ordered out to attack Manilla, and which, on arriving at Penang, was recalled to India by alarms of war. He returned to Calcutta in November, went on a visit to Madras in January, made a rapid examination of the military establishments of the Carnatic, returned again to Calcutta in March, passed into the delights and anxieties of his brother's arrival as Governor-General of India in May, and became engaged in the preliminaries of a grand war in September. He was now at the horizon of his fame, just about to rise upon the view of mankind with a martial glory which shone among that of other military commanders, like Jupiter among the stars, continually lustrous and always upward, till it culminated at Waterloo. Here, however, we must make a digression in order to explain the circumstances of the Indian portion of his military career.

The part of India north of the Nerbudda river is Hindostan proper; the part between the Nerbudda and the Kistna is the Deccan; and the part south

CANDEISH
DOMINIONS
YSORE
The Boundaries previous to 1797 are
by a Full Colouring Line.
those acquired during the Campaigns are
by an outline colouring Green.

of the Kisnta comprises the Carnatic in the east, Malabar on the west, and Mysore in the centre. In 1798 there still existed, at Delhi, a representative of the Tartar dynasty, or Great Mogul, which, since the commencement of the 16th century, had swayed the imperial sovereignty of India. He no longer possessed any substantial power, yet continued to be revered by some of the other princes of the land for his traditional authority, and was often designated by a title which nominally acknowledged him as still supreme. The power which he lost during the decline of his dominion had been seized partly by his own lieutenants, who had converted their governments into independent heritages,—partly by adventurers or usurpers, who lived by plunder, or had erected thrones,—and partly by his Hindoo subjects, who had embraced the opportunity of renouncing an extorted or abhorred allegiance. One of the Mahommedan princes in Hindostan proper was the Nabob of Oude, commonly called the Nabob-Vizier, because his family had taken hereditary possession of the office of vizier during the decline of the Mogul empire. But this prince had been subdued by Britain. Another in Hindostan proper was the Nabob or Subahdar of Bengal, who also had been subdued by Britain, and dispossessed of his territories. A third Mahommedan prince was the sovereign of the Deccan, called the Nizam or Lieutenant,—a title which had been given for personal distinction to the Mogul's first viceroy of that province, and had been perpetuated by simple usage in favour of his successors. This prince was still independent of the British. A fourth, not greatly inferior to the Nizam, and yielding feudatory allegiance to him, was the Nabob of the Carnatic, oftener called from the place of his residence, the Nabob of Arcot. His territories, like those of Bengal, had been assumed by Britain. And a fifth Mahommedan prince was Tippoo, the Sultan of Mysore, or of Seringapatam, the son of the ferocious adventurer Hyder Ali, and himself a ferocious adventurer, who fancied that he was the special servant of Mahommed, the guardian angel of Islamism in India, carrying a commission from heaven to expel the Nazarenes, as he called the British, from the Asiatic continent.

"The Hindoo pretenders to dominion were represented by the Mahrattas, a powerful and warlike tribe of the Malabar coast which had successfully resisted the great Aurungzebe, and which had turned to such profit the imbecility of his successors as to have almost revived in their own favour the imperial claims of the Moguls. They had extended their power by despatching their great captains in various directions on the common errand of conquest,—the conquests to be retained by the individual victors on condition of allegiance and tribute payable to the supreme family. This family held court originally at Sattara, under a title which has been made familiar to the present generation by the importunities of its soi-disant representative; but the Rajahs of Sattara had been superseded in all effective or cognizable authority by the Peishwa or chief of their

own privy council,—an office which had been made hereditary in a particular family, and to which the princely power had been wholly transferred. The Peishwa resided at Poonah, but his lieutenants had already assumed an independence little less substantial than that of the Mogul viceroys. One named Scindiah, then the most formidable of the cousinhood, had established himself in Malwa, and was pretending to extraordinary dominion in western Hindostan; another, named Holcar, had set up his standard a little to the south of Scindiah, in the town of Indore; the Bhousla family were settled with great possessions at Nagpore, in the north-east of the Deccan; and the Guicowar or Herdsman was installed in the government of Guzerat, contiguous to the Peishwa's territory." The entire Mahratta dominions extended westward from the bay of Bengal to the Gulf of Cambay, a distance of 900 miles, and southward from Delhi to the river Toombuddra, a distance of 970 miles; and contained a diversified population of probably about 40 millions, nine-tenths of whom were Hindoos, and the rest Mahommedans. But the five princes who divided it amongst them, though nominally united in one confederacy, had not only separate but rival interests, and were in the constant practice of disputing and warring with one another in the manner of antagonist powers. We may mention also that the Abdallah empire, founded about forty years previously in Afghanistan, was still vigorously administered by Zemaum Shah.

In 1798, the British government in India was related to the British government at home in much the same manner as at the present day. The grand policy of identifying the acquisitions of Indian territory with the dominions of the British crown had virtually been adopted. Warfare with the princes of India had no longer the character of adventure which once considerably attached to it, but began to be viewed in a similar light to warfare with European powers, and perfectly suitable to soldiers of the British army. The Bengal presidency, from the time of the subjugation of Oude, enjoyed comparative quiet, but was the scene of considerable military bustle in consequence of having to supply troops for the exigencies of every part of our Indian empire. The Madras presidency had acquired both quiet and importance from the submission of the Carnatic, but was kept in some excitement by the vacillations of the Nizam, who trimmed between the alliance of Britain and that of some of Britain's foes, and especially by the known, fierce, concealed hostility of Tippoo. The Bombay presidency, in consequence of being surrounded by the Mahratta states, and possessing slender ability to cope with them, was strongly affected by all their convulsions. The French, too, were a source of no small anxiety; for though expelled from the Peninsula in 1761 by the capture of Pondicherry, and though no longer making any direct or open efforts against our Indian government, yet they were insinuating themselves into the councils, and even into the armies, of several of those powerful native princes with whom it might most readily be put into col-

lision, an imposing force of the Nizam being under discipline by upwards of an hundred French officers, and the army of Scindiah under training by a French General.

Lord Mornington, on his arrival in India, believing that his government was in a state of unusual peace with the surrounding powers, began to direct his attention principally to internal affairs, but was speedily drawn into inevitable war by the conduct of Tippoo, the Sultan of Mysore. Lord Cornwallis, in 1792, had reduced that turbulent adventurer to obedience, and dictated to him in his capital of Seringapatam very stringent terms of peace, including the transfer of his two sons as hostages to the Governor-General, the surrender of a portion of his territory, the immediate payment of a large sum of money, and the subsequent payment of other sums in regular instalments. But Tippoo writhed under his humiliation,—felt torture also at the defeat of his cherished purpose to expel "the Nazarenes;" and, while using extreme care to maintain the appearance of submission, affecting even to love it and to labour for its continuance, secretly nursed his strength to start up in rebellion and to make reprisals on his conquerors. He made what seemed a friendly claim for the restoration of a certain district of the lands which he had surrendered. One of Lord Mornington's earliest official proceedings was to examine that claim, to allow it, to write a conciliatory letter to Tippoo on the subject, and to make restoration of the district by public proclamation. But Tippoo was already deep in schemes of hostility, and appears to have felt the Governor-General's concession rather as a stimulant than as a sedative to his machinations. He had made considerable though secret progress in augmenting his military resources; he had conducted negociations with Zemaum Shah and several other native princes, to engage their co-operation against the British; he had succeeded in drawing the French officers in the Nizam's service into his views; and, about the beginning of 1798, he had even despatched two ambassadors to the Isle of France, the nearest seat of the French power, to propose an offensive and defensive alliance for the purpose of driving the British out of India. General Malartic, the governor of the Isle of France, received the ambassadors with special respect, and, having no regular troops to spare, issued a proclamation strongly commendatory of Tippoo, announcing him as an ally of France, and inviting all French subjects, who might be so disposed, to join his standard. The ambassadors, with as many Frenchmen as they could induce to accompany them from the Isle of France, disembarked from a French frigate at Mangalore, on the 28th of April, 1798,—the very day on which Lord Mornington had landed at Madras, when on his way to Calcutta.

Lord Mornington received the first notice of the gathering storm early in June; and he gained information of its details, and contrived measures to meet it, with rare speed and vigour. His resources, as estimated by the probable

exigencies of the occasion, seemed exceedingly incompetent, but were much more serviceable in his hands than resources of twice their value would have been in the hands of any ordinary man. His own skill as a diplomatist was superlative, and the skill of some of his military advisers as strategists—particularly that of his brother, Colonel Wellesley, which though yet unknown to the world had probably been already well discerned by him—was matchless. In August, Lieutenant-General Harris, the Commander-in-Chief at Madras, received orders to concentrate his forces. In September, the 33d regiment, with Colonel Wellesley at its head, joined him as a reinforcement. About the same time, orders were given to assemble the troops of Malabar and Bombay. In October, a British detachment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts, marched secretly but expeditiously to Hyderabad, the capital of the Nizam, compelled all the French officers there to surrender, and cleared the Nizam's way for a new treaty of alliance with the British government, binding him to exclude all Frenchmen and other European adventurers from his dominions, and to maintain at his capital a corps of British troops for the effectual security of the alliance. A treaty also was formed with the Peishwa, the nominal head of the Mahratta empire, securing his neutrality. And, in December, in order to complete all subordinate preparations—to conduct the best possible preliminary negociation with Tippoo, and to give the utmost momentum to the first stroke of war if that negociation should fail,—Lord Mornington and his staff removed from Calcutta to Madras.

The greater part of the troops brought together for the war being encamped at Wallajabad, and being found in bad condition, Colonel Wellesley was put in temporary command of them, from November till February, with the view of working them into the highest possible efficiency for taking the field. This was a task entirely to his taste,—well suited to give immediate play to his peculiar abilities,—and admirably preparing him for grappling with the thousand difficulties of the same kind of task, which afterwards devolved upon him, on a stupendous scale, amid most trying circumstances, in the Spanish Peninsula. We need not say that he performed it nobly. "The attention," says Gurwood, "which Colonel Wellesley then bestowed on the discipline and well-being of the troops, and in practising them in combined field movements, with the admirable system he adopted for supplying the bazaars, which were kept constantly well provided, attracted general notice and approbation; and when General Harris joined the army to take command, after receiving the reports of the heads of corps and departments, he was so pleased with all Colonel Wellesley's arrangements that he conceived it to be an imperative duty to publish a general order conveying commendation of the merits of Colonel Wellesley during his temporary command."

On the 9th of January, 1799, Lord Mornington wrote to Tippoo, recapitu-

lating the complaint of a former letter against his unprovoked hostility to the British, and presenting to him the alternative of instant repentance or invasion of his territories; and on the 3d of February, having received nothing to indicate that "the Tiger," as Tippoo has been well called, had slackened either his rage or his vigilance, he issued orders to the several divisions of the assembled army to march with all convenient speed toward his fastnesses. These divisions were three,—namely, the main body, somewhat upwards of 20,000 strong, concentrated at Vellore, under the command of General Harris,—the Malabar and Bombay army, not one-third so numerous, concentrated at Cannanore, under the command of Lieutenant-General Stuart,—and the contingent of the Nizam, more than half as strong as the main body, and so officered as to keep its steady fidelity to the British flag above all risk of fracture. This force was a vast one to have been got together in the then condition of our Asiatic dominions; and—now that we have learned to think lightly of East Indian warfare, and have seen the Chinese empire itself shaken to the centre by a few thousand British troops—it may seem to us to have been unnecessarily strong for the work it had to do, and fitted to bring little reputation to its commanders by any victory it might achieve. But in reality it was scarcely strong enough: for it consisted mainly of native troops; the army which it was about to contend with was at least 70,000 strong, admirably equipped, and in a fair state of discipline; and the impending war—viewed in its relations to Tippoo's character, to the jealousy of the other independent Indian states, to the ambitious policy of the French, with Buonaparte already attempting to stab our Asiatic power through the medium of Egypt, and to the great and numerous difficulties of our Indian government—was regarded by good judges as actually a life and death struggle of our Indian empire.

At the express wish of the Nizam's minister, and with the ready concurrence of General Harris, the Nizam's contingent was put under the general command of Colonel Wellesley; and at the same time, it received an accession of strength and dignity by the addition to it of the Colonel's own regiment, the 33d. Our hero was thus raised to a prominent position in the conduct of the war. He was also associated with General Harris and four other officers in a political commission to treat with Tippoo. Scarcely could he have enjoyed a better opportunity for making a full, fair, commencing display of his military genius. He held a command sufficiently high and independent to elicit all his talents; he could not but find ample occasion for his inventiveness, promptitude, tact, and strategy; and he enjoyed the esteem or affection of acute, far-sighted superiors, and was sure to be fully appreciated for any good services he might perform. Nor were there wanting in the same ranks either models of excellence or stout competitors for fame. Besides Harris himself, there were Baird and Cotton, Dallas and Brown, Floyd and Malcolm,—soldiers all of them of high distinction and extra-

ordinary renown, who either sought or staked a professional reputation in this memorable war against Tippoo."

The main body of the army marched from Vellore on the 11th of February; the division of the Nizam joined this on the 18th; and the division of Malabar and Bombay marched from Cannanore on the 21st. But so difficult was the country, and so insufficient, notwithstanding the extensive preparations, were the means of transport, that an ordinary day's march did not accomplish more than about half a dozen miles, and the conveying of intelligence from the eastern division of the army to the western consumed about three weeks. Tippoo, with excellent generalship, made haste with a select detachment to attack the Bombay division, while it was still far distant from the main body, and not yet within his frontier; but he suffered a singular repulse, retreated precipitately to his camp, and made arrangements to throw his whole strength in the face of our main army. General Harris came in view of him, on the 27th of March, near Malavelly, a place within 30 miles of his capital city, Seringapatam; and advanced at once into a general action. The main body of the army formed the right wing, and the Nizam's division, with the 33d regiment, formed the left. Tippoo, leading on in person a body of cavalry, and taking advantage of a momentary opening between two brigades, made a spirited attempt to break General Harris' ranks, but was totally unsuccessful. Colonel Wellesley meanwhile moved forward *en echellon* of battalions, supported by a body of cavalry under General Floyd, to assail Tippoo's right. This was strongly posted on the elevated crest of a rocky ridge; and on Colonel Wellesley's movement being observed, a column of Tippoo's choicest infantry, about 2,000 strong, came down in excellent order toward the 33d regiment, evidently expecting to achieve a prompt victory by overwhelming this best part of the line, and thereby striking terror into all the other battalions. Colonel Wellesley ordered the regiment to reserve their fire till a special signal was given; and then not giving that signal till the enemy were within sixty yards, the regiment delivered a searching volley, charged, and threw the whole column into a disorder which the sabres of the dragoons speedily converted into a rout. This decided the whole action.

The campaign now resolved itself into the siege of Seringapatam. That city stands on the upper end of an island in the river Cauvery, and is closely skirted by both channels of the river. Its defences are numerous, but not remarkably well constructed. Several walls, one within another, connect bastions of different forms, some being towers in the ancient Hindoo style, while others were constructed from the designs of European engineers. General Harris arrived at the vicinity on the 4th of April, and speedily took post about 3,500 paces from the west face of the works. The right of his army occupied a height; the left was protected by the Cauvery and an aqueduct; and the rear was secured by steep ravines and a water-course. But within the lines lay a considerable

extent of broken ground, containing ruined villages, rocky eminences, and "topes" or groves, which served as outposts to the enemy, for annoying our army with musketry and rockets. One grove in particular, called the Sultaunpettah tope, and consisting chiefly of betel trees, was almost as useful to the besieged as a strong artificial work. General Harris, seeing it indispensable to get speedy possession of all these outposts, ordered two divisions to get ready for a night attack on them, the one under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Shawe, and the other under the command of Colonel Wellesley,—the latter specially charged with mastering the Sultaunpettah tope.

Colonel Wellesley, after receiving the order, wrote a note to the General, saying, "I do not know where you mean the post to be established, and I shall therefore be obliged to you if you will do me the favour to meet me this afternoon in front of the lines and show it to me. In the mean time I will order my battalions to be in readiness. Upon looking at the tope as I came in just now, it appeared to me that, when you get possession of the bank of the Nullah, you have the tope as a matter of course, as the latter is in the rear of the former. However, you are the best judge, and I will be ready." This is remarkable for being the first of his own records of what he thought and did in his profession,—records which eventually became so bulky as to form the staple of Colonel Gurwood's twelve octavo volumes; and though but a small matter, it distinctly indicates—what the rest of these records so abundantly illustrate—the perspicacious, easy, dashing style of his military mode of thinking. The attack to which it refers also is remarkable for having often been erroneously spoken of as his first piece of service as a commander, and still more remarkable for having been a failure.

The two divisions marched a little after sunset. Colonel Shawe got possession of a ruined village; but Colonel Wellesley, on entering the tope, was hotly assailed on all sides by musketry and rockets, and at the same time was embarrassed by the extreme darkness of the night, the intricacy of the ground, and the uncertainty of the enemy's position, so that he could do no more than make a diversion in favour of Colonel Shawe, and then return to the camp to report his own failure. And General Harris' private diary records that he came "in a good deal of agitation to say that he had not carried the tope." Scandal was not slow among the jealous in the camp to exaggerate the occurrence into a libel on his character. But General Harris saw nothing more in it, and every intelligent reader now will see nothing more in it, than what might have happened, in the same circumstances, to the most brilliant veteran commander. And in the morning, when the troops could see what they were to do, and after guns had been posted in suitable places to support them, the General directed that three simultaneous attacks should be made, under the orders of Colonel Wellesley, for driving the enemy from their whole line of outposts. Colonel

Wellesley, taking with him a stronger force than in the night attack, advanced in person on the Sultaunpettah tope, took the enemy there in flank, and drove them precipitately away; and at the same moment, Colonel Shawe, heading another of the assailing parties, and Colonel Wallace, heading the third, were equally successful. An officer who was watching the proceedings went promptly to the General's tent, exclaiming, "It has been done in high style, and without loss."

The British army had now a strong, connected line of advance two miles in length, and began to make vigorous incessant use of it in pressing the siege. General Harris conducted all the details. Colonel Wellesley commanded at Sultaunpettah, with a keen eye to the progress of the operations and to the proceedings of the enemy; and sent thence to the General a series of despatches, communicating the results of his observations, which were of high value for the General's guidance. Tippoo caused hard work by the energy of his defences, and attempted also to raise obstructions by wily negociation. But the besiegers, finding circumstances urgent and time precious, paid him double back in bravery, and paused not an instant. The Cauvery at the time was nearly dry, but might suddenly rise to an overwhelming flood by an early commencement of the monsoon; the besieging army, though at first healthy, began soon to feel disease, and might, in a brief period, be vanquished by pestilence and famine; and Tippoo, though harmless while cooped within his den, yet, if permitted to break loose, might speedily chase the remnant of the army in a ruinous retreat, and then, with the help of native and French allies, make short work with the whole British power in India. In fact, the besiegers knew success to be essential for both themselves and the empire, and therefore worked with a vigour akin to desperation. Urgent instructions likewise were received from Lord Mornington,—to the effect that "if the course of the war should favour the attempt, the power and resources of Tippoo should be reduced to the lowest state, and even utterly destroyed."

On the 3d of May the breach appeared to be practicable, and preparations were eagerly made for the assault. Before daybreak on the morning of the 4th, 2,500 European troops, and 1,900 native infantry, who were set apart to be the storming party, marched quietly into the trenches, and lay down there to await the signal for action. The heat of the day, when the people of the East, having taken their mid-day repast, give themselves up to repose, and when the troops in the fort were likely to be least prepared to resist, was chosen for the hour of assault; the experience of former wars, and especially of that under Lord Cornwallis, having proved that Indian foes are always less on the alert during the heat of the day than during night. Major-General Baird, at his own request, was intrusted with the attack, and was instructed to persevere in it to the last extremity; Colonel Wellesley commanded a reserve in the trenches,

and had orders to rush on and do his best if Baird should be beaten off; and General Harris himself stood ready with a third and final force to make a last grand effort if Colonel Wellesley should fail. Colonel Wellesley took reports of the state of the breach, revised them exactly like those afterwards used at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and exercised scrutinous care in superintending the preparations; and then, when the critical moment came, he stood to his post with every nerve strung to catch intelligence, and to spring into action. "It was," says one who was near him, "a moment of agony, and we continued with aching eyes to watch the result, until, after a short and appalling interval, we saw the acclivity of the breach covered with a cloud of crimson." The assault was furiously met, but proved perfectly victorious.

"That the capture of Seringapatam," remarks the author of the Victories of the British Armies, "should to a certain extent have been achieved by the agency of Baird, appears a striking act of retributive providence. He who was to lead on that resistless soldiery, by whose bayonets the life and throne of Tippoo should be extinguished, had pined in hopeless captivity, the tenant of a dungeon, in that capital which he was to enter in a few hours a conqueror. In the melancholy slaughter of Colonel Bailey and his troops by Hyder Ali, on the 10th of September 1780, Baird, then a captain, was desperately wounded, made prisoner, hurried to Seringapatam, and there subjected to treatment that, even at a period remote from the event, cannot be heard without producing in the listener a thrill of horror and disgust. Of the many who shared his captivity, few remained to narrate their sufferings. Disease, starvation, poison, and the bow-string, ended their miserable lives; but a providential ordinance willed it that Baird should survive—and, after disease failed to rob him of life, or temptation deprive him of his honour, he was destined to lead on that band, by whom a tyrant was exterminated, and the power of Mysore prostrated to the dust!"

Baird was too noble a character to feel any of the burnings of the base, brutal passion of revenge; but he needed all his fiery detestation of tyranny, illustrated by all his own wrongs, and backed by all his bravery, to carry him through his mission. The width and rockiness of the channel of the Cauvery, its exposure to the enemy's fire, the imperfection of the breach, the strength of the fortress, the numbers, courage, and skill of the defenders, constituted such an accumulation of difficulties that only a most martial leader, in his most martial mood of mind, even though possessing reason to repose high confidence in his men, could have cherished tolerable hope of success.

Baird led his force in one body to the breach, but had disposed it into two columns, the one to file off from the summit of the breach toward the southern rampart, and the other toward the northern. They plunged into the river under a tremendous fire of musketry and rockets. A line of stakes had been

set the previous night to direct them across a ford; but in the hurry, they swerved to the right, and began to be retarded by deep water. Baird observing the error, rushed on close to the forlorn hope, cheered the men forward; and in less than ten minutes from the period of leaving the trenches, the British colours were planted on the summit of the breach. The two columns parted, went off right and left, and encountered serious checks and difficulties, but partly by their own momentum, partly with the help of reinforcements coming rapidly to their aid, drove everything before them.

"On the left Tippoo commanded in person; and here the traverses, erected to protect the breach, were so furiously defended that the assailants were completely checked. The Sultan fought among his meanest soldiers; and if his attendants can be trusted, several of the most daring of the assailants were shot by the prince himself. Fortunately for the British, by some unaccountable neglect, a passage from the ditch to the rampart, by which the Sultan's working parties passed from one place to the other, had been forgotten. By this way the 12th regiment reached the rampart, and pressing quickly forward, turned the traverses, and poured in a flanking fire that rendered them untenable. The troops that had held them hitherto were now obliged to retire; the posts were abandoned, and the Sultan joined reluctantly his retreating soldiery. Fatigued, suffering from the intense heat, and pained by an old wound, Tippoo mounted his horse, and retired slowly along the northern rampart. The British were momentarily gaining ground, the garrison in every direction flying, while a spattering fusilade, and occasionally a wild huzza, told that the victors were everywhere advancing. Instead of quitting the city, as he might have done, the Sultan crossed the bridge over the inner ditch and entered the town. The covered gateway was now crowded with fugitives vainly endeavouring to escape from the bayonets of their conquerors, who were heard approaching at either side. A random shot struck the Sultan; he pressed his horse forward, but his passage was impeded by a mob of runaways, who literally choked the gloomy arch. Presently a cross fire opened, and filled the passage with the dead and wounded. Tippoo's horse was killed, but his followers managed to disengage him, dragged him exhausted from beneath the fallen steed, and placed him in his palanquin. But escape was impossible; the British were already in the gateway,—the bayonet was unsparingly at work, for quarter at this moment was neither given nor expected. Dazzled by the glittering of his jewelled turban, a soldier dashed forward and caught the Sultan's sword-belt. With failing strength Tippoo cut boldly at his assailant, and inflicted a trifling wound. The soldier, irritated by pain, drew back, laid his musket to his shoulder, and shot the Sultan dead. His companions, perceiving the struggle, rushed up; the palanquin was overturned, the bearers cut down, the body of the departed tyrant thrown upon a heap of dead and dying, and the corpse, despoiled of

everything valuable, left among the fallen Mussulmans—naked, unknown, and unregarded."

Colonel Wellesley entered the fort immediately after the assault. Major Allan was admitted, at a later period, with a flag of truce, to explain to the young sons of Tippoo the uselessness of any further resistance. These two officers, when the fort had been completely mastered, went officially to ascertain the fact of Tippoo's death. They made long inquiries and a long search; and night having already set in, they had to conduct the latter by torch-light. Seldom have gentlemen been called to perform a more dismal duty. Tippoo's body was found beneath a large, dense mass of slain. The eyes were open, the countenance wore an aspect of stern composure, the limbs had not yet lost their heat; and Colonel Wellesley and Major Allan doubted for a few moments whether he were not still alive. But his wrist told that pulsation had ceased—that his life and crimes were ended.

When the confusion within the fort and town began to subside, Major-General Baird desired to be relieved from his command, and Colonel Wellesley, being next on the roster, was ordered to take his place. This command was at once difficult, harassing, and delicate. The victorious troops had broken loose from discipline, and could not easily be recalled; the conquered natives, soldiers and civilians, were some desperate and some desponding, and could not easily be reassured; and the grandees of the city, who might exert much influence on the direction of future events, were in a whirl of thought, which a slight difference in the courtesy or the rudeness of dealing with them might arrest at the point of good or the point of evil. But Colonel Wellesley understood well what was wanted, and he speedily achieved peacefully within the walls, a series of successes, which formed a fit sequel to the victories of the war.

One of his first cares was a curious one. The "tiger" Tippoo had kept some *pets* which now challenged our hero's attention, but were not at all to his taste. "There are," says he, in a note to General Harris, "some tigers here, which I wish Meer Allum would send for, or else I must give orders to have them shot, as there is no food for them, and nobody to attend to them, and they are getting violent." But his main early difficulty was to bring his troops into order. Of 20,000 men, which was the utmost British force ever immediately under the walls, no fewer, in killed and wounded, had fallen in the course of the siege than 67 officers, 825 European soldiers, and 639 native soldiers. The surviving victorious troops within the walls were enraged at this loss, and went on plundering, not only from rapacity, but also from resentment. At 10 o'clock on the 5th of May, Colonel Wellesley wrote to General Harris,—"We are in such confusion still that I recommend to you not to come in till to-morrow, or, at soonest late this evening." At ½ past 12 he wrote,—"I wish you would send the provost here, and put him under my orders. Until some of the plun-

derers are hanged, it is vain to expect to stop the plunder." And in the afternoon he wrote,—"Things are better than they were, but they are still very bad; and until the provost executes three or four people, it is impossible to expect order, or indeed safety." But on the morning of the 6th, he was enabled to write,—"Plunder is stopped, the fires are all extinguished, and the inhabitants are returning to their houses fast." He did every thing he could both to protect the citizens and to inspire them with confidence. Flags of mercy were hoisted; denunciations against plunder were issued; four British soldiers, caught in the act of plundering, were executed; visits of courtesy were made by the Colonel himself to the principal families; and safeguards were placed over such property or houses as were most likely to be molested. The result seemed almost magical. The inhabitants who had quitted the city during the day of the storm, and had slept in the open fields, returned quietly to their homes; the dealers in provisions from the country flocked freely in to supply the bazaars; and only three days after the capture of the fort, the main street of the city was so much crowded by buyers and sellers as to exhibit more the appearance of a peaceful country fair, than of a town just taken by assault.

CHAPTER III.

PROCEEDINGS OF COLONEL WELLESLEY AS GOVERNOR OF SERINGAPATAM, AS POLITICAL COMMISSIONER OF MYSORE, AND AS GOVERNOR OF MYSORE—RISE OF THE PREDATORY CHIEF, DHOONDIAH WAUGH—PROCEEDINGS OF COLONEL WELLESLEY AGAINST HIM—THE BATTLE OF CONAHGUL, AND DEATH OF DHOONDIAH.

On the 6th of May, just after he had stopped plunder and restored order in the city, Colonel Wellesley received from General Harris an appointment to act as governor of Seringapatam, to manage its military affairs through the medium of a regular garrison, and to perform such civil and political duties as should be found to arise from the sudden dissolution of Tippoo's government, the dispersion of all his public functionaries, and the helpless situation of his family. This appointment, though delicate, onerous, and highly responsible, required no more talent than he had already displayed in the two nights and two days succeeding the storm. He simply carried on the work which he had begun; and did so with a knowledge of men, a regard to political consequences, a judgment, a foresight, and a philanthropy far beyond what could be expected from any mere soldier, even the most experienced. He ordered a state funeral for Tippoo, and paid marked honour to the obsequies. He practised tender consideration for the feelings of Tippoo's children. He prevented all rudeness to any menials in the palace, even at the time of search for expected masses of treasure. He protected all the property of all the inhabitants, however tempting or however exposed. He recalled Tippoo's functionaries to their posts, retained them there on the tenure of good behaviour, and availed himself, in every way he could, of their intelligence and experience. He disbanded the remains of Tippoo's army, released from prison or from torture the victims of his tyranny, and sent away to their destination his prisoners of war. He attended well to the wants of his own soldiers, to the regularity of the supply of provisions, to the management of the hospitals, and to all the minor particulars, some of them sufficiently minute, which affect the health and comfort of a large garrison. He maintained rigid discipline among his troops, particularly in their relations to the inhabitants. And as the general result of his government, he speedily found himself in high esteem through all the city and its dependencies, the soldiers contented, the citizens happy, the labours of the loom and the field in full play, and the whole population regarding him as their benefactor.

On the 4th of June, a commission was appointed by the Governor-General

in Council to settle the condition of the conquered territories. Its members were Lieutenant-General Harris, Lieutenant-Colonel Barry Close, Colonel Wellesley, the Honourable Henry Wellesley, and Lieutenant-Colonel Kirkpatrick; but the last three—and chief of all, Colonel Wellesley—performed most of its duties. Its first measure was to make provision for those of Tippoo's chiefs and officers who had survived the struggle, and for the families of those who had fallen. This measure assuaged the fears of the principal Mahommedans in Mysore, and gave all classes a favourable opinion of British clemency and generosity. The next was to remove the families of Hyder Ali and Tippoo from Seringapatam to the Carnatic; where they were to live as exiles, in the enjoyment of an ample income. The execution of this was committed to Colonel Wellesley, by the express instructions of the Governor-General,—who, speaking officially to the Commission, for the good of the empire, about a person now nearly as well known to them all as to himself, felt no impropriety in surmounting the delicacies of the fraternal relationship. "The details of this painful but indispensable measure," said he, "cannot be intrusted to any person more likely to combine every office of humanity with the prudential precautions required by the occasion than Colonel Wellesley; and I therefore commit to his discretion, activity, and humanity the whole arrangement, subject always to such suggestions as may be offered by the other members of the Commission." Colonel Wellesley felt the duty to be critical, and made careful arrangements for it, but succeeded in removing the exiled princes to the fortress of Vellore so discreetly as to escape all tumult and earn their own thanks.

Another work of the Commission was to restore the old rajahship of Mysore, which had been overthrown by Hyder Ali, and been made the nucleus of his kingdom. The heir to it, the lineal descendant of the last rajah, was a boy of only five years of age, dependent on relations who had been victimized by Tippoo's tyranny; and to raise him to the throne of his fathers, with larger territory and greater wealth than his fathers had enjoyed, but in strict subordination to the British power, was thought a good pillar of policy for giving support to our Indian dominion. Colonel Wellesley found him in a miserable hovel, which exhibited every evidence of a long duration of crushing poverty, and possessed no other retreat for the ill-clad females of the family from the presence of the illustrious visitor than a pitiful curtain. Negociations there were singularly easy for the squalid outcasts, who were simply asked to rise from the dust and ascend a throne,—and at first sight they may seem also to have been perfectly easy for the functionary by whom the throne was offered; but, in order to produce a right effect on the popular mind, or in order even to prevent the whole affair from appearing to the multitude an absurdity or a romance, possibly the exercise of as profound tact was needed as in the concocting of an intricate treaty with a real king. Colonel Wellesley negotiating in that hut, at all events, is as good

a subject for a poet or a painter, if not so deep a study for a politician as the Duke of Wellington either at the head of a conquering army or in the chief seat of the British cabinet. Nor was he less interesting, a few days after in giving effect to the negociations; for then, in the old city of Mysore, he had the little boy inaugurated, amid imposing pageantry, on an old Hindoo "musnud," while demonstrations strong and many were made to confirm an assurance of the boy's mother, "that while the sun and moon continued, the rajah and his offspring would never commit an offence against the government of his benefactors."

The commission had now nothing more to do than to divide the rest of the conquered territories between the British crown and its allies. Part was offered to the Peishwa, but declined. A large part was given to the Nizam. What remained was constituted a British province, with a distinct command, directly subject to the supreme Indian government at Calcutta. The total result was the annihilation of a power most menacing to our Indian empire, and the immediate addition of nearly five millions a-year to our revenue, together with new arrangements which promised a great increase of prosperity and a perpetuity of peace among many millions of the Indian population. So vastly valuable did all classes of politicians at that time esteem the conquest of Mysore, including the settlement subsequently made by the commission, that, in the course of the negociations for the peace of Amiens, the French plenipotentiaries pleaded it, and the British diplomatists in some degree admitted it, as a counterbalance to Buonaparte's European conquests.

On the 8th of July the commission was dissolved; and on the following day Colonel Wellesley was appointed governor of the new province. "The command of Seringapatam," said Lord Mornington in a despatch to the Court of Directors, "will remain in the hands of Colonel Wellesley. It is a trust of great delicacy and importance, which it is my duty to repose in a person of approved military talents and integrity, and to superintend with peculiar vigilance and care." Thus within twenty-nine months of his first landing at Calcutta, and within three months of his entering the 31st year of his age, did he rise to the point of almost vice-regal authority; while, in consequence of General Harris returning to Bengal, and resigning to him the command-in-chief of the army of occupation, he wielded in his single person, over all the new province, the supreme direction of both civil and military affairs.

How he exercised his new high functions needs not be specified after what we have said respecting his conduct in governing the city and in performing the duties of the commission. All judicious writers, who either were personal witnesses of his proceedings or derived their information from competent observers, vie with one another in encomiums on his rule. Colonel Gurwood, in particular, who may be viewed as summing up the evidence of the rest, says, "His active superintendence, discernment, impartiality, and decision, in the

arduous and important duties of the civil as well as of the military administration of the command, were such as to have fully warranted his brother's judicious selection; and he soon deserved and obtained the gratitude of the conquered people." He really charmed all classes alike, Mahommedans and Hindoos, soldiers and civilians, the freely obedient and the recently conquered, his watchful superiors and his most jealous subjects. Whether he did not gain part of his temporary celebrity, possibly a very considerable part of it, by means which a rigid moralist or even a sound political economist would condemn—whether he did not tamper with some public vices, sanction some heathen usages, squeamishly conceal Christianity, and occasionally prefer the clever juggles of expediency to the plain deeds of open-dealing—are points which we are not called upon to discuss. But at least his general aim was beneficent, his eye over his government was as vigilant as that of an eagle over its prey, and his personal private character was comparatively fair and lofty. Major Sherer, speaking of him about this time, says, "Few could approach him on any duty, or on any subject requiring his serious attention, without being sensible of a something strange and penetrating in his clear light eye. Nothing could be more simple and straightforward than the matter of what he uttered; nor did he ever in his life affect any peculiarity or pomp of manner, or rise to any coarse weak loudness in his tone of voice. It was not so that he gave expression to excited feeling. He was also a man temperate in all his habits, using the table, but above its pleasures; and it is not to be found on record that he was ever the slave of any of those frailties, without an occasional subjection to which few men pass the fiery ordeal of a soldier's life."

Some of his chief deeds in his government of Mysore—chief as to both the pleasure with which he did them and their good effects upon the country—were of a purely civil kind, remarkably different from what any persons would expect who have been accustomed to think of him mainly as a conqueror. His brother, the Earl of Mornington, is reported to have previously said of him,—"I believe Arthur's great strength to be rather in the civil than in the military line;" and other good judges of character, founding on his proceedings as Governor of Mysore, declared him to be "not less able to project a measure of finance in the closet than to guide a column in the field." He was long occupied in visiting the different provinces of Mysore, examining with a keen eye their commercial resources, and estimating their respective value principally by their fitness to support an industrious population. "This country," said he respecting one of them, in a letter to Major Munro,—"This country into which I have come to visit my posts on the Mahratta frontiers, is worse than that which you curse daily: it is literally not worth fighting for." But even for that district, and much more for better ones, he made roads and communications, in order, not only to open up the local resources, but to promote the intercourse of general traffic.

And so intent was he on the commercial interests of his government that he went deep into the subjects of exchange and banking, and wrote long letters on them which might have done credit to an experienced financier. One of these letters, written to Lieutenant-Colonel Close, when that officer was acting as British resident at the recently constituted court of the Rajah of Mysore, throws such light on our hero's character, at that time, both as an acute man of business and as a hearty, homely rhetorician, that we must present it to our readers nearly entire,—simply premising that some of our officers wished to fix the value of money in a manner at once arbitrary, embarrassing, and impolitic:—

"I have written to Campbell a long letter about the nerrick (rate) of exchange, in which I have endeavoured to explain the principles of the whole system of shroffing (banking), against the evils of which his regulations are to guard. From what I am going to mention to you, however, I am afraid that if the nerrick at Bangalore is permanently fixed, I must loosen my system here, and must allow the exchange to fluctuate. . . . In all the conversations which you and I have had upon this intricate subject,—we have agreed that the shroff (banker) derived a profit only by fluctuations. It is, therefore, clear that in Seringapatam there is no, or but little, profit; and that there would be no shroffs here, if they did not find one elsewhere, or that they would combine to force me to allow the change to fluctuate. I have lately made inquiries upon the subject, and I find that the great shroffs here have houses at Bangalore, at Sera, and at the principal places on the Malabar coasts, and they make their profits by the fluctuation at those places. Seringapatam is a place of great security, where there is much trade, and, of course, exchange of money. In order to have this security, the shroffs forego the advantages which they would derive upon the fluctuation in the exchange; and they have all the advantages of the fluctuation at places at no great distance, where the exchange is not fixed. But fix that exchange, and there is an end of their means of livelihood; and, of course, they must either abandon the trade entirely, or force me to allow a fluctuation in the place where they carry it on. I doubt whether the destruction of our fixed nerrick at Seringapatam will not be an inconvenience to the country, as well as to us; and therefore nothing ought to be done which can endanger it. Let me know your opinion upon this subject. There is no reason, however, why Campbell should not now alter the nerrick, so as to make it more convenient to Purneah. One of the principles resulting from the position that the shroff's profit is made by fluctuation is, that if the exchange is fixed it is immaterial what proportions of gold, silver, and copper are exchanged for one another. The Company's exchange, therefore, is as convenient as any other, and as near the standard relative value of the three metals; and as the fixation of the nerrick was readily adopted by the shroffs in Seringapatam, in the same manner, if the exchange is allowed to fluctuate from month to month in any

place, provided the shroffs can know in one month what value, relatively to each other, the different coins in use will bear in the next, it is immaterial to them what the value is. By means of their correspondents and connections in other places, they will be prepared for, and will gain by it. What I should recommend would be, that Campbell should fix a reasonable nerrick, and inform the shroffs that in fifteen days that shall have effect; and then fix another, which he must likewise communicate to them, and inform them that that must have effect in the following month. Thus he will free himself from a part of the grievance felt, at the same time that his operations will not affect us here. Believe me, &c. ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

Colonel Wellesley was soon called away from his peaceful operations to oppose one of those bold adventurers who have so often, in the East, disorganized society, overturned thrones, and ascended by a leap from freebooting to sovereignty. Any desperado, without property, without a name, who knows neither fear nor pity, and has the art of doing dashing actions with the dexterity of a demon, is sure in India to have many admirers, and, if not checked by a strong government, may speedily become a mighty chief and make himself a king. Several of the existing princes of India are the descendants of robbers. The founders of the great Mahratta empire were mere adventurers. Hyder Ali, the creator of the power of Tippoo, the recently overwhelmed Sultan of Mysore, was little else than a freebooter. And now another ruffian was in the field who, in a few months had gathered around him a formidable predatory army, and in a few months more, but for the opportune antagonism of Colonel Wellesley, might have acquired strength enough to defy the strongest of the native states, and give much trouble to our own empire.

The name of this upstart was Dhoondiah Waugh. He was of Patan or Mahratta origin. He served as a private soldier in the cavalry of Hyder Ali,—and afterwards with some petty command in the army of Tippoo. He deserted during the war with Lord Cornwallis, placed himself at the head of a fierce and numerous body of bandits, and plundered the wild country north of the Toombudra river. Ghokla, a chief of the Peishwa, marching out with a body of troops in search of him, caught and humbled him. Tippoo now induced him to return to Seringapatam, under promise of forgiveness and employment; but behaved treacherously to him, compelled him to become a Mussulman, circumcised him by force, threw him into prison, and kept him in cruel and rigorous confinement. Dhoondiah was still in prison at the fall of Seringapatam; and he escaped thence with the other prisoners who were hastily set at liberty. No sooner did he find himself free than he was again to horse, and away to the woods. Many of his former associates, some of Tippoo's disbanded cavalry, and not a few other desperate men, without proper home or stated calling, became his willing followers. He sprang at once, with vigour and atrocity, into a new

predatory career. He went to the rich country of Bednore and ravaged it, destroying the property of the industrious, beggaring the wealthy, perpetrating rapine and murder, and taking possession of some of the principal towns. Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple, with a light corps of cavalry and native infantry, moved against him from Chittledroog; Colonel Stevenson, with another light corps, advanced into Bednore from another point; and they overtook him, and cut up 650 of his followers, horse and foot. But he fled across the Toombudra, into the territory of the Peishwa; and so escaped destruction by the sword of these officers, who had been strictly enjoined not to violate the Mahratta frontier. His old conqueror Ghokla, however, came upon him, stripped him of tents and baggage, cattle and guns, and compelled him to run precipitately to the north. Yet Dhoondiah was only inspirited by defeat,—only made more desperate, more machinative, more bedevilled by reverses. He remained for a few weeks out of view, gathering fresh robber-recruits from among the Mahrattas; and then he suddenly reappeared in the south, at the head of 5,000 mounted followers, menacing the frontier of Mysore.

Colonel Wellesley began now to be seriously annoyed about this desperado; and he was doomed eventually to have more trouble with him, mere robber though he was, than with any other foe he ever met. The fellow had already the audacity to assume the regal style,—and to do so in high tone, calling himself "the King of the Two Worlds." He seems also to have formed designs against the Governor of the new British province, and of course would not be scrupulous as to the means of executing them. In February 1800, a person waited on Colonel Wellesley, to inform him that he had come from the Mahratta country to the neighbourhood of Seringapatam with a gang engaged by Dhoondiah to waylay and assassinate him when he should go a-hunting. The Colonel desired the informer to join the gang again, and promised him a reward if he would enable him to capture them; but in order to inspire them with due respect for his courage and for his consciousness of power, he went a-hunting as usual on the morrow. Nothing of any consequence followed there; but the forces of Dhoondiah went on accumulating, and his depredations multiplying, along the frontier. Colonel Wellesley, the Mahratta princes, and the supreme British government in India, were compelled to turn an earnest gaze on his proceedings. He could no longer be endured.

Colonel Wellesley, in particular, felt bound in policy and in justice, to concoct strong measures against him; and in May, 1800, he said in a letter to his brother, the Governor-General—who, in the preceding December, had been raised to the dignity of an Irish marquisate, under his now well-known title of Marquis Wellesley,—"Dhoondiah is certainly a despicable enemy; but, from circumstances, he is one against whom we have been obliged to make a formidable preparation. It is absolutely necessary to the peace of this country, of Canara,

and Malabar, that that man should be given up to us; and I doubt not that before now you will have made a demand for him upon the government of Poonah. If we do not get him, we must expect a general insurrection of all the discontented and disaffected of these countries. I have information that letters have been received by most of them, either from him, or from others written in his name, calling upon them to take the opportunity to rebel against the Company's government, or that of their allies; and his invasion of our territory is looked to as a circumstance favourable to their views. The destruction of this man, therefore, is absolutely necessary for our tranquillity; and nothing will be more easy, if the Mahrattas are really disposed to enter into the plan. If they are not, it will be a matter of difficulty, and it may become a question whether the whole power of the Company ought not to be turned to this object."

At this juncture, Colonel Wellesley received from Marquis Wellesley the offer of an appointment to the military command of a projected expedition, more of negociation than of force, under Admiral Rainier, against the Dutch settlement at Batavia. The appointment would involve little or no danger or hard service, and was likely to be lucrative and full of honour. Colonel Wellesley saw well its advantages; but, on this occasion, as on many a future one of greater moment, he listened to the voice of paramount public duty. His best counsellors hinted to him that to leave Mysore at that moment, no matter into whose hands the administration of it might be committed—at least till Dhoondiah should be enchained—might seriously imperil the results of the recent conquest. In particular Colonel Close expressed much alarm, and Lord Clive, then Governor of Madras, to whose opinion the matter had been specially submitted, expressed strong disapprobation. Colonel Wellesley, therefore, said in reply to the Marquis, "If the government of Poonah is inclined to give Dhoondiah up to us, or to co-operate with us in his destruction, it may be possible for me to go to Batavia; if they should not, matters here will take a very serious turn, and no prospect of advantage or credit to be gained shall induce me to quit this country."

The Peishwa either could not or would not put down the depredator; some of the other Mahratta princes were thought to feel pleasure in the annoyance he was giving the British government; and perhaps not a few of the minor Mahratta chiefs envied his success, and would gladly seize any pretext or opportunity to share it. To lead an army against him, into the Mahratta territories, therefore, might provoke a war with the Mahrattas. This was a grave consideration, requiring a rare exercise of calculation and courage. But Colonel Wellesley decided that the quickest and boldest method was the best, and therefore obtained the sanction of the supreme government at Calcutta to go in search of him wherever he might be found. Another difficulty, however, scarcely less grave, existed in the nature of his fastnesses and the rapidity of

his movements. Though politically within the Mahratta frontier, he might truly be said to have already a territory of his own. This was the rough country called the Dooab, consisting of the tract between the Toombudra and the Kistna rivers, intersected by ravines, overgrown by jungles, swept often by sudden tremendous fluviatile floods, and impoverished, in all its inhabitable parts, by his own previous predatory ravages. He knew it well, and ran through it like a tiger. His followers were all light of foot, and his forces chiefly light cavalry and light infantry, all practised to charge like wolves and to run like antelopes. The expertest leader of any regular brigade against such a foe as this, required uncommon tact either to "starve him out," to "run him down," or to surprise him into a battle.

On the 24th of June, Colonel Wellesley led his troops across the Toombudra. He was to be joined at some distance by Colonel Bowser, at the head of another body; but on the 29th, getting intelligence that an opportunity offered of striking such a blow at Dhoondiah as might cripple him, he went off in high speed with only his cavalry—leaving Colonel Bowser still to follow. The Mahrattas did not, as was expected, resent the inroads of the British, but took the field in large numbers to assist them; and on the 30th, they encountered Dhoondiah in a pitched battle and were defeated. Ghokla, his old conqueror, was slain; but the majority of the troops kept together, and maintained their determination to co-operate with the British. Dhoondiah, however, showed no further inclination to fight, but constantly doubled and countermarched so as to elude his pursuers. Several weeks were spent by Colonel Wellesley in laborious efforts, forced marches, and deft manœuvres to get within view of him, all to no purpose. The campaign began to look as if it could make no progress—as if it would need either to be hopelessly abandoned or indefinitely protracted—when suddenly an offer was made at the Nizam's court and to Colonel Wellesley to terminate the whole affair by secret assassination. "Such an arrangement," replied the British commander, "may suit very well at Hyderabad, but I think it unbecoming an officer at the head of a body of troops, and I therefore decline to have any more to do with the business than to hold out a general encouragement. * * Government have authorized me to offer a reward for him, and I propose to avail myself of this authority as soon as he is at all pressed, and I find that his people begin to drop off from him. This will be, in my opinion, the fittest period. To offer a public reward by proclamation for a man's life, and to make a secret bargain to have it taken away, are very different things: the one is to be done; the other, in my opinion, cannot by an officer at the head of the troops." The contest, therefore, was continued on even terms.

Throwing a bridge over the river Werdah, and constructing a redoubt for defending it, Colonel Wellesley pushed on toward Hoondgul and Budnaghur,

and was joined in his route by a considerable number of the natives, who had suffered severely from Dhoondiah's ravages. On the 11th, a report reached him that Dhoondiah, in high confidence of strength, was coming down to meet him. "If he does come," said he, "I shall certainly dash at him immediately." On the 13th, Doondiah, with his whole army, actually did come within four miles of him, but only reconnoitered from a hill, and retired. Colonel Wellesley, throwing his baggage aside, and taking five days' provisions, got instantly up and away, in the swiftest possible pursuit. But Dhoondiah, merely leaving a garrison of about 600 men in Hoondgul, flitted off to the jungles behind Dummul, and could not be seen. On the 14th, the British stormed Hoondgul with but trifling loss; on the 15th, they marched about seventeen miles eastward to another Mahratta town which the robbers had seized, but found that they had fled; and on the 16th, they made another long march to a third town which the robbers had besieged, and found that there also they had fled.

Colonel Wellesley had not sufficient cavalry to give chase to the fugitives; but, learning about this time that Dhoondiah's people had begun greatly to forsake him, he now issued the government proclamation, offering a reward of 30,000 rupees for his head. He had two corps in the field against him under Colonels Bowser and Stevenson, besides the main body under his own immediate command; and on the night of the 19th, he was joined by a body of Mahratta cavalry about 1,000 strong. But he suffered constant embarrassment from the difficulties of the country, and was obliged, at one time, to make a long halt in consequence of a great sickness among his draught and carriage bullocks. Dhoondiah was several times very near him, but did not come within sight, and at last scampered off to a distance, leaving a garrison of about 1,000 men to give check to the British at the fort of Dummul. This was a strong, well-built, stone structure, encompassed with a dry ditch. Colonel Wellesley arrived at it on the 26th, stormed it in three places, carried it by escalade, and hanged the governor. He then made three forced marches, travelled 26 miles on the 30th—"no small affair" in such a country, as he expressly records—and on the afternoon of that day surprised a large encampment of Dhoondiah's army in the act of preparing to cross the Malpoorba river. He instantly attacked and overwhelmed them, capturing two elephants, many camels, horses, and bullocks, and a great number of women and children, and either killing on the spot or driving into the broad deep river all the armed men in the camp, amounting to about 5,000. Dhoondiah appears not to have been present; but Bubber Jung, one of his chief men, was there,—and he put on his armour, mounted his horse, rode into the river, and was drowned. The guns and boats had been removed to the opposite bank previous to Colonel Wellesley's arrival; but a party of British dragoons, next morning, swam across and seized them.

The robber "king" now fled with all his remaining force toward the jungles

of Kittoor and Soonda, and was thought by his pursuers to be well nigh exhausted. "Dhoondiah's followers," wrote the British commander on the 1st of August, "are quitting him apace, as they do not think the amusement very gratifying at the present moment. The war therefore is nearly at an end, and another blow which I am meditating upon him and his brinjarries (travelling grain dealers) in the Kittoor country will most probably bring it to a close." But the reckless ruffian taught the regular soldier, on this occasion, the lesson so important to all classes of men, but so repugnant to every man's pride, not to think too lightly of even "a contemptible enemy," or to reckon too surely on the success of any one measure for vanquishing him. Dhoondiah caught fresh fire from his desperation, and flew like the wind, seeming to defy pursuit, and almost looking to be everywhere and yet nowhere. Colonel Wellesley speedily lost the high confidence of putting an end to him with "another blow;" he had not yet acquired the wondrous equanimity which afterwards rested on his brow like something superhuman, throughout the long dire struggles of the Spanish Peninsular war; and only sixteen days after speaking so certainly of crushing the desperado, he mournfully said on paper, "It is clear that I shall never catch him."

After the catastrophe of the 30th of July, when both his guns and his boats were lost to him, Dhoondiah, while fleeing toward the sources of the Malpoorba, was obliged to keep wholly on that river's right bank. The corps under Bowser and Stevenson followed direct on his track; while the main body under Colonel Wellesley, together with the Mahratta allies, moved on the flank of these corps at such a distance as to sweep the country for fifteen miles from the river. "If Dhoondiah goes into the jungles," wrote the British commander on the 3d of August, "we shall easily come up with his rear; if he takes to the plain, I will cross upon him with my detachment." The robber, however, ran clear off to the high country beyond the sources of the Malpoorba, and there coursed round to the left bank of that river, into the country between it and the Gutpoorba. Colonel Wellesley could not possibly take the guns and stores of a regular army with due speed after him through such a region; and he adopted the wiser measure of building boats to take them across the Malpoorba, a long distance below its sources, with the view of attempting to intercept him on his return. Colonel Stevenson's corps, however, maintained the chase right after him, and found his track strewn with dead camels, bullocks, and people, yet got hold of neither prisoner nor spoil. Colonel Bowser's corps also advanced to Shapoor, and saw dismal evidence of Dhoondiah's atrocities, in a profusion of human corpses of all ages and both sexes along the road. Colonel Wellesley crossed the river on the 16th, "to give Dhoondiah one more run;" and now it was that he expressed despair of ever catching him,—none the less determined, however, to do whatever could be done, and consoling himself with the thought

of, at the worst, driving the fellow to the wildest fastnesses, and denuding him of his baggage.

Yet Dhoondiah was really now in a very bad condition. His resources were gone; his power was perishing; his people no longer saw the semblance of "a king" in him, but began to see him only one of the most miserable of fugitives. They were driven by sheer hunger to leave him, and were reproaching him with their calamities. He was taunting them with cowardice, and telling them to give their wives and daughters to the British, whom they were afraid to fight. Even the Patans, who had been trained among the fiercest and most roving tribe in India, and had clung like brothers to him through all his previous disasters, were now beginning to desert. At this juncture, Colonel Wellesley had arrangements in such forwardness as to be able, in a few days, to draw a cordon round him, and press in on all points at once; and in order to protect all the south against him in the event of another escape, he put the Mahratta cavalry and one of his own brigades in charge of such passes of the Malpoorba as were most likely to be fordable. But in spite of all precautions, Dhoondiah with a large force suddenly broke through the toils, and ran to a ford of the Malpoorba a little above its confluence with the Kistna. The river had fallen earlier in the season than usual; the Mahratta cavalry who had charge of the place were panic-struck; and the robber and his gang flung down their baggage, passed over unmolested, and ran off with all speed to the Deccan, to indemnify themselves for recent losses by a career of depredation in the territories of the Nizam. The pursuing army, for the present, were completely baffled, yet got some slight consolation by the capture of five guns, a vast quantity of baggage, and not fewer than about 10,000 brinjarries. Some of these brinjarries told the British commander that about 40,000 persons of their occupation, comprising nearly all the brinjarries in that part of India and many in the Deccan, were devoted to Dhoondiah's interest,—and that he had attached them to it by such a lucrative system of profits as made them sharers in his spoils, and abettors of his depredations. His method, they said, was to levy his contributions from villages and open towns by means of a joint body of troops and brinjarries, —to appropriate to himself and his troops whatever money could be got,—and to leave all the grain and cattle to the brinjarries, on the understanding of their being resold at such prices as his camp could afford.

Colonel Wellesley lost no time in following the marauders, but was detained some days by the difficulty of collecting and redisposing the different divisions of his force, and did not enter the Nizam's territories till the 5th of September. He thought it probable that when Dhoondiah should be again hard pressed, he would endeavour to return into Savanore, and cut off the communication of our army with their supplies, or that, if favoured by the wild, roving tribes on the right of the Toombudra, he might pass that river and enter the territories of the

Rajah of Mysore. He therefore judiciously determined to move the division immediately under his own command so far to the south as to prevent the execution of either of these designs, and afterwards to drive Dhoondiah toward the east, and do what he could to catch him there. He also ordered the corps under Colonel Stevenson to move by Moodghul and Moosky, at the distance of between 12 and 20 miles from the Kistna, and the united force of the Mahratta cavalry and the Nizam's cavalry to move intermediately between that corps and his own division. He proceeded on the 7th of September to Kanagherry,—on the 8th, with the cavalry alone, to Buswapoor,—and on the 9th to Yepulpurry, his infantry on the last of these days stopping short at Chinnoor, about 15 miles in his rear. Dhoondiah, happily, was under wrong impressions respecting the rapidity of his march. "An honest killadar (governor of a fort) at Chinnoor," says our hero, "had written to the King of the World by a regular tappal (post) established for the purpose of giving him intelligence, that I was to be at Nowly on the 8th and at Chinnoor on the 9th. His Majesty was misled by this information, and was nearer me than he expected. The honest killadar did all he could to detain me at Chinnoor, but I was not to be prevailed upon to stop, and even went so far as to threaten to hang a great man sent to show me the road, who manifested an inclination to show me a good road to a different place. My own and the Mahratta cavalry afterwards prevented any communication between His Majesty and the killadar."

On the morning of the 9th, Dhoondiah moved toward the Kistna from a place where he had lain for some days; but discovering on his road the camp of Colonel Stevenson, which he could not hope to pass without fighting, he returned by the way he came, and encamped about nine miles in Colonel Wellesley's front. On the morning of the 10th, Colonel Wellesley moved forward about six miles, to the vicinity of the village of Conaghul, and there came in view of Dhoondiah marching to the west. The marauder army seemed to consist of about 5,000 horsemen, and took up a strong position, in bold style, with its flank and rear protected by the village and rock of Conaghul. The British commander's force consisted only of four regiments of cavalry, all overworked by constant marching; and he was obliged to form them in single line, in order to produce a front in any degree proportioned to that of the enemy; yet he made such "a dash"—charged with such rapidity and power—as at once to break the enemy's whole line, and send it all adrift like chaff. Pursuit was made over many miles till all the surviving robbers were irretrievably dispersed. Among the multitude of the slain was Dhoondiah himself. The victors had not hypocrisy enough to treat him with more consideration in death than in life; they had ever regarded him as one of the vilest of men, and most dastardly of foes; and now they lashed his body to a galloper gun, and took it in mock triumph to the British camp. Part of his army's baggage was found on the scene of their defeat; and

all things else belonging to them, comprising two guns, a large quantity of stores and ammunition, and a great many camels, bullocks, and brinjarries were taken, on the same day, by Colonel Stevenson near Deodroog.

"It is impossible," remarks Major Sherer, "to read the letters to Sir Thomas (then Major) Munro, in which Colonel Wellesley describes his operations against Dhoondiah, without the liveliest interest. The pursuit and overthrow of this formidable freebooter are related with a flow of joyous good humour like the story of a successful hunt; and the phrases the 'King of the World' and 'His Majesty' are repeated with a playfulness which shows the extreme pleasure Wellesley felt at his success, and the utter insignificance in which he held the peril or the glory of such a combat. At the same time it will be seen how much of thought and foresight, what clear arrangements for supply, what prompt decision on routes, what skill in movement, what unwearied perseverance were exhibited in the effectual performance of this service. With Colonel Wellesley duty was never a trifle. It mattered not how small or great the object to be attained. He gave to all orders that he received his fixed intelligent attention, and to the execution of them, for the time being, all his mind." He may seem, at some points of the long "hunt," not to figure advantageously, by making great preparations and yet allowing his game to escape; but he really was perhaps the only commander in India, whether European or native, who could have surmounted the difficulties of the chase, and run the robber down. He showed marvellous genius, especially, in managing to maintain his army in so wild a country, amid such forced marches, during such doublings and windings, and in the face of the formidable fact that nearly all the holders of provisions throughout the whole region were in the enemy's interest. "He extemporised from his own resources all the means of the commissariat and engineer department, and subsisted his army almost by his own skill." But here, as in the exploits of the Dutch campaign and in the polishing of the Madras army for the war with Tippoo, he was undergoing preparation for his subsequent sublime career in the Spanish Peninsula. Few things made heavier or more incessant demands on his gigantic energies and magic inventiveness in many parts of that career than the difficulties of the commissariat; and he could not, in all the world, have got better lessons for encountering them than in the chase of Dhoondiah. A moral feature of his character, too—far more pleasing than this intellectual one—was elicited by a sequence of his victory. He found among the baggage of the vanquished robbers on the field of Conaghul a son of Dhoondiah, about four years old; and he conveyed this child to his tent, protected him through his boyhood, and took charge of his education. And at his leaving India he placed in the hands of Colonel Symmonds, the judge and collector at Seringapatam, some hundreds of pounds for the boy's use; and when Colonel Symmonds retired from office, the Honourable Arthur Cole, the resident at the

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[redacted] Colonel Wellesley's [redacted] highly [redacted] upon to perform in India; and, at the [redacted] such celebrity, such great accession of [redacted] these services comparatively easy. "Against any antagonist but Wellesley," remarks his Times' biographer, "it is highly probable that Dhoondiah's intelligence and enterprise might have established him in a dominion equal to that of the Mahratta chiefs. At this moment the authority of the Peishwa was clearly on the decline, and threatened speedily to fall to the strongest; nor was there any reason why Dhoondiah should not have competed with Scindiah himself for the prize. The success of the recent campaign at once terminated all these views, and confirmed Colonel Wellesley in an extraordinary reputation, both with the native courts and with the British Government. The former was, perhaps, qualified to appreciate such a victory as he had recently achieved, and could not withhold their testimony to the abilities by which the brother of the Governor-General had justified the appointments conferred on him. In fact, though still a simple colonel, Arthur Wellesley was already, as he has himself expressed it, 'at the top of the tree,' being intrusted with commissions above his rank, and honoured with the entire confidence of those whom he served."

CHAPTER IV.

INDIAN EXPEDITION AGAINST THE FRENCH—COLONEL WELLESLEY'S CONNEXION WITH IT—HIS REAPPOINTMENT TO MYSORE—HIS PROMOTION IN MILITARY RANK—THE CEDED DISTRICTS—COMMOTIONS IN THE MAHRATTA EMPIRE, AND BRITISH INTERFERENCE WITH THEM—GENERAL WELLESLEY'S ADVANCE ON POONAH—MAJOR MUNRO.

The French, though repelled from India by the conquest of Mysore, continued to menace it boldly and pertinaciously through the medium of Egypt. They would not bend under Lord Nelson's splendid victory of the Nile, but adopted vigorous measures to surmount and revenge it. They had just carried a flag of triumph through many old countries of Europe, and were determined to plant it in the older country of Egypt. But all Britons believed that country to be the grand highway to the East, and inferred, with good reason, that the French wished to gain possession of it mainly for the sake of marching through it to India. Both our home government and our Indian government regarded a new French expedition to Egypt, all the more that a former one had been beaten, as essentially a French expedition against our Indian empire. A force was fitted out at home, under Sir Ralph Abercromby, to deal with it in the same style as if it had been directed against our own shores; and a force was convoked by the Governor-General of India, to assemble at Trincomalee in Ceylon, and to stand there in readiness to act against the French, either by making a descent on the Mauritius, by sailing up the Red Sea to Egypt, or by adopting any other course which might be likely to prove most efficient. Marquis Wellesley threw into this project the whole strength of his mind and resources; and, in order to afford it full scope, he abandoned his previous project of an expedition against Batavia. His most favourite notion was, that the armament should surprise and capture the Mauritius; and his notion next in favour was, that it should sail to the Red Sea, rendezvous at Mocha, proceed thence to Cosseir, march across the desert, and strike the French army of invasion in the front while Abercromby was assailing them in the rear.

Colonel Wellesley was appointed to the command of the force, both while mustering at Trincomalee and after it should be put in motion. He was released from his governorship of Mysore in October, 1800, only a few weeks after he had defeated Dhoondiah; and he received his appointment to the command at Trincomalee on the 15th of November. He sprang at once into the spirit of his appointment, and made himself master, in an incredibly short time, of all sorts

of information likely to prove useful to him in whatever direction he might be required to move. He was not long at Trincomalee before discovering strong reasons against the notion of a descent on the Mauritius, and communicating these to the Governor-General. In February, 1801, a despatch was received by the Governor-General from the home government, directing that an expedition should set sail with all possible speed from India to Egypt. Copies of this despatch, while it was on its way to Calcutta, were sent by the Governors of Bombay and Madras to Colonel Wellesley at Trincomalee. He felt himself in a very serious dilemma. He knew that an expedition to Egypt had been contemplated, and even contrived, by the Governor-General himself,—that it could not fail to be ordered by him as soon he should receive the despatch,—that it would be sure to comprise the troops at Trincomalee, both because they had been assembled for the express purpose, and because they were almost the only force in India available for it; yet before instructions, founded on the despatch, could arrive from Calcutta, four or five weeks would elapse, the aid of the expiring monsoon would be gone, and the opportunity for striking the intended blow in Egypt would be largely, perhaps entirely, lost. If therefore he sat still at Trincomalee, he would sacrifice the very object of his command,—and sacrifice also the known, though not officially known, wishes of his government. If, on the other hand, he ventured to move without instructions, he would violate military discipline, give a perilous example to his fellow-officers, and lay himself open to severe punishment. Yet he did not hesitate what to do,—or hesitated only on the score of the example he was to set; but, actuated by the zeal for the public service and by the disregard of personal consequences which ever characterized him—and likewise counting largely on the vindication which his conduct could not fail to derive from the nature of the circumstances—perhaps counting somewhat also on the good opinion of his brother—he issued the necessary orders of his own authority, and set sail with all his force for the Red Sea. He, of course, sent off a statement of his intentions to Calcutta; and for the double purpose of receiving overland orders from the Governor-General and of revictualling his transports—especially as he learned from his naval officers that the voyage to the Red Sea would not be materially protracted thereby—he resolved to touch at Bombay.

On his landing at Bombay, he learned with chagrin that he had been condemned for what he had done, and superseded in his command. What grievously added to his chagrin was that the condemnation and the supersession did not come upon him as cause and effect, as sentence and punishment, but as separate evils, quite independent of each other. The Governor-General had received the despatch of the home government on the 6th of February, and had appointed Major-General Baird to the chief command of the expedition on the 11th, while Colonel Wellesley did not sail from Trincomalee till the 13th. The change of

the command had been simply an after-thought The Governor-General had, with obvious reason, concluded that so momentous an affair as a descent on Egypt, to engage with so adroit a foe as the French, should be conducted by a general officer, and had made choice of Major-General Baird on the legitimate ground of his paramount qualifications. But Colonel Wellesley argued, with just as obvious reason, that the matter of rank in the commanding officer should have been considered before making the first appointment,—that he had been publicly intrusted with the command at Trincomalee, under a great complex responsibility which comprised an expedition to Egypt as only one of its contingencies,—that, in order to his assuming that command, he had been recalled from an honourable and lucrative commission in Mysore,—and that to supersede him, without his having done any thing to evince incapacity or to deserve censure, was to inflict serious injury on his reputation and prospects. Writing to his brother Henry, he says, "I ask you, has there been any change whatever of circumstances that was not expected when I was appointed to the command? If there has not—and no one can say there has without doing injustice to the Governor-General's foresight—my supercession must have been occasioned either by my own misconduct or by an alteration of the sentiments of the Governor-General. I have not been guilty of robbery or murder, and he has certainly changed his mind; but the world, which is always good-natured towards those whose affairs do not exactly prosper, will not, or rather does not, fail to suspect that both or worse have been the occasion of my being banished, like General Kray, to my estate in Hungary. I did not look and did not wish for the appointment which was given unto me, and I say that it would probably have been more proper to give it to somebody else; but when it was given to me, and a circular written to the governments upon the subject, it would have been fair to allow me to hold it till I did something to deserve to lose it. I put private considerations out of the question, as they ought to have had no weight in causing either my original appointment or my supercession." A circumstance, too, which might have considerably embittered the draught to a mind of less nobleness than his, but which he either did not at all feel or compelled himself not to notice, was that his rival and he, Major-General Baird, were on bad terms with each other, and were publicly known to be so. But he instantly determined to banish the whole affair from his mind, and not allow it to touch one atom of his devotion to his country's service. "However," he concludes, in his letter to his brother Henry, "I have lost neither my health, spirits, nor temper in consequence thereof; and it is useless to write any more upon a subject of which I wish to retain no remembrance whatever." And again, two days after, referring to a serious official embarrassment which had resulted from his supercession in the command, he says to the same correspondent, "My former letters will have shown you how much this will annoy

me; but I have never had much value for the public spirit of any man who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience when it is necessary."

The condemnation of his conduct in leaving Trincomalee without orders seemed essential to prevent the act from becoming a precedent. But it was as light as possible,—a simple formal censure, fitted only to convey a hint to commanding officers that they would not be held guiltless if they should do any similar thing, and not at all intended to entail any penal consequence upon himself. Marquis Wellesley even said to him in a private communication, "It may not be unpleasant to you to know privately that I entirely approve your movement from Ceylon, under all the circumstances of the case, and that I think it will prove a very useful step." The appointment of Major-General Baird, on the 11th of February, to the chief command, was accompanied by the appointment of Colonel Wellesley to be second in command; and the latter appointment was allowed to stand. The Governor-General, at the same time, gave him permission, if he should think fit, to decline the new appointment, and to resume his governorship of Mysore.

Our hero had thus the option of going to Egypt, lowered in position, and serving under a man whom he disliked, or of returning to the honours and emoluments of his former office. Few men, in the circumstances, would have hesitated to accept the latter alternative. Ease, wealth, dignity, pique, pride, resentment, and what is commonly but very ridiculously called self-respect, were all against his going to Egypt. A discovery too, which Colonel Wellesley made of the probable bootlessness of the expedition was still more decidedly against it. But he looked at the question chiefly in its heroic aspects, and at once decided to go. Yea, though General Baird was detained a considerable time from reaching Bombay, and in consequence very seriously, though unwillingly, embarrassed the sailing of the expedition, our hero went on with the work of revictualling and equipping as vigorously as if nothing had happened, and at last resolved to go off immediately and commence the operations in the Red Sea with such troops as had already sailed,—and that, too, though all his personal baggage was on board one of the transports that had not yet come in, so that he would "go as bare as possible."

But on the evening when he intended to set sail, he was seized with a fever; and on recovering from this, he was attacked by an eruptive disease over his whole person, which obliged him to have recourse to the use of nitrous baths; so that he became totally unable to embark on the expedition. He felt the conjuncture somewhat trying to his patience; yet made excellent use of it in a moral way by reciprocating, heartily and bravely, feelings of reconciliation with General Baird. "I will freely acknowledge," said he to that officer, "that my regret at being prevented from accompanying you has been greatly increased by the kind, candid, and handsome manner in which you have behaved towards

me; and I will confess as freely not only that I did not expect such treatment, but that my wishes before you arrived regarding going upon the expedition were directly the reverse of what they are at this moment. I need not enter farther upon this subject than to inform you that as I know what has been said and expected by the world in general, I propose, as well for my own credit as for yours, to make known to my friends and to yours, not only the distinguished manner in which you have behaved towards me, but the causes which have prevented my demonstrating my gratitude, by giving you every assistance in the arduous service which you have to conduct." He also sent to General Baird a memorandum which he had drawn up for his own guidance, when anticipating the command of the expedition,—a document replete with interest even at the present hour, and evincing in a very remarkable degree how deeply he could penetrate the passing affairs of Europe, and what exact ideas he could acquire on the state of Egypt, the policy of the Mameluke beys, the Egyptian intrigues of the French, and other similar alien topics, while he was still in India, and had scarcely emerged from a long wild whirl of Indian cares.

He, after all, lost nothing but gained much, by not going with the expedition. Had he gone, he would have done no service, acquired very little experience, and lost much time; for the expedition did not arrive at Cairo till the 10th of August, three months after the capitulation of General Belliard at that city had extinguished the hopes of the French in Egypt. But by remaining in India, he continued, with scarcely a break, his career of energetic activity, together with the incessant course of acquisitions to his professional knowledge, and speedily rose to the possession of a power scarcely inferior in practical value to the greatest which any Briton had ever yet wielded in India.

On the 28th of April, the Governor-General, turning his previous permission into a formal reappointment, "directed that Colonel Wellesley should return to Seringapatam, and resume the command of the forces in Mysore." Our hero recorded, in a letter to Colonel Close, who still acted as President at Mysore, that "he returned to his old situation with a pleasure more than equal to the regret which he had on quitting it." He was gazetted Brigadier-General on the 17th of July, 1801, and Major-General on the 29th of April, 1802; he re-entered his governorship of Mysore, amid acclamations of the people and assurances of entire confidence on the part of the supreme government; and he consecrated his new influence of rank and power, as well as all his old energies, not in any degree to self-indulgence, but entirely to the high duties of his office.

Nor did he content himself with looking well to the affairs of his immediate governorship; but he kept a keen eye also upon all the western parts of India, both with reference to any influence they might exert upon Mysore, and with regard to the whole range of their intrinsic condition and their extrinsic policy.

This, indeed, he had done in a large degree during his former term of office,—as may be inferred from the affair of Dhoondiah; and some of his doings in it had been bearing large fruits during his absence at Trincomalee and Bombay, and were bearing fruits still. One chief instance may be mentioned for illustration. A great extent of country lay between the conquered kingdom of Tippoo and the proper kingdom of the Nizam. It was claimed by the latter,—who made some trivial exertions to maintain his claim; but it was really independent, or rather perfectly lawless. The Nizam was easily induced, by compensatory considerations, to relinquish it to the British government, who thenceforth regarded it as a province of their own, under the name of the Ceded Districts; but the persons who wielded power in it were not, and could not be, parties to the negociation. It knew less than any other part of India, by either experience or tradition, of the blessings or the forms of a settled government. It had for centuries been the theatre of incessant wars; first between the Moslem powers of Hyderabad and the Hindoo powers of Bijapoor, next between the Mogul rulers and the Mahrattas, next between the Rajah of Bijanaggur and the Rajah of Mysore, and next between numerous groups of petty chiefs and vagabond adventurers. The feeble authority of the Nizam had come in only as another grand element of strife. The official collectors of revenue were little else than sanctioned plunderers, at the head of small armies, all really independent, and each at constant war with others; while numerous fierce bandit leaders outrivalled them in rapacity, roaming through the open country at will, plundering wherever and whatever they could, and murdering in cold blood any persons weaker than themselves who refused to submit to their exactions. In the year 1800, there were scattered throughout the Ceded Districts, irrespective of the Nizam's troops, no fewer than about 30,000 armed men, under the command of about eighty chiefs, all subsisting by rapine, and perpetrating continually the grossest outrages. Now our hero, during his former governorship of Mysore, had arranged the plan for taking possession of these districts; and that plan proved so superlatively good as to be carried into effect without striking a blow. What a comment is this on his penetration, industry, foresight, and wisdom! About the same time, too, he had concocted a plan for conquering Wynaad and reconquering Malabar; and that also, during the period of his absence in Ceylon, was executed without loss to the British.

General Wellesley's second administration of Mysore was of the same comprehensive character as the first. The results of it were particularly conspicuous in facilities of communication and in unexampled copiousness of supplies. He had occasion to draw up a memorandum on Seringapatam, discussing the question whether the fortifications of that city should be maintained or destroyed; and this document affords clear evidence that his business powers, at that time, were as strong and versatile as his powers of strategy,—that he had acquired a

most minute knowledge of the topography and resources of all the western and southern parts of the peninsula,—and that he employed both his powers and his knowledge, in every possible way, for promoting the civil welfare of the country. It also showed incidentally that Seringapatam, soldiers excepted, was more populous under his administration than ever it had been in the reign of Tippoo, —that it had a better market, afforded fuller stores, could better equip an army than any other place in all the west of India,—that it owed its superiority, not simply to natural advantages, but also "to its being a British possession," in other words, to the effects of his own government,—that it had furnished all the supplies of his army through the whole of his campaign against Dhoondiah,— and that it was quite capable of rendering a similar service for any army which might be required for any extent or duration of military services, not only in the adjacent territories, but in the northern Mahratta states.

General Wellesley likewise drew up a memorandum on the Mahratta territory. He saw that a rupture with that country was approaching; he made searching inquiry into the condition of its politics and its military establishments; he went over in imagination the best measures of strategy for curbing or conquering it; and he wrote his memorandum for the guidance of the British commander-in-chief, whoever that person might be, when the anticipated crash should happen. He particularly recorded the results of his observations on the Doab during the campaign against Dhoondiah, and did so in a style as if, throughout that hot hunt, he had never had a care about either chasing the enemy or subsisting his own troops, but had been employed wholly in surveying the country. He also, when the portents of the war became unmistakably manifest, kept a daily journal of the preparations for it and of his own proceedings.

The Mahratta power, after our conquest of Mysore and our confederacy with the Nizam, was the only one which could hope to strive with the British sovereignty. It had vast resources; it was inveterately aggressive; it hated the British name; and it looked as if, amid the sudden evolutions of oriental affairs, it might at any moment come down upon our Indian empire like an avalanche of the Alps upon a cottage at their base. For the present, however, it was so divided against itself—divided fivefold and furiously—as to threaten no ill to its neighbour. But there were two things which, if they happened, might render it sufficiently menacing,—first the rise of any one of its five competing princes to supreme undisputed dominion, and next the co-operation with his army of a large French element; and both of these seemed not unlikely to occur.

Scindiah, the Rao or prince of Malwa, whose dominions extended northward to Delhi, was high in the ascendant, and at the same time was specially averse to the British. He not only swayed a strong sceptre over his own territories, but had virtually overmastered those of the Peishwa. He had not ventured, indeed, to do any act of overt sovereignty at Poonah, or to break the

bond of nominal allegiance to its king, for he was closely watched by one of his competitors who had as ambitious a passion for that place as himself; but he nevertheless was the ruling mind there, and held the Peishwa in leading-strings; and he it was who, out of aversion to the British, or out of a wish to prevent them from linking their interests to Poonah, had caused the Peishwa to decline the offer of territory which they made to him at the partition of the Mysore conquest. Now this man had an army of 38,000 infantry, 8,000 cavalry, and upwards of 270 pieces of artillery, all disciplined by a Frenchman of the name of Perron, principally officered also by Frenchmen, and generally not inferior in equipment to the trained battalions of the East India Company; and to that French generalissimo, M. Perron, he confided the government of his northern provinces, while he himself gave his main attention to the politics of the Deccan, and to the maintenance of his ascendancy over the Peishwa.

Holkar, the Rao or prince of Indore, beheld the rising power of Scindiah with jealous animosity, and felt stung from time to time with a maddening ambition to outrival and supplant him. He resolved to put his army on a footing of equality with Scindiah's, to increase its strength, to officer it with Frenchmen, to hold it ready for action in the Deccan, to vie with Scindiah in grasping at power in Poonah and at conquest in the south, and to seize the earliest pretext which might occur, amid good opportunities, for dragging him into combat.

The competition of these two princes, and the designs of both upon the Peishwa, thus tended to accumulate a vast military force, under French influence, in a spirit of hostility to the British, and with a view to such supremacy of dominion on the part of one or other of the competitors as could not be endured by our Indian empire. The competitors, indeed, were as yet too hot in their own quarrel to think largely of the British, and required to settle that quarrel—the one to subdue the other—before attempting any extrinsic conquest. Yet Scindiah had sent agents to foment rebellion against the British among the friends of the Mysore dynasty of Tippoo; his army, under M. Perron, was stationed on the most vulnerable point of the British frontier; and the instant he should get the upper hand of Holkar, or that Holkar should get the upper hand of him, the conqueror would not fail, according to the uniform fashion of victorious Mahrattas, to make a fierce irruption into the neighbouring territories. Nor was this all the evil; for the French from head-quarters were eagerly at work. And though checked for a while by the peace of Amiens from doing anything overtly, they even then went on, in their untameable hostility, to do all the mischief they could in secret; insomuch that Decaen, a public agent of Bonaparte, while on a mission in India, and while outwardly observing the stipulations of peace, was under strict injunctions to provide for war.

Our Governor-General watched keenly the gathering storm, and adopted the best means in his power to dissipate or encounter it. Early in 1802, he con-

cluded a subsidiary treaty and defensive alliance with the Guicowar, who had more to fear than to hope from the ambitious struggles of his brethren, and therefore permitted himself to be drawn into the interests of the British. In June of the same year, the Governor-General made overtures for an alliance with the Peishwa; but the latter, not being his own master, whatever might be his private wishes, was obliged by the dictation of Scindiah to decline the overtures, not only on their original terms, but on any terms whatever into which they could be modified. Marquis Wellesley endeavoured also to become mediator between Scindiah and Holkar, and to restore an equilibrium of power by bringing the rivals to mutual amity. But Scindiah was too proud, too hostile, too confident of triumph to permit his advances; and, relying on the strength of his military preparations, and on the abilities of his French officers, he suddenly seized on Poonah, treated the Peishwa as a vassal, and made arrangements for reconstructing the Mahratta empire in his own favour, and hurling defiance at the British.

The armies of Scindiah and Holkar had already taken the field in Malwa, to try there the contest for empire. But Holkar suddenly changed his plan, crossed the Nerbudda, marched toward Poonah, and on the 25th October, when in the near vicinity of that city, precipitated himself into a general engagement with the combined forces of Scindiah and the Peishwa. "The Peishwa was under an obligation to join Scindiah with his troops, and promised, moreover, his personal presence in the field. On the day of battle he mounted his elephant, indeed, and took seat in his war houdah; but nothing was further from his intention than risking his person among the spearmen of Holkar. He therefore lingered near the walls of the city, ready alike for flight or for congratulation. Holkar won the day, and upon the very earliest report from the scene of conflict, which showed clearly to which side victory inclined, the Peishwa, whose cunning was as notorious as his cowardice, fled away." But before his flight, he made private overtures to the British resident at Poonah for a general defensive alliance with our government, on a basis similar to our alliance with the Nizam; and these overtures were at the moment accepted by our resident, and afterwards promptly ratified by the Governor-General. The Peishwa fled from his own dominions to the castle of Mhar in the Concan, went thence to the strong fortress of Severndroog, sailed thence, in a British vessel, to Bassein, and there received official assurance from Calcutta that our government would employ every justifiable means for restoring his authority.

In the meantime, Holkar, in order to reap full advantage from his victory, forced Amrut Rao, the brother of the Peishwa, to take the office of prime minister of Poonah, and the son of Amrut, to ascend the throne, while he himself assumed the command of the army and the administration of the state. Scindiah also, though the British authorities made him an offer of a general

defensive alliance immediately after his defeat by Holkar, not only refused that offer, and chose to continue hostile to the British, but was believed to be negociating a military co-operation with the Rajah of Berar, the representative of the Bhonsla family, whose vast territories lay on the north of those of the Nizam, and extended eastward to the Bay of Bengal. The Rajah of Berar had also maintained pretensions to the supreme authority of the Mahratta empire, founded on his affinity to the Rajah of Sattarah; and he might be supposed to feel little sympathy with one who had just been beaten in a warlike effort to usurp that authority; but as he and Scindiah had found a common foe in Holkar, as they imagined also that they had a common foe in the British power, and as both had the fickle, sharp, oriental character which promptly veers with the wind of any political change, they were very likely to regard the passing juncture as an ample occasion for making common cause with their arms.

In this state of things, the British governors could not be idle. They all felt that, as a measure of precaution, a strong army of observation on the southern frontier of the Mahratta dominions, was requisite for the security of the possessions of the British, the Nizam, and the Rajah of Mysore. The government of Madras, without waiting for the instructions of the Governor-General, in November, 1802, concentrated an army of upwards of 19,000 men, under Lieutenant-General Stuart, at Hurryhur, on the north-west border of Mysore. The government of Bombay also prepared for service all the disposable force of that presidency; and at the request of the British resident with the Peishwa, the subsidiary force attached to the Nizam at Hyderabad, amounting to 7,350 infantry and 1,018 cavalry, was held in readiness to take the field.

The Governor-General was powerfully aided in the negociations which preceded and followed this crisis—as were also Generals Wellesley and Lake in the subsequent military operations—by the remarkably able diplomatic agents who then resided at the several native courts, and by several other bright stars in the galaxy of worth which ever spanned the political sky of Marquis Wellesley's Indian government. The most conspicuous of these in 1803 and 1804 were Lieutenant-Colonel Close, resident with the Peishwa; Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, with Scindiah; Major Kirkpatrick, with the Nizam; Mr. Webbe, first at Mysore, and afterwards with the Rajah of Berar, but who died in Scindiah's camp in the end of 1804; Major Malcolm, who for some time was in the field with General Wellesley, and afterwards became the resident at Mysore; and the Honourable Mount Stuart Elphinstone, Mr. Wilks, and Major Munro, who were variously employed at this period in Mysore and in the Deccan.

But we detract nothing from the fame of any or all of these worthies when we say that incomparably the brightest servant of the government—who both threw most light upon its path in the season of danger, and contributed most to the effulgence in which that danger terminated—was General Wellesley. He

was at work, as we have seen, earnestly anticipating the crisis, while it was still remote and contingent; he marched it in the far distance, and set all the resources of his great mind and large position in moving to meet it; and when at length a necessity arose for a leader to break into it, who should conduct a force to reinstate the Peishwa on the throne, and should possess in his one person the highest skill of both a general and a diplomatist, there was an unanimous opinion among all competent judges in India that he was the man. The Governor-General, in particular, felt convinced that General Wellesley's military talents, political experience, and sound discretion, rendered him the fittest officer for so critical an enterprise. And Lord Clive said "that the war could not be confided with equal prospects of advantage to any other person than General Wellesley, whose extensive local knowledge and personal influence among the Mahratta chieftains, acquired by his conduct in the Mysore, and by his victories over Dhoondiah and other refractory chiefs, were peculiarly calculated to insure success to the intended operations."

General Wellesley was put in command of a division of the army of observation at Hurryhur, and ordered to advance on Poonah, and was empowered to manage according to his own discretion all requisite communications with the Mahratta chiefs. His division amounted to 10,617 men of all arms, Europeans and natives, including the 19th dragoons, and the 74th regiment of foot. He felt a strong desire to have his old corps, the 33d, with him, but was obliged to forego that desire. The subsidiary force at Hyderabad, under the command of Colonel Stevenson, was appointed to co-operate with him; and thus was augmented by the addition of the 94th regiment, so as to be about the same strength as his own division.

General Wellesley arrived at Hurryhur on the 8th of March, commenced his advance on the 9th, and crossed the Toombudra on the 12th. His progress through the Mahratta territories was most successful. The fame which he had acquired in the campaign against Dhoondiah was still fresh, universal, and enthusiastic. The whole population hailed him as a friend; and almost all the chiefs in the vicinity of his route joined him with their forces, and accompanied him to Poonah. Yet he permitted no improper advantage to be taken of the people's friendliness, either to the injury of their property, or to the relaxation of his army's discipline, but continued to exercise his usual vigilance, activity, and skill in directing the march, managing the supplies, preventing plunder, and conciliating the inhabitants, just as if he had been moving through a hostile country. The consequence was that, though the ground was rugged, though the climate was oppressive, though the season of the year was most unfavourable, and though occasion arose toward the end for his marching nearly nine in thirty hours, he was enabled to perform all the [illegible] with [illegible] No small injury, indeed, as in every service marked by such a character, must have been done to the



Thos Munro

constitution of many of the men "It is remarkable that, for a brief campaign, the Europeans in India, from their pride and energy, and from a certain vigour of original constitution, will endure hardship, exposure to the sun, and fatigue, better than the majority of the natives But afterwards, alas! they pay the heavy price of their exertions. When the moral excitement has passed away, they often sink into supineness, disease invades them, and the gallant fellows wither into yellow and bloodless men, and, while yet scarce at mid-age themselves, so die It is well to mark these things, for thousands upon thousands of soldiers, in all armies and in all countries, sink down into early graves which their own services have dug, without the eclat of battle, without one leaf of laurel to mingle with the unwelcome cypress."

Holkar, the usurper at Poonah, did not remain long there, but retired with the great bulk of his army 200 miles to Chandore. Amrut Rao was left in charge of Poonah, and of the Peishwa's family, and, when he learned that a British army was advancing, he removed the Peishwa's family to Sevaghur, and made preparations to sack, burn, and ruin Poonah. General Wellesley receiving intelligence of this, appeared suddenly before the city, and saved it, which he not been detained six hours by efforts to get the light artillery through the Bore Ghaut, he would have been in time to surprise the place, and to capture all Amrut's force within it, amounting to about 1,500 men. As it was, the enemy escaped and the inhabitants welcomed the British army as deliverers and treated them with the most affectionate kindness. Order was instantly restored, business was everywhere resumed, and the Peishwa, already on his way from Bassein under the protection of a British escort, was immediately reinstated on his throne

We have mentioned Major (afterwards Sir Thomas) Munro, as one of the many brilliant agents of the British government whose co-operation was enjoyed by General Wellesley, and we think well to state a few particulars here respecting that officer, in order to throw a little light on the nature and extent of this co-operation He was in India long before and long after General Wellesley, having served as a subaltern against Hyder Ali in 1780, and died as Governor of Madras in 1827, so that he both brought large experience to bear on the period of his co-operation with our hero, and acquired experience from that period for important future service. He performed hard work in the commissariat department during the campaign which terminated in the fall of Seringapatam, and after the partition of Tippoo's territories, he was appointed to superintend the affairs of the wild, rugged, semi-savage district of Canara Here he was under General (then Colonel) Wellesley, as Governor of Mysore, acting as his lever to lift up all the terrible disorder of Canara from anarchy to order, and from barbarism to civilization. The work was most arduous, most self-denying; but he incessantly toiled at it, with a might, a

zeal, and a wisdom every way worthy of comparison with the herculean proceedings of his superior. This part of his district above the Ghauts was a haunt of Dhoondiah; so that he had a special interest in the campaign against that freebooter, and gave great aid to it in the departments of intelligence and supply. He had also to act against some smart freebooters with his own hand,—particularly against one called Vettel Hegada, who greatly disturbed the public tranquillity of Canara. But he was soon able to say to a correspondent, "I have now got Vettel Hegada and his heir apparent and principal agents hanged. His defeat and seizure were entirely owing to the zeal of the inhabitants; and I have no doubt that I should be able, with their assistance, to get the better of any other vagabond rajah that should venture to rebel."

Major Munro was also the first superintendent of the Ceded Districts, and continued to superintend them during seven years. He carried out all General (then Colonel) Wellesley's plan for reducing them to order. He spent three months in expelling the Nizam's troops, who all got into mutiny; he spent nearly nine months more in bringing the wild warlike chiefs and the roving freebooters into subjection; he never for four years dwelt in a house, or remained stationary in a place, and never at all, on any occasion, had a military escort; and he at once won universal confidence, taught the people to maintain themselves amid threatened famine, and drew from them an amount of revenue for the Government such as no man but himself would have conceived it possible to collect. His biographer, the Rev. Mr. Gleig, had he contemplated only his conduct in the Ceded Districts, much more when he contemplated similar conduct in a series of highly responsible situations, through a long public life, was perfectly justified in describing him as follows:—"Endowed by nature with talents of the highest order, possessed of a judgment singularly clear and sound, calmly and resolutely brave, full of fortitude, full of energy and decision, patient in inquiry, prompt in action, cool and persevering amid difficulties and hindrances, quick and ready in adapting his means to his ends, yet so sober-minded as never to be taken by surprise, he seemed formed for a life of active enterprize. Extremely temperate in all his habits, equally indisposed to give as to take offence, candid, open, manly in his bearing, over which neither jealousy nor prejudice was permitted to exert the slightest control, he succeeded in securing the love and veneration, not less than he commanded the respect, of all around him. He lived but to promote the public good; whilst, in a thorough knowledge of the manners, customs, institutions, wants, and wishes of the natives, in his endeavours to obtain their confidence, in the success which attended those endeavours, and in just conceptions of the measures best calculated to contribute to their welfare, few men have ever equalled, fewer still have ever surpassed him."

General Wellesley, in his expedition for reinstating the Peishwa, enjoyed

the co-operation of Major Munro as superintendent of the Ceded Districts. Extracts from two letters, both written by the General to the Major, the one on the 18th of April while on his march, and the other on the 14th of May while encamped at Poonah, may here be quoted for the double purpose of giving a specimen of that co-operation, and of illustrating the comprehensive care which General Wellesley, even at this early period of his career, exercised over the most minute affairs of his campaigns. "As it is possible," says he, in the first of these letters, "that the service on which I am employed may last after the rivers will fill, it is necessary that I should make arrangements for having boats upon all of them. I have accordingly written to Pourneah and to Mr. Read," the former the prime minister of the Rajah of Mysore, and the latter the successor of Major Munro in Canara, "to have some prepared in Mysore and in Soondah; and I must request you to have twenty basket-boats made in the Ceded Districts They should be of the size of ten feet diameter, and three feet deep, and I wish that they may be covered with double leather. The leathers ought to be sewed with thong, and of such a size as to cover the gunnels of the boats all round. I intend that your boats should be upon the Malpoorba, respecting which I will write to you hereafter. Besides boats, I shall want boatmen, of which your districts ought to supply a large proportion. The total number that I shall want is three hundred, of which Soondah can give only twenty, Mysore I suppose, about one hundred, and I must depend on you for the remainder." In the second letter, that written at Poonah, he says, "As you are too far from me, and it is possible that you may not be able to send off the boats at a period sufficiently early for my purpose, I have directed that ten of the boats made in Soondah, which were intended for the river Gulpoorba, may be left on the river Malpoorba Ten of your boats consequently are to be sent to the Gulpoorba, about 20 miles farther on I beg you to give orders upon this subject to the people you will send with the boats Their station upon the Malpoorba will be at Langoly, that upon the Gulpoorba will be at Gourgerry. The boatmen whom you send, should be divided equally between the stations on the rivers Malpoorba, Gulpoorba, and Kistna. Their pay is to be one gold fanam for every day they do not work, and two gold fanams for every day they do; it is to commence from the day they leave their villages, and to be paid weekly. I will settle with you for it, to the day of their arrival at their posts, as well as for the expense of the carriage of the boats. Afterwards, it will be paid by the officer in charge of the posts."

CHAPTER V.

PRELUDES OF THE MAHRATTA WAR—GENERAL WELLESLEY'S APPOINTMENTS AND PREPARATIONS FOR IT—HIS NEGOCIATIONS WITH SCINDIAH—COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR—CAPTURE OF AHMEDNUG GUR—STATE OF THINGS IN GUZERAT—MOVEMENTS OF THE MAHRATTA ARMY—THE BATTLE OF ARGYE.

THE alliance of the Guicowar and the Peishwa with the British government, the reinthronment of the Peishwa by the British power, the occupation of Poonah by a British force, the flight of Holkar and Scindiah before a flourish of the British sword, the demonstration of respect by so many Mahratta chiefs for the British name, and the display of moderation along with firmness and of peaceable designs amid a triumphant progress by the British army, all seemed to give promise that the commotions in the Mahratta empire, together with their threats of irruption into the British territories, were at an end. But the appearances were deceptive. The destruction of French influence in the dominions of the Guicowar and the Peishwa was almost the only real advantage gained; and new troubles, new menaces, fierce and formidable, speedily rose out of the old. The friendly power of the Guicowar, indeed, ought to have been of some value; but it was so enfeebled by bad administration, that it could not, without British aid, be intrusted with the defence of the Guicowar's own frontiers. The friendly power of the Peishwa, besides being little more than nominal, was utterly paralysed by indiscretion, silly jealousy, and coarse rank vindictiveness in the Peishwa's personal character. And the strong hostile power of Holkar, the strong hostile power of Scindiah, and the strong hostile power of the Rajah of Berar, suddenly threatened to coalesce. Holkar appears to have fled to Chandore and left Poonah to its fate, for the purpose of securing rich plunder which he had carried away to Chandore; he then made a predatory inroad upon the territories of the Nizam, and levied treasure from the districts near Nizamabad; and he afterwards sedulously spread reports that he was negociating a peace with Scindiah, that Scindiah was negociating an alliance with the Rajah of Berar, and that the three would soon appear in united force against the British. Scindiah, though coquetting with a British envoy who still continued to ply him with overtures for a treaty, did not discountenance these reports, but rather sanctioned them, and even went so far, in a few weeks, as flatly to say that the question of peace or war would be decided by an interview which he was about to have with the Rajah of Berar. All the three powers, also, appeared to be

strengthening their armies; Holkar was so actually belligerent as to threaten the Nizam's strong town of Aurungabad, while the other two seemed to be threatening that ally's frontiers; so that the British were driven, in ordinary policy, to stand prepared for a thorough Mahratta war.

General Wellesley busied himself for a while in strengthening his equipments at Poonah, even to the item of "making 150 more wheels" for his carriages; and then moved away to the east to overawe Scindiah's frontier. Colonel Stevenson was ordered to advance toward Aurungabad, to drive Holkar away, and to protect the Nizam's northern border. General Stuart marched forward to a position suitable for giving support to both General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson. The disposable troops of the Bombay presidency, amounting to upwards of 4,000, were sent under the command of Colonel Murray to co-operate with the forces of the Guicowar. An army of three divisions was posted in Hindostan, under the command of General Lake, to threaten the northern frontiers of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. And on the 26th of June, the Governor-General appointed General Wellesley to the chief command of all the British troops and of the forces of our allies serving in the territories of the Peishwa, of the Nizam or of any of the Mahratta states or chiefs, subject only to the orders of General Stuart or General Lake,—and also empowered and directed him to assume and exercise the general direction and control of all the political and military affairs of the British government in all these territories.

"The present state of affairs in the Mahratta empire, and the security of the alliance lately concluded between His Highness the Peishwa and the British Government," said the Governor-General in his despatch to General Wellesley, "require that a temporary authority should be constituted at the least possible distance from the scene of eventual negociation or hostilities, with full powers to conclude upon the spot whatever arrangements may become necessary, either for the final settlement of peace or for the active prosecution of the war. Your approved ability, zeal, temper, and judgment, combined with your extensive local experience, your established influence and high reputation among the Mahratta chiefs and states, and your intimate knowledge of my views and sentiments concerning the British interests in the Mahratta empire, have determined me to vest these important and arduous powers in your hands." The temporary authority thus set up in General Wellesley's person was so vast as to affect the immediate destinies, the social condition, the entire temporal interests of one half or more of all the Indian peninsula. The subordination of the military part of it to the paramount command of General Lake and General Stuart was a necessary homage to the etiquette of military rank. But General Lake was to operate on the opposite side of the hostile territories, so that he would not be at all likely to come into contact with General Wellesley except in the case of conquest to the very core of these territories; and Gene-

ral Stuart, when the proper moment arrived for advancing into active co-operation so as to assume the immediate command of the western army, discovered an urgent call for his own services on the Malabar coast, to watch a threatened descent of the French, and wrote as follows to the Governor-General:—"The experience gained by Major-General Wellesley during his former operations in the Mahratta territories, the extensive knowledge and influence which he has acquired in the present campaign, and his eminent military talents, enable him better than any other officer to prosecute with success the service which he has hitherto conducted with so much ability; and I have chosen to relinquish the gratification which I should derive from the command of an army probably destined to undertake very distinguished services, in order to continue that important charge in the hands of the officer best qualified in my judgment to exercise it with advantage to the public."

General Wellesley thus had a high opportunity for proving himself a hero. To proclaim an important war and to conduct it were alike within his authority. A great foe was before him, a competent force was behind him; and whenever he might think fit, he could precipitate them into the crash of conflict. But he was slow to shed blood. He had to think not only of the warrior's fame and the conqueror's glory, but also of the lives of thousands of his fellow-men, and the well-being of many millions. He therefore resolved to attempt nothing as a hero till he did everything possible as a pacificator. He thus gave a specimen of the moderation, forbearance, and love of peace which ever formed a distinguishing feature of his character, and which no doubt also constituted a large element of his power both in cabinets and in the field. This constituent of character, together with the reflectiveness, the entire self-command, and the high moral magnanimity which necessarily accompany it, is valuable to all public men, and exists more or less in every justly influential civilian, but was eminently excellent and not a little wonderful in so great a soldier. Few or none of the enemies whom he fought or of the armies whom he led understood it, or perhaps adverted to it; but all were, at some time or other, electrified by its influence. An enemy who saw him, for weeks together, the impersonation of meekness and endurance, behaving like a lamb, were apt to be panic-struck when he made a spring at them, and proved himself a lion. And his best troops when held long in the leash, panting like hounds for the chase, were liable to run more hotly and steadily at the foe when at length the leash was let slip. Civilians, on the other hand, who knew that he was the bravest of men and most brilliant of commanders, unconsciously attached a special weight to his words when, at any time, he gave his counsel for caution, concession, or peace.

General Wellesley could not obtain any certain intelligence of Holkar, and was not yet directly committed with the Rajah of Berar; so that he was obliged to address all his conciliatory negociations to Scindiah. That prince was one

of the most wily of despots, a master of artifice, a paragon of evasion and deceit, wearing a mask of solemn sincerity upon a face of derisive falsehood, and withal so grandly audacious as to do the most impudent action with perfect nonchalance. General Wellesley saw at once his insincerity, and made a series of most patient efforts to draw him into truthful dealing, but got little else than continuous hollow protestations of good faith, till it became painfully manifest that the sole object of the Maharajah—"the great king," as he called himself—was to gain time. The General then demanded, in token of the sincerity of his protestations, that he should withdraw his army from the menacing position it had assumed, in union with that of the Rajah of Berar, on the frontier of the Nizam's territories, and should retire beyond the Nerbudda,—promising, at the same time, that the instant this were done the British troops would be withdrawn from the vicinity of Scindiah's frontier. But the faithless Scindiah, and also the Rajah of Berar, who was now in close junction with him in council and in the field, only replied by a demand which substantially meant that the British troops should immediately withdraw, while their own army should remain. Colonel Collins, our agent at the camp, now remarked, "I am too much accustomed to Mahratta tergiversations to be surprised at the disengenuous conduct of the Rajah of Berar, and I feel extremely hurt at my inability to leave the camp of the Maharajah this very day."

It was the 6th of August when General Wellesley got intelligence of this ultimatum; and on the next day he issued the following proclamation:—"Dowlut Rao Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar having threatened with hostilities the British government and their allies Rao Pundit Purdhaun and the Nabob Nizam Ali, and in pursuance of these threats, having advanced with their large armies to a position contiguous to the frontiers, and having refused to depart from it, notwithstanding the repeated representations and entreaties of Major-General Wellesley, as the only mode of preserving peace, he at last finds himself obliged to commence hostilities against those chiefs. He does not, however, intend to make war upon the inhabitants; and accordingly all amildars (revenue-officers) and others are required to remain quietly in their stations, and obey the orders they will receive; and if they do no injury to the British armies, none will be done them. But notice is hereby given, that if any of the inhabitants of the country either abandon their dwellings, or do any injury to the British armies or their followers, they will be treated as enemies, and suffer accordingly."

The bravery of the confederated princes in provoking this declaration of war may seem surprising; but the real bravery was all on the other side. The British, besides having a comparatively small force in the field, and having extremely little practical support from their allies, were greatly embarrassed by the condition of the country. All the Peishwa's territory, where they had their

chief positions, and which they required to make the base of the coming campaign for both supplies and retreat, was in a state of ruin. Holkar's armies had consumed the produce of the previous year, had swept away all valuable light property by extortion and plunder, had reduced entire districts to such utter desolation that scarcely a human being was to be seen. The very landowners and revenue-officers, in most parts, also had been obliged to sanction theft for the sustenance of their retainers; so that almost every man had become a thief and a sluggard,—totally disinclined to cultivate the land or do any other work so long as he could find anything to steal. Many of the forts and fastnesses, too, even in the very neighbourhood of Poonah, were still in the hands of Holkar's adherents, serving as so many robbers' dens to keep the whole community in agitation. The many chiefs, likewise, who wished well to the British government, even such as, feeling hearty attachment to the Peishwa's power, believed that the only security for its continuance was British protection, had been awed by the menacing appearance of the confederate princes' armies, and now dreaded to take any part in the impending contest till they should see which side was likely to prove the strongest. Moreover the confederated chiefs themselves, and also their officers and troops, were full of that tough subtle strength which arises from confident expectation of success. They had been accustomed to regard Mahratta confederacy as a force which nothing could withstand. They remembered, especially, how it had triumphed in former times against the British power. They did not take into account how the British government had formerly laboured under difficulties, how it had subsequently become lithe and strong, how they themselves had been weakened by divisions; but, supposing parties to be still what they had been, with the momentous difference of the acquisition of French tactics on their own side, they did not doubt that they had only to set their armies in motion against the British to insure victory,—that, like the Roman army under Cæsar, they would simply "come, see, and conquer."

General Wellesley did not expect to achieve anything by legerdemain. He knew that all the task before him was a work, and a laborious one; and he had sedulously, anxiously, laboriously prepared for it. "In the ensuing campaign," admirably remarks his Times' biographer, "his duties consisted in so combining his movements that none of his detachments were taken at a disadvantage, that the peculiar qualities of the British troops might be turned to the best account, and that the difficulties of Indian warfare might be obviated by wary provision, or surmounted by vigorous enterprise. It was now that his contemporaries had the opportunity of observing his singular faculties of foresight and his extraordinary aptitudes in all departments of his profession. In his affair with Dhoondiah he had accurately noted the characteristics of native warfare, the chief features and serviceable points of the country, the strength of the forts,

and the course, depth, and periodical variations of the rivers. From these observations he had conceived his plans of a Mahratta campaign. Selecting a season when the rivers were not fordable, he turned this feature of the country to the advantage of the British, by preparing boats and pontoons, with which he knew the enemy would be unprovided. His despatches contain the most minute instructions for the fabrication of these bridges and boats, for the establishment of particular ferries, and for their protection by proper guards. Aware that a native army relied on the superior rapidity of its movements, he had been indefatigable in improving the breed of draught-bullocks by the aid of Tippoo's famous stock; and he had resolved, when occasion came, to discard the traditional rules of marching and halting. The forts, he observed, were strong enough, if well defended, to give serious trouble, and too numerous to be besieged in form. He gave orders, therefore, by way of conveying an adequate idea of British prowess, that one or two of them should be carried by simple escalade, and that an example should be made of the garrison in case of any desperate resistance. These tactics were completely successful. A Mahratta chief wrote to his friend as follows:—'These English are a strange people, and their general a wonderful man. They came in here this morning, looked at the pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. Who can withstand them?' The result was that the strongest forts in the country were afterwards taken, with little or no loss of life on either side."

At the time of issuing his proclamation of war, General Wellesley was encamped at Walkee, within six miles of Scindiah's strong fort of Ahmednuggur. That fort was then one of the strongest in India; and it was the capital of a district yielding about 634,000 rupees of revenue,—it overawed the northern frontier of the Nizam,—it commanded the communication between Scindiah's territories and Poonah,—and, when captured by the British, it was fitted to serve as an important point of support to their future operations. General Wellesley appeared before it on the 8th of August. He had sent on a messenger to summon the governor to surrender; and on his own arrival in the neighbourhood of the town, or "pettah" adjoining the fort, he offered protection to the inhabitants. But the wall of the pettah was very lofty and defended by towers, a battalion of Scindiah's regular infantry and a body of brave mercenary Arabs occupied the pettah, a body of cavalry occupied an open space between the pettah and the fort; and on the faith of all this force General Wellesley's summons and offer were met by defiance. He instantly ordered attacks by escalade to be made in three places. The assailants mounted the walls in dauntless style. They found very narrow footing at the top, but held it tenaciously. The Arabs made a stubborn resistance from the towers, and afterwards fought fiercely in the streets; the troops within the town also fought stanchly; and the assailants did not become masters of the town without a brisk and gallant contest, nor till

after they had lost 118 in killed and wounded. During the following night, as many of the enemy as were not required for the defence of the fort, including nearly all the surviving Arabs, marched off to the north. On the 9th, General Wellesley reconnoitred the ground in the vicinity of the fort; in the evening, he seized a position within 400 yards of the wall; during the night, a battery was constructed; and at daylight on the 10th, this opened against the fort with such effect that the governor speedily requested that the firing should cease in order that he might send a person to treat for his surrender. The British commander expressed his readiness to listen to terms, but expressed also his determination to keep the guns playing till the fort should be either surrendered or taken. On the morning of the 11th, the governor of the fort made an offer of surrender, on condition that he should be allowed to march out with his garrison, and to carry away his private property. The British commander accepted this offer, on the condition that hostages should be sent; and as these did not arrive in his camp till five in the evening, he kept his batteries firing away till that hour, without ever ceasing a moment, except to cool the guns. On the morning of the 12th, the garrison, amounting to 1,400 men, marched out. The British loss, during all the attack on the fort, was very small.

General Wellesley lost no time in taking administrative as well as military possession of the district commanded by Ahmednuggur. So early as the 14th, he appointed a collector to superintend its affairs. But said he to him, in a letter of formal instructions, "I wish you to bear in mind that to keep this country in a state of tranquillity, and to secure for the use of the troops under my command its resources, and a free communication through it with Poonah and Bombay, are objects of far greater importance than to collect at present a large revenue from it." And on the 24th he wrote to Major Shawe, "Twelve days have elapsed since I took Ahmednuggur, and in that time I have marched nearly fifty miles, and have crossed the river Godavery. Having settled our conquests south of that river I hope to get on equally well in future. But I tremble for the want of the common country grains for the followers and cattle. The country is completely exhausted, the villages depopulated, and large tracts of excellent land uncultivated. Indeed, I believe that these facts are the principal causes of Holkar's keeping aloof from the confederates. We have lost such numbers of cattle by the length of our march and starvation that we have none to carry grain for our followers." He learned, too, that of a vast herd who were then on the way to join his camp from the south, nearly one half had already died. But he had crowds of brinjarries around him whom he had brought from Mysore; he had made great arrangements for supplies from the territories of the Nizam; and he maintained a steady conviction that contrivance and labour could just as surely overcome the worst difficulties of the commissariat, as bravery and arms could subdue the boldest antagonism of the enemy.

His distant command within the territories of the Guicowar caused him most embarrassment. The very distance of it was perplexing. Communication with it was necessarily slow; intelligence from it was always old; and orders to it were seldom prompt enough to suit passing emergencies. The intelligence, too, was sometimes egregiously false, and could never be trusted. On one occasion, for instance, he was informed from Guzerat that Holkar had just been seen on the Taptee with 160,000 horse and vast quantities of guns and military equipments; while he had certainly learned from other quarters that that prince had just sustained vast losses of cattle, had sent his cavalry into Malwa to foray for their own subsistence, and had left behind him and buried his guns and military equipments. The army in Guzerat, also, was in a dislocated condition, dispersed into numerous small inefficient corps, under such separate commands as broke up its organization and rendered the concentrating of it impossible,—"a piece of machinery so disjointed" that he could not, by his orders from a distance, be answerable for its operations. He felt all the more annoyed at this, that if it had been in proper condition he could easily have assigned it such a plan of operations as should have effectually checked or overwhelmed all the hostilities of Holkar. "What we want in Guzerat," said he, "is organization, equipment, and regular sources of supplies. If we should be able to arrange that, and Holkar should enter into the war, I will lay that corps upon the back of Indore and Ougein in such a manner as probably will induce the gentry to turn their thoughts to the defence of their own territories instead of the annoyance of ours." But what was worse than all, a plan which he sent for organizing and equipping the troops, and for the general defence of Guzerat, was only "acquiesced in," and "not approved," by the district governor; so that it was sure to be carelessly executed or absolutely thwarted. His perplexity from these several causes rose so high that, for a time, he relinquished the command in that quarter altogether, leaving the authorities there to do just what they pleased.

He got some consolation, however, in the fall of Baroach. This was a strong and important fort, on the western frontier of Scindiah's dominions, situated near the sea, and overawing Guzerat. He had, on the 6th of August—the same day on which he received Scindiah's ultimatum,—sent an order for reducing it, with instruction not to suffer the operations against it to be interrupted or delayed by any negociation whatever; and in due time he received intelligence of its capture. Colonel Woodington, with about 1,000 infantry and six pieces of artillery, appeared before the pettah adjacent to it on the 24th of August. He found the enemy posted in front of the pettah, but very easily, and with little loss, forced them to make a precipitate retreat into the fort. His battering operations effected a practicable breach so early as the forenoon of the 29th; and the storm was ordered at three o'clock that day,—an hour when it

was thought the enemy would be off their guard. The storming party, including the reserve, comprised about three-fifths of the whole besieging force, arranged in three divisions; and they had stiff hot work, but behaved with great gallantry, and carried all before them. A more steep ascent to the breach, or one of such great length, is seldom seen. About 250 of the enemy were killed; and at least twenty-three stand of colours were taken. The loss of the victors was 12 killed and 48 wounded.

The western portion of the conquest thus begun by the Guzerat army was soon after strengthened by the capture of the fort of Powanghur; and, on the whole, went on prosperously; yet was still attended by occasional circumstances which annoyed General Wellesley, and struck off from his flinty spirit some fine glowing sparks of reproof. For example, on the 16th of September, he wrote to Colonel Murray respecting one of these:—"Major Walker's plan to get possession of Futteh Sing's person, before paying his ransom, I consider, between ourselves, to be one of the most unfortunate that has occurred. It may be called what they please; but as the Patans must have brought Futteh Sing to Berar with a small escort, with the hope of receiving the ransom, and in the certainty that they would not be attacked, it is, in fact, a breach of faith, than which nothing can be more unfortunate and injurious to us at the present moment. Besides, the consequence of it will most probably be, that Hurky Khan, and a parcel of blackguards who are hanging upon the Ghauts, and waiting only for Holkar's signal to begin their operations, will enter the Attavesy upon the excellent pretence of punishing this act of perfidy of the English, and of collecting the ransom which had been promised to them. Thus they will find us unprepared; and whatever may be the result of our negociations with Holkar, we shall be engaged with some of his chiefs."

Another annoying circumstance in the Guzerat army, was frequent quarrels among the officers, arising from private pique and a spirit of partisanship, and producing wasteful, irritating demands for public investigation. General Wellesley, writing to Colonel Murray on this subject, said, "It occurs to me that there is much party in the army in your quarter. This must be put an end to. And there is only one mode of effecting this; and that is for the commanding officer to be of no side excepting that of the public, to employ indiscriminately those who can best serve the public, be they who they may, or in whatever service. The consequence will be that the service will go on; all parties will join in forwarding it, and in respecting him; there will be an end to their petty disputes about trifles; and the commanding officer will be at the head of an army instead of a party."

But where, in the meantime, were the combined armies of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar? They were, as we saw, in a blaze of bravery against the British, full of fire to consume them, perfectly confident of victory; and why did

they not at once rush down upon the hosts of General Wellesley and sweep them from the land? First, General Lake was distracting their attention by a crash of war on the other side of their territories; and next, they chose to conduct hostilities according to a fashion of their own. That fashion was similar to the ancient Fabian one,—similar also to the fashion of the ferocious, yet cool calculating Hyder Ali, who, when a British commander in pursuit of him called him a coward for declining battle, replied, "Give me the sort of troops that you command, and your wish for battle will soon be gratified. You will understand my mode of warfare in time. Shall I risk my cavalry, which cost a thousand rupees each horse, against your cannon-balls, which cost two-pence? No, I will march your troops till their legs shall become the size of their bodies. You shall not have a blade of grass, or a drop of water. I shall hear of you every time your drum beats; but you shall not know where I am once a-month. I will give your army battle; but it shall be when I please, not when you desire it."

During two weeks or more after the declaration of war, the united armies of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, continuing to prowl upon the Nizam's frontier, watching for opportunities to make a desolating irruption, were held effectually in check by only the detachment of Colonel Stevenson. Not a Mahratta horseman, during all that time, could get across the boundary; every attempt at an inroad was promptly stopped or repelled; and, on one occasion, even a convoy marching in with legitimate supplies was cut off. The combined armies began to suffer want, began to pay famine prices for corn, and became impatient. On the 24th of August, a large body of their cavalry broke into the Nizam's territories by the Ghaut of Adjuntee, passing between the splendid city of Aurungabad and Colonel Stevenson's detachment, who had moved eastward toward Budowley Ghaut; and they advanced to the city of Jalnapoor, where they had a small fort, about 40 miles north-east of Aurungabad. General Wellesley arrived at Aurungabad on the 29th; and as soon as they heard of his arrival there, they changed their direction, and marched off to the south-east, apparently intending to cross the Godavery, and advance upon Hyderabad. The Godavery was then everywhere fordable,—a circumstance never before known at that season of the year. General Wellesley immediately marched eastward along the left bank of the river, and thus intercepted them from going southward—"showed them," as he said, "that they could not go alone to Hyderabad"—and at the same time protected two important convoys which were on the way to join his army from the valley of the Kistna. The enemy wheeled round on their track, and returned to Jalnapoor. But they were so hard pressed there, so closely hemmed in, so likely to be forced into a regular battle, that they rode speedily off from that quarter, to manœuvre through the country, and to fall back into a junction with their infantry. They now, for some time, behaved

in a manner somewhat similar to what Dhoondiah had done, perplexing the British commander a thousandfold more by the difficulty of getting near them, or even the difficulty of obtaining intelligence respecting them, than by any actual hostilities. They were sheer freebooters, diving in small parties wherever they could into the Nizam's borders, pouncing upon property in rough robber fashion, and even capturing persons and carrying them away, in order to compel them to pay a ransom or give up their goods. So common was this last process that, as a means of attempting to put a stop to it, General Wellesley felt induced to make reprisals, by ordering the seizure and imprisonment of any rich respectable subjects of Scindiah who could be found within the dominions of the Peishwa and the Guicowar. But, in general, the marauding parties, when not in any considerable strength, did very little harm; for the armed peasantry of the villages stoutly resisted their demands, and compelled them to pay a high price for such grain as they could get.

Colonel Stevenson took Jalnapoor on the 2d of September; and General Wellesley consigned that place, together with a district commanded by it, to the administration of the officers of the Nizam. Colonel Stevenson, on the night of the 6th, and again on the night of the 9th, surprised detachments of the enemy, threw them into alarm and confusion, and caused them much loss. General Wellesley, on the 10th, was apprehensive that some strong marauding parties might penetrate to the south, even so far as the Ceded Districts, and sent off a despatch to Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Sir T.) Munro, to put him on his guard. The General also, while marching from place to place, in bootless pursuit of the enemy, devising methods to harass them or to bring them to action, maintained a prodigious amount of constant personal care on all matters within the vast range of his influence,—expressed in correspondence with the military leaders under him, with the residents at Poonah, Baroda and Hyderabad, and with the governors of Bombay and Calcutta. His despatches at this period sparkle all over with the vigilance and energy of a great conqueror in pursuit of a slippery foe; yet, taken in the aggregate, look far more like the joint product of all the chief officers of a great government.

About the 12th of September, the Mahratta army of cavalry were joined by sixteen battalions of regular infantry, and by a large well-appointed train of artillery, under the command of French officers; and then they became somewhat stationary between Bokerdun and Jaffierabad. On the 21st, General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson met at Budnapoor; and believing the enemy to be then encamped at Bokerdun, they concerted a plan for so approaching him as to force him into a general action. They were to march next morning, General Wellesley by the eastern defiles through the mountains, and Colonel Stevenson through the western defiles, so as to prevent the enemy from escaping to the south; and after reaching the other side, they were to converge to-

ward each other, and suddenly assail him on the morning of the 24th, before he could have time to decamp. They would thus require, while on the march, to diverge from each other to the distance of about twelve miles, in circumstances which totally prevented any kind of mutual support,—and in this respect, their plan of operation has been pronounced by some good judges faulty; but, had their intelligence been correct, they would, in due time, have easily and unobstructedly united their forces at a point for perfectly hemming in the enemy, and making a combined attack upon his camp. Their intelligence, however, had all been necessarily obtained from the common hircarrahs or message-runners of the country, who had to pick it up the best way they could in the face of numerous small flying parties of a great army of horse; and though not egregiously wrong, it proved to be wrong enough in the hour of need to throw the two commanders completely out of co-operation.

General Wellesley so directed his march according to the information which he had received respecting roads and distances as to encamp on the morning of the 23d at a distance of about twelve or fourteen miles from Bokerdun. But on arriving at the proposed encamping ground, he learned, to his surprise, that he was not more than five or six miles from Bokerdun; and he was told, at the same time, that only the right wing of the Mahratta army, consisting wholly of cavalry, had been posted at Bokerdun,—that the left wing, consisting of infantry, was posted at Assye, six or eight miles from that place,—that the cavalry had, that morning, struck their camp and marched off,—and that the infantry and artillery were preparing to follow, but were still on the ground. He believed the report to be true, or at all events thought it too important not to be put to the test; and though his troops were in need of rest after their march, he resolved instantly to move forward, and to attack the infantry if he found them at Assye, or could readily overtake them. He sent a messenger to Stevenson, then about eight miles to the left, to apprise him of this intention, and to desire him to advance.

The total force at that time with General Wellesley, British and native, foot and horse, did not exceed 8,000. He could not venture to reconnoitre without leading on the whole. He therefore threw loose the baggage, arranged all his little army, the cavalry in the van, the infantry in the rear, and moved forward. His way lay across a table-land to the valley of the Kaitna. After marching about four miles, he came suddenly in view of the Mahratta army, the nearest part not more than two miles distant, and the whole strongly posted, in a line east and west, along the opposite bank of the river. Not only was the infantry there, but the entire army, about 50,000 strong, including upwards of 30,000 horsemen, extending all the way from Assye to Bokerdun. The bank of the Kaitna along all their front was high, rocky, and difficult, and most of it unassailable. A smaller stream, called the Juah, flowed past their rear to a conflu-

ence with the Kaitna, at a point considerably beyond their left, leaving there a considerable vacant peninsulated piece of ground. The left wing comprised the infantry and the guns, and lay a little backward upon the Juah, having its *point d'appui* on the village of Assye, which leaned upon that stream. "In brilliant sunshine," says an eye-witness, "nothing could be more picturesque than Scindiah's encampment. The varied colours of the tents, each disposed around its own chief's banner, without order or regularity, with streets crossing and winding in every direction, displayed a variety of merchandise as in a great fair. Jewellers, smiths, and mechanics were all attending as minutely to their occupations, and all as busily employed, as if they had been at Poonah and in peace."

The vast, varied, magnificent host lay full in view of General Wellesley. His eagle glance instantly scanned it all, and combined with his previous information to ascertain in a moment its strength and circumstances. He saw it to be strongly posted; he knew it to be well appointed; he had reckoned on seeing only its infantry, but found himself in presence of its whole force,—seven times greater than his own, man for man, and ten times greater in point of cavalry. What was he to do now? Advance or retreat? He determined for battle. Writers are fond of saying that he did not act here from cool judgment,—that he did not act from clear-sighted calculating bravery,—that he was hurried along by genius, by military enthusiasm, by passion for glory, or by impulse of fate,—that nothing could have justified his conduct short of brilliant success. But never perhaps did he really reason more clearly, or with less of impulse, in any crisis of his life. His emotion was all repressive, and left his mighty intellect unclogged and unobscured to comprehend, compare, and decide, in a moment. A strong rapid stroke of judgment may want nothing of clearness from its coming like a clap of thunder. "When I found their whole army," says he, "and contemplated their position, of course I considered whether I should attack immediately or should delay till the following morning. I determined upon the immediate attack, because I saw clearly that if I attempted to return to my camp at Naulniah, I should have been followed thither by the whole of the enemy's cavalry, and I might have suffered some loss. Instead of attacking, I might have been attacked there in the morning; and at all events I should have found it very difficult to secure my baggage in any place so near the enemy's camp, in which they should know it was. I therefore determined upon the attack immediately." He adds indeed, "It was certainly a most desperate one;" but his saying so only shows that, when "considering" what to do, when "seeing clearly" the perils of retreat, he also took a full, fair view of the difficulties and dangers of the attack.

His plan of action was promptly formed. The cavalry, under the command of Colonel Maxwell, drew up in line where they stood, looking as bold and steady as if they had been to confront a foe no stronger than themselves. A

body of the enemy's horse moved out, came to within half-a-mile of them, and threw out skirmishers, who fired a few shots. Some of the British dragoons advanced and drove these skirmishers back; and all again was still. The General observed a spot upon the Kaitna with a few houses beyond the extremity of the enemy's left wing, where he supposed there was a ford, and which he saw they had neglected to guard; and at the same time he felt convinced that he could not, with any prudence, attempt a direct attack upon any part whatever of the enemy's line. He therefore resolved to pass the river at that point,—to throw all the best portion of his force, amounting to only about 4,500 men, upon the left flank,—to concentrate his whole attack on the infantry and artillery,—and thus to neutralize the vast power of the cavalry, or compel it to come into action amid confusing circumstances and in a narrow field. The plan was certainly both "bright and bold."

"Ordering Colonel Maxwell to keep his present ground for a time, he returned and brought up the infantry in person. In steady column they advanced to the ford, marching firmly and silently. Every man seemed to feel that the result of the conflict depended on the courage of the heart, the quickness of the eye, the obedience of the ear, the strict attention to keep calmly in the ranks, and act ever in a body. Each man, indeed, seemed to feel and understand that it must be the triumph of the disciplined few over the fierce but irregular many. As the columns passed out of the river and gained the ground above, the fire from the enemy's cannon—which was the hottest that has been known in Indian warfare, and was ascertained afterwards to be from an hundred pieces—opened upon them with terrific effect, and killed and wounded many officers and men. At this moment, an orderly dragoon, who rode close to General Wellesley, had his skull torn away by a cannon ball. The troops, as they ascended the bank, were rapidly formed in three lines, the two first of infantry, and the third of cavalry, under Colonel Maxwell, the latter having quickly followed the columns across the ford, and taken battle station in reserve. The cavalry of Mysore and of our ally the Peishwa, though they would not be ventured in the fight, were found useful in watching the enemy's right.

"The Mahratta now perceiving the British General's intention of assailing him by a flank attack, changed the position of his infantry and guns, most adroitly resting now his right upon the Kaitna and his left upon Assye and the Juah. His whole front bristled with cannon, and resembled a vast battery, particularly at the village, where the weightiest of his guns were thickly disposed: the oldest officers declaring that they had never seen guns better served, even in European conflicts. 'Their fire,' said the General, in writing to Major Malcolm, 'was so heavy, I much doubted at the time whether I should prevail on the troops to advance; and all agree that the battle was the fiercest that has ever been seen in India. Our troops behaved admirably; the sepoys astonished me.'

Our artillery, chiefly Mysore guns, opened at the distance of 400 yards; but the General, seeing that it produced little effect against so formidable a line, and could not advance from the great slaughter of men and bullocks, with that promptitude which ever distinguished him in the trying hour, and which was never more conspicuous or necessary than at this moment, gave orders to leave the guns behind, and for the whole line to advance forward. Colonel Maxwell, with the British dragoons, was ordered to protect the right. On the right of that wing, the picquets, and 74th supporting them, through mistake, in the face of a tempest of bullets, led directly up to the village of Assye. There was a break in the line between these troops and the left. They were exposed to a tremendous and destructive cannonade from 100 guns —cut up by a body of Mahratta horse; and it was here the greater part of our loss was sustained. But Colonel Maxwell and the British cavalry soon flew to their rescue, charged impetuously the assailants, rode them down, and drove them with great slaughter into the Juah, where many perished in the river.

"Maxwell following up his successful charge, cut through Scindiah's left; and the 74th and light infantry, now re-formed and pushing boldly on, completed the disorder of the enemy, and overthrew them in that quarter. The left of the British line at the same moment, led on by the General in person, rushed forward on the enemy's right, and charged them with the bayonet. The Mahrattas could not sustain the shock; dismayed and broken, they were driven from their guns, and gave way on all sides. The British army, pressing on in pursuit, left the artillery they had so bravely taken behind them. The sepoys of our main body were now indeed in possession of the very ground on which the enemy had fought, and of the guns which he had so obstinately defended. His gunners lay thickly strewed among the captured cannon,—some having stood there till they were bayoneted, mixed with many others who lay prostrate and motionless, feigning to have been killed. The officers commanding the sepoys could not control their ardour; they still rushed rashly forward in pursuit. Fortunately the watchful eye of the young commander glanced over every part of the field; the noble 78th Highland regiment soon stood, cool, steady, in perfect formation, and offering an imposing front on the left; for a cloud of the enemy's cavalry hung protentous on the high ground above, but dared not to dash itself against the adamantine front of this redoubted Scotch regiment.

"A part of the enemy, though in some confusion, again collected at the village of Assye, and were joined by a strong column that had only been partially engaged, and by many of Scindiah's gunners who had avoided the shot, the bayonet, and the sabre, by feigning death. They attempted a new but confused formation, opened the guns afresh, and, seeing that another hope flashed upon them, turned the cannon upon the victorious army. Rallying at the sound,

a formidable body of Scindiah's troops, already in full retreat, turned and renewed the conflict. But the gallant Maxwell having re-formed his ranks and breathed his horses, again charged the flank of the half-formed Mahrattas, with irresistible impetuosity, killed vast numbers, and put the rest to flight. Unfortunately for the service to which he was an honour, and the country for whose glory he fought, this distinguished and chivalrous officer here closed, in the arms of victory, his honourable life, and, fighting foremost, fell. The last effort of this eventful day was the second attack on the enemy's formidable artillery, of which they had repossessed themselves at Assye. The Mahrattas had already felt the irresistible power of British discipline and courage—they awaited not the shock of the gallant 78th and 7th native cavalry, but fled panic-struck in all directions, their wounded and dead tracking the bloody course of their flight. General Wellesley led the final attack in person, mounted on his favourite Arab. He was in the thickest of the fight, and every moment exposed to the most imminent peril. His gallant horse was struck by a cannon ball that carried away his leg, and the noble and favourite animal fell to rise no more. At an earlier part of the day he had also lost, by a pike wound, his splendid charger Diomed, that had carried him through all his previous campaigns.

"'Never,' says Dr. Southey, 'was any victory gained against so many disadvantages. Superior arms and discipline have often prevailed against as great a numerical difference; but it would be describing the least part of this day's glory to say that the number of the enemy was as ten to one. They had disciplined troops in the field under European officers, who more than doubled the British force; they had an hundred pieces of cannon, which were served with perfect skill, and which the British, without the aid of artillery, twice won with the bayonet. Never was victory more bravely achieved, and more complete; stores, ammunition, camp-equipage, bullocks and camels, standards and cannon, were left upon the field; 1,200 dead were counted there, and the country round was strewed with the wounded.' Our native forces in this battle vied with the British in every attack. Two-thirds of the killed and wounded were of the sepoys. Scindiah's French infantry was far superior to that of Tippoo. The ease and precision with which he changed his front when the British crossed the Kaitna to throw themselves on his flank, showed that the lessons of the French officers had not been given in vain. His artillery, too, was so excellent and well equipped, that it was afterwards used in the service of the British army. The number of the enemy's wounded was supposed by General Wellesley to exceed 5,000, but could not be accurately ascertained, being scattered over the grounds to a considerable distance. A bloody field, strewed with the dead and dying of various nations and various arms, with many horses, bullocks, broken cannon, tumbrils, and other debris of a fierce and obstinate battle, remained in possession

of the victors. It was now dark, and Wellesley, fatigued by long and violent excitement, and immense bodily and mental exertion, lay down unhurt, and slept upon the field of battle.'"

The loss of the victors was severe beyond all former example in India, amounting to no less than about one-third of their whole army in killed and wounded. At least one half of that loss, however, was no result of the General's plan of action, no proper incident of the systematic struggle, but solely the consequence of the officer's mistake who led the picquets on the right of the first line. General Wellesley, replying to the friendly criticisms of Colonel Munro on the battle, says on this point:—"When the enemy changed their position, they threw their left to Assye. As soon as I saw that, I directed the officer commanding the picquets to keep out of shot from that village. Instead of that he led directly upon it; the 74th, which were on the right of the first line, followed the picquets; and the great loss we sustained was in these two bodies. Another evil which resulted from this mistake was the necessity of introducing the cavalry into the cannonade and the action long before it was time, by which that corps lost many men, and its unity and efficiency, which I intended to bring forward in a close pursuit at the heel of the day. But it was necessary to bring forward the cavalry to save the remains of the 74th and the picquets, which would otherwise have been entirely destroyed. Another evil resulting from it was that we had then no reserve left, and a parcel of straggling horse cut up our wounded, and straggling infantry who had pretended to be dead turned their guns upon our backs. However, I do not wish to cast any reflection upon the officer who led the picquets. I lament the consequences of his mistake; but I must acknowledge that it was not possible for a man to lead a body into a hotter fire than he did the picquets on that day against Assye."

Thus did a pure incidental mistake of a subordinate officer, not only produce one half or more of all the British loss on the field, but also disarrange the General's plan of action, and deprive him of all the advantages of giving pursuit. The cavalry were all too much exhausted by the events of the fight to be able to pursue; Colonel Stevenson was not yet on the scene of action, or near it; so that there was no pursuit. Colonel Stevenson, indeed, began to move toward Bokerdun the instant he received General Wellesley's message; but he did not receive it till the evening, and he got entangled during the night in a ravine; so that he did not reach Bokerdun till 8 o'clock on the morning of the 24th. The enemy passed the night of the 23d at about twelve miles from the field of battle, twelve from the Adjuntee Ghaut, and eight from Bokerdun; and as soon as they heard that Colonel Stevenson was advancing to the latter place, they set off and never stopped till, in the course of the night of the 24th, they reached the foot of the Ghaut. Colonel Stevenson, after the difficulties of his night march, was not in a condition to follow them; he and all his corps,

also, were needed for a day or two to assist the fractured little army, with its multitude of wounded, on the gory field of victory; and General Wellesley knew that when the enemy had once passed the Ghaut, to pursue them a day sooner or a day later would not make any difference. Pursuit, therefore, was not commenced till the 26th. The enemy, however, were well enough chased by their own fears and their own rapacity. They plundered one another in their flight; many of them deserted; and the rest moved on precipitately to Burhampoor, eighty miles from the field of battle.

The victory of Assye confirmed the prestige of the British name, and dissipated all doubts, still lingering among the sceptical and the envious, as to General Wellesley's title to a first class military reputation. With forces almost as numerically disproportionate as those of Clive, and against an enemy far more formidable than Chunda Sahib or Suraj-a-Dowlah, he surpassed at Assye the achievements, hitherto esteemed superlative, of Arcot and Plassey. Writing to his brother Henry, and allowing the simple facts of the event to override his powerful sense of modesty, he was himself obliged to say, "This action, I believe, was the most severe that ever was fought in this country; and I believe such a quantity of cannon and such advantages have seldom been gained by any single victory in any part of the world." The Governor-General in Council expressed high approbation of the General's skill in forming his plan on the 21st for precluding the escape of the enemy,—and of his magnanimity, promptitude, and judgment, in determining upon instantaneous attack on the 23d; and said that, "during the severe action which ensued, he united a degree of ability, of prudence, and of dauntless spirit, seldom equalled and never surpassed." The results of the victory, too, were quite as splendid as the victory itself. Some writers do not hesitate to enumerate among these "the establishment of that ascendency which we enjoy in India to this very day;" and the Governor-General in Council mentioned as the "immediate" ones "the complete defeat of the combined army of the confederate chieftains,—an irreparable blow to the strength and efficiency of their military resources, especially of their artillery, in the Deccan,—the expulsion of a predatory and hostile army from the territory of our ally, the Soubahdar of the Deccan,—and a seasonable and effectual check to the ambition, pride, and rapacity of the enemy." All India soon rang with the fame of the victory; and a grand Indian war-song was written on it, which long continued a favourite among the victor's admirers, beginning, "Shout Britain for the battle of Assye."

CHAPTER VI.

TRAITS AND DOINGS OF GENERAL WELLESLEY AFTER THE BATTLE OF ASSYE—DIPLOMATIC MANŒUVRES OF SCINDIAH—THE CAPTURE OF ASSEERGHUR—COUNTER-STRATEGY OF GENERAL WELLESLEY AND THE RAJAH OF BERAR—ARMISTICE WITH SCINDIAH—THE BATTLE OF ARGAUM—THE STORMING OF GAWILGHUR.

THE humanity, patience, inventiveness, and assiduity of General Wellesley were largely exercised upon the wounded after the battle of Assye. A general officer, who could have had little idea of the splendour which was eventually to surround our hero's name, said in his diary at the time, "General Wellesley sent Madeira wine from his own stock to the wounded, and next day was amongst them before the camp was pitched, making inquiries as honourable to his feelings as gratifying to the poor invalids." The comparatively enormous number of the sufferers demanded the attentions of nearly the whole of the little army. The place and the circumstances, too, were very unpropitious. The General had to send for a number of surgeons so far as to Bombay. He could not find a fitter hospital than in the nearest fort of the Nizam; but was refused access to this, so that he was obliged to remove his patients all the way to Ahmednuggur. About one hundred of the sufferers had been so smashed by cannon-balls as to be disabled for life; and he devised means for getting these softly carried to Bombay, whence they might be sent, at proper opportunities, to the coast of Coromandel and to Britain. His labours for the wounded altogether were prolonged and arduous; yet were performed to the last with a solicitude which never tired and a sympathy which never flagged.

He found leisure also, amid the prodigious pressure of public business which came upon him after the battle of Assye, as indeed he did at all other crowded periods of his life, to attend well to the duties of private friendship. An instance of this which occurred five days after the battle deserves notice both as an illustration of his friendly feelings, and for the sake of showing the points of well-being about which he was most solicitous in the case of young men. Writing to Major Shawe, Lord Wellesley's private secretary at Calcutta, he says, "I have received a letter from Mr. Thomas Pakenham, a writer on the Bengal establishment, respecting whom I am particularly interested. He is the son of Admiral Pakenham, a very old friend of Lord Wellesley and of me. I believe him to be very young and inexperienced; I therefore most anxiously recommend him to your care and attention. I have also given him a letter of recommendation to

my friend Mrs. Ross, whom I have requested to have an eye upon his conduct, and above all things to prevent him from keeping bad company. Should the college last, of course he will attend that institution; if not, I have desired him to acquire a knowledge of the country languages. I request you to urge him particularly upon this point, and do not allow him to be idle. Desire him to show you the letter which I have written to him. Do not allow him to run in debt. If he should want money, I have desired him to apply to David Ross or you. Pray supply his wants if he should require it, and apply to David Ross for any sums you may give him."

Akin to General Wellesley's friendliness of disposition was his deep interest in the individual reputation of his men. An instructive instance of this also occurred in connection with the battle of Assye. One of the officers who fell there, a Captain Mackay, had been superintendent of a large department of the commissariat, and had enforced some wholesome regulations for keeping it in good working order. Some lazy worthless bullock-drivers, stung by his integrity and incommoded by his vigilance, had run off from him, fabricated charges against him, and made depositions of these at the Bombay police office. A copy of the depositions, under date of 29th August, was sent to General Wellesley, and drew from him a methodical reply. He lamented that Captain Mackay was not alive to speak for himself, stated the real nature of his conduct in the commissariat, declared him to have been "notoriously the most humane and gentle towards the natives" of any officer in his army, and caustically concluded, "I can safely say that, as far as I can answer for another man, these depositions do not contain one word of the truth, excepting that the deponents deserted from the service."

General Wellesley, in describing Captain Mackay as "most humane and gentle towards the natives," only struck off a fac-simile of himself. No officer in his army could be more considerate to the natives in any subordinate station than he himself was in the highest. He always used all his authority to protect their rights and promote their wellbeing. He was specially kind to the grain-dealers, both from justice and from policy, that they might at once enjoy protection in their trade, give an example of confidence in British government to the community, and bring ample supplies of provisions to his camp. The same general officer whom we have already quoted says in his diary immediately after the battle of Assye, "General Wellesley has always made it a point to encourage these people by promises, kindnesses, presents, indeed by every kind of liberality of which he possesses the means, to attend our camp and collect grain for the army." And respecting his conduct to the great mass of the natives, who live in villages, and who at first had a great terror of the approach of his army, or of detachments of it, an eye-witness writes, "General Wellesley is at all times extremely particular in his attention to the villages. He has always

from twenty to forty orderly-men who march in front and on the flanks; and two or three of them are ordered into every place we pass, where they stay at the gates until the whole army and followers have gone by. These men resist the entrance of any of the lower orders, and even of the officers, if it seems to occasion alarm to the inhabitants. In villages near camp, they are always placed for the same purposes. The natives derive not only confidence from this treatment; but their reliance on his protection makes them pass the bounds of respect to any officers occasionally going in, as I have often experienced in my evening rambles."

But while careful to protect the natives against his army, General Wellesley was no less careful to protect his army against the natives. All detected offenders, whether within the British territories, or within those of an ally, or within those of an enemy, were summarily convicted and promptly punished. Small offences, such as insolence and petty theft, were punished with flogging through the bazaar; and great crimes, such as robbery and murder, were followed, a few hours after conviction, by capital punishment. Major-General Sir Jasper Nicolls records that one day a camp follower was hanged for stealing a cow from a village, that next day a number of the villagers were seen carrying off a sepoy with the intention of robbing or murdering him, that fourteen of them were seized and brought to the camp, and that twelve of these were soundly flogged, and the other two hanged. And he adds, "Many affect to think this a very arbitrary exercise of illegal power; but these are persons who are not daily subject to the deprivations occasioned by camp robbery. Yet it cannot be questioned that such a mode of proceeding is in the end the mildest, best adapted to the people of the country and the camp followers, and, as above mentioned, impartially applied to both. If justice were not effectually administered, between bad servants, the certainty of a ready sale, and great difficulty of detection, with the expertness and number of the country thieves, our property would never be secure, either on a march or at night." And General Wellesley himself, writing to Colonel Murray about five weeks after the battle of Assye, but referring particularly to the Mahratta troops in his army, says, "If my Mahratta allies did not know that I should hang any one that might be found plundering, not only I should have starved long ago, but most probably my own coat would have been taken off my back."

Some of our hero's missives on the subject of punishment, indeed—when considered apart from the circumstances of the country—appear most shockingly sanguinary. For example, about a month after the battle of Assye, he wrote to the British resident at Poonah, "In my opinion Purneah's thieves ought to be hanged. There is no other way of putting a stop to these robberies; and I am not quite certain that it would not be best to send six to be hanged at Sangoly, two at Goorgherry, two at the post on the Kistna, and the remainder at Hur-

ryhur. If you agree in opinion on this subject, I will give orders that the thieves may be escorted and executed accordingly." Yet though necessarily entertaining those cheap views of human life which are essential to the profession of arms— essential at all events to the butchery of war—he never inflicted death, or pain wantonly, never inflicted it except in the belief of averting a greater evil. His officers in India thought him lenient; the privates ever regarded him as their best friend or kindest mediator in circumstances of peril; and at least one case of condemnation to death by court-martial drew from him expressions which, but for his own practice in sending criminals to the gallows, might have been construed to imply that he was an opponent of capital punishment. Writing to General Stuart on the 11th of January, 1804, he says, "The reason for which I omitted to address you in favour of that soldier, at the time the proceedings on his trial were transmitted to be laid before you, was, that Lieutenant Colonel Wallace did not recommend him; and when I pressed him to recommend him, he told me that if he had not been tried by a general court-martial for murder, he must have been tried by a regimental court-martial for theft. However, I think it very desirable to avoid punishing with death a man belonging to the 74th regiment; and therefore I propose to offer to the man to commute his punishment to transportation for life to Botany Bay. By this mode the punishment of death will be avoided, and the regiment will get rid of a bad soldier, of which Colonel Wallace is very desirous."

General Wellesley's modes of management, together with his integrity, his transparency, his moderation, and his justice, the more they became known and the more they operated were the more disliked by the Peishwa. Writing about that rude, perverse, weakling prince five days after the battle of Assye, the General said, "The Peishwa is certainly sincere in his intentions to adhere to the alliance; but there is a crookedness in his policy, and the feelings of his mind are so far different from those which guide our conduct, that, with the best intentions, it must be expected we shall frequently clash. He has no ministers: he is everything himself, and everything is little." The Peishwa was particularly impracticable on the two important subjects of punishing robbers and pardoning repentant chiefs. An instance of the former, about two weeks after, drew from the General the indignant remarks,—"The Peishwa is too bad. It is really discreditable for the British government to have anything to say to him. There is no going on unless thieves are punished, whoever they may be, or by whomsoever they may be employed. These thieves at Ahmednuggur were plundering in our districts, and I shall send orders that they may be hanged." A strong instance of the other kind occurred a few weeks later, in the case of a chief called Baba Phurkiah, who had rebelled during the recent commotions, and kept in the field about four thousand horsemen. General Wellesley, having received from him a proposal for reconciliation, thought it important, found him

very reasonable, sent him on a mission of annoyance into the territories of the Rajah of Berar, and carried on a powerful mediation to get him restored to favour at Poonah. But he could not in the least prevail with the Peishwa; and at length he indignantly wrote to the resident,—"The war will be eternal if nobody is ever to be forgiven; and I certainly think that the British government cannot intend to make the British troops the instruments of the Peishwa's revenge. You must decide what is to be done with Baba Phurkiah. I have ordered him to quit the Nizam's dominions, and not to come near this army. The answer of the vakeel (envoy) is natural. It is, 'Where is a man to go who is not to be allowed to remain in the territories of the Company or of the Company's allies?' When the empire of the Company is so great, little dirty passions must not be suffered to guide its measures."

The General was much thwarted also by some of the chief provincial servants of the Nizam. They had inverted views of their master's interests, or secret sympathy with the Mahrattas, and in consequence behaved to the British as if they had been enemies. One of them, as we formerly saw, refused to let the wounded on the field of Assye into hospital, and others embarrassed the marching of the troops or used extensive influence to get them starved. General Wellesley, writing to the resident at Hyderabad four days after the victory of Assye, justly remarked, "We may win battles, and may drive the enemy before us; but all that I can do will not save the Nizam's country from destruction if his servants are not true to his cause, if they do not exert themselves in his service, if the British troops are not treated with confidence as friends, if they do not enjoy the resources which the country can afford."

But in spite of these heavy discouragements—in spite of the cares of the hospital, the cares of the commissariat, the general cares of the army, the cares of his great political commission, the perversity of the allies, and the asperities of the country—he went unflaggingly on with the campaign. His difficulties only roused his zeal and inspirited his efforts. No work which devolved upon him was left undone; and everything which he did was done well. The very marching order of his army after the battle of Assye, amid the multiplicity of evils which then pressed upon it, was a model of its kind. No better opportunity may afterwards occur of noticing this; and we shall therefore detail it here in the words of Sir Jasper Nicolls:—"Marched by the left in the following order, which is the usual one. A body of Mysore horse, about four hundred, leads the column of the march; this, at some distance, is followed by the cavalry; the new picquets of infantry march in their rear, then the line of infantry, followed by the park store and provision carts; the guns of the allies close the line of carriages, the ammunition and park bullocks follow them, and the rear guard, consisting of the old picquets, a squadron of cavalry, which moves on the reverse flank, and another body of four hundred Mysoreans, close the line. Detach-

ments of pioneers attend the leading divisions of the cavalry, advanced guard, the line, and the park. Guides are sent every morning before the assembly beating, to the heads of the cavalry advanced and rear-guard. The baggage is ordered to be kept on the reverse flank entirely, and in a great measure it is so. The horsemen, &c., of the allies march on either flank, as most agreeable to their leaders. The brigadier of cavalry is ordered to halt whenever he may exceed the distance of three-quarters of a mile in front of the infantry; the long roll for a halt is to be beat by any corps the march of which may by any accident be so long stopped as to occasion a break of one hundred yards; this to be repeated from front to rear by every corps; and when ready to move again, the taps are passed, as before, along the line, which proceeds."

The armies of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, after their discomfiture at Assye, fled in great confusion into Candeish. The army of Scindiah, in particular, dwindled away by desertion to a skeleton, and became almost entirely disorganised. Such of the infantry of it as could be kept together were sent away into Hindostan; and the remains of the cavalry, together with the remains of the Rajah of Berar's army, fled to the Taptee, and concentrated about Burhampoor. Colonel Stevenson went on their track from the field of Assye down the Adjuntee Ghaut and General Wellesley, as soon as he had placed his numerous wounded in security, followed. Had the General felt free to march then with his whole force upon Burhampoor and Asscerghur, and thence to Gawilghur and Nagpoor, he believed that he would have been able, almost by showing his colours in these quarters, to put an end to the war. But such deplorable weakness pervaded all the territories of the Peishwa and the Nizam that he could not venture to evacuate these in his rear, the more so as he depended for all his supplies on the security of the countries south of the Godavery. He therefore was obliged to content himself with ordering only Colonel Stevenson's division to the north, under instruction to levy a contribution from Burhampoor, and to lay siege to Asscerghur.

Early in October two of Scindiah's grandees, Nabob Moein ool Moolk and Ballojee Koonger, made overtures to General Wellesley for a peace, addressing letters to him on the subject, and requesting that one of his officers whom they named might be sent to Scindiah's camp to negociate, but exhibiting no due authority from the defeated princes, nor even formally mentioning their name. He saw some trick in these overtures; he detected fraud and audacity in certain circumstances connected with them; he could not doubt that one object of them was to raise the spirits of the enemy's troops, by showing a British officer in their camp, respecting whom it would be industriously reported that he came to sue for peace; yet he believed that a desire to commence negociations was really at the bottom of them; he felt every wish to stop as early as possible the flow of blood, and he therefore threw upon them his usual mixture of perspicacity,

caution, decision, and moderation. Nabob Moein ool Moolk he did not recollect to have ever heard named among the confidential servants of Scindiah; and him he dismissed with little ceremony. Ballojee Koonger he knew well. He knew that he had been in the service of the Peishwa; that he had once gone on an embassy from that prince to Scindiah, and never returned; that he had virtually betrayed the Peishwa's cause, and sold himself into Scindiah's service; that, in fact, he was as slippery and tergiversating, as full of low cunning and brazen audacity, as his present master. Yet the General treated him with perfect courtesy, condescended to reply very civilly to some rascally cavils which he made about the commencement of the war, and said to him in answer to his overtures for a negociation,—"The Maharajah has many sirdars (chiefs) in his service; and if he or the Rajah of Berar has any proposition to make to me, he may select one of them to convey it. Any person whom the Maharajah may think proper to send shall be treated with the respect and attention due to his rank; and I shall lose no time in taking into consideration the wishes of the Maharajah which he may communicate."

The confederated princes, finding that nothing could be done with the British commander by diplomatic manœuvring, resolved to try again whether they could not outwit or master him by manœuvres in the field. They were also in great distress, the price of grain in their camp being at a rate which might be expressed in English at about two shillings a pint; so that they were obliged to make some move by the condition of their commissariat. Mustering nearly all their cavalry, with only a small body of fresh infantry and artillery, they made a march or two westward along the Taptee, and then turned to the south with apparently the intention of passing through the Casserbarry Ghaut, either to draw away the British troops from besieging Asseerghur and menacing the Rajah of Berar's dominions, or to make a predatory incursion into the territories of the Peishwa and the Nizam, and to cut off the communications of the British army with their supplies. General Wellesley moved southward to Phoolmurry, within sixteen miles of Aurungabad, and remained there from the 11th of October till the 15th to watch and counterwork them But on the night of the 15th, he received minute accounts of the disposition of the enemy's army, from which he inferred that they then intended to march back against Colonel Stevenson, in order to interrupt the siege of Asseerghur; and he therefore returned forthwith toward Adjuntee, arrived there on the 18th, and descended the Ghaut into Candeish on the 19th. Scindiah then was actually so far on his way back to the north as Ahoonah, on the Taptee, within three marches of Burhampoor; but he halted there as soon as he found that General Wellesley had returned. The Rajah of Berar, however, had separated from Scindiah, to pass through the defiles of the hills on the southern boundary of Candeish.

Colonel Stevenson arrived at Burhampoor on the 15th, and took possession



of it without opposition. The portion of the enemy's army [illegible] remained there, fled at his approach, went in confusion toward the Taptee, and melted away into irremediable disorganization. He marched on the 17th to Asseerghur. This fortress is a place of great strength and importance, surmounting a hill of 750 feet in height above the pettah or village at its base. It is situated twelve miles north-east of Burhampoor, and commands a large extent of country; much of which, however, is so wild and so infested by tigers as to be almost impassable. On the 18th Colonel Stevenson reconnoitred the fort, attacked the pettah, carried it, and made a lodgment within 150 yards of the lower wall of the fort. On the 19th he completed all his preparations for the siege. On the 20th he sent a notification to the governor that, if he chose to surrender, the garrison should be allowed to march out with their private property, to go wherever they pleased, and should be paid twenty thousand rupees in lieu of their arrears. He then opened his batteries. In the course of an hour, a surrender was signalled, and next day, he obtained possession.

General Wellesley did not receive satisfactory intelligence of the surrender till the evening of the 24th; and he learned at the same time that the Rajah of Berar had passed through the southern defiles of Candeish, and was then encamped between these and the river Godavery. He immediately sent orders to Colonel Stevenson to re-equip his division for invading Berar, to use the stores of Asseerghur for that purpose, and to keep such a watch on the motions of Scindiah, as to prevent him from undertaking anything of importance; and he himself, seeing no occasion for remaining longer below the Ghauts, determined to reascend them. He arrived at Adjuntee on the 25th, marched on the following days to the southward, and passed Aurungabad on the 29th. The Rajah of Berar, in the usual style of a Mahratta, had spent his time after he went out of Candeish in plundering the country and in attempting to corrupt the British allies. He had advanced gradually to the eastward; and on the 29th was at Luckagaum, about 20 miles north of Puttun. Between that night and the night of the 31st, during the whole of which time General Wellesley was within a forced march of him, he was so apprehensive of being attacked that he moved his camp five times. On the morning of the 31st, he detached a body of about 5,000 horse to endeavour to intercept a convoy of 14,000 bullocks, with six companies of infantry, and 400 Mysore cavalry, under the command of Captain Baynes, coming to the British camp from the south. The assailants came suddenly on the convoy at two o'clock, near the town of Umber. They went through various evolutions, obliging Captain Baynes to make rapid but effectual changes in the disposition of his small force; they advanced repeatedly as if to charge, but were always stopped by the British guns; and they did not desist from their attempts till dark, when they went away with no greater booty than about 200 bullocks. General Wellesley felt disposed to think of this con-

voy, [illegible] country open for its approach during all the time of his being [illegible] from the 29th to the 31st, else he could then have easily rushed in upon his army and forced it to flee or fight. But he calculated that all the subsequent solid operations of the war depended on the safety of the convoy; and he therefore treated that as of more consequence than the achievement of a victory. The convoy arrived at his camp on the 1st of November. His troops had then been in march almost every day from the beginning of October; and they were so jaded as to require some rest. He accordingly allowed the Rajah to go off to the east toward Berar; while he himself halted in the neighbourhood of Umber till the 4th.

An envoy from Scindiah, of high character, came to the camp on the 6th of November to sue for peace. But he had no powers; and his proposals, like previous ones from the same quarter, might prove to be mere manœuvres, or things which could afterwards be either denied or proceeded with as might suit the caprice of opinion or the fluctuation of events. Nevertheless General Wellesley allowed him, at his own request, to remain in the camp till he should have time to send to Scindiah for powers and to receive an answer. In due time the powers were forthcoming; the envoy proposed to suspend the whole war; General Wellesley refused to suspend it with the Rajah of Berar, but agreed to suspend it with Scindiah; and on the 23d of November an armistice with Scindiah was concluded. The General's reasons for this armistice were, that he could not do any further injury to Scindiah in the Deccan, either by going after his army of horse or by pushing the war into Hindostan, till he should have disposed of the Rajah of Berar,—that he had not sufficient means to annoy him on the side of Guzerat, but on the contrary was liable to receive injury from him on that side,—that he was liable also to receive injury from him in the Deccan, by his making a diversion in favour of the Rajah of Berar,—and that, by suspending hostilities with him and carrying them on with the Rajah of Berar, he separated the interests of the two princes, and broke up their confederacy. The chief provisions of the armistice were that Scindiah should always be at least twenty coss (about forty miles) distant from the British army,—that he should, in the first instance, go twenty coss east of Ellichpoor, and forage still further to the east,—that he should afterwards, in receiving any notice of the advance of the British army, move still further away, so as to maintain the interval of twenty coss,—and that, in Guzerat, the British troops should not advance beyond Dohud, and those of Scindiah not go within twenty coss of Dohud.

While the negociations for the armistice were going on, General Wellesley was advancing gradually toward Berar, pushing the Rajah before him toward the east, and annoying his rear with the Mysore horse. The Rajah's army lost all spirit, dwindled rapidly away, and ceased to have any power of either retaliating on the British army or seriously menacing the territories of the Nizam. General

Wellesley therefore left off following it, and descended the [illegible]erah, in order to support and cover Colonel Stevenson's operations against [illegible]wilghur. This he did on the 25th. Colonel Stevenson had marched up the valley of the Poorna river to Ballapoor, had arrived there on the 23d, and had been joined on the 24th by the convoy which had been saved from the enemy by Captain Baynes' affair at Umber. He marched forward on the 26th, but, with great prudence, halted at Huttee Andorah on the 28th in order to enjoy General Wellesley's co-operation in attacking the enemy. Scindiah had neglected to fulfil the condition of the armistice respecting the distance he was to maintain from the British army, had moved some short way in front of Colonel Stevenson, had acted on some new plan of confederacy supposed to have been planned by the Rajah of Berar, and had encamped at Sersoorly about four miles from an army commanded by Vincajee Bhonsla, the brother of the Rajah, and consisting of the greater number, if not the whole, of the Rajah's regular infantry and artillery, and a large body of cavalry. Both Scindiah's army and Vincajee Bhonsla's were between Colonel Stevenson and the fort of Gawilghur; so that it was necessary to beat them before the siege of that fort could be undertaken. In the course of the 28th, General Wellesley was urgently entreated by Scindiah's envoys not to attack these armies; but he repeatedly said to them that there was no suspension of hostilities in any form with the Rajah of Berar, nor any with Scindiah till he should comply with the terms of the armistice,—and that he, the General, should certainly attack the enemies of Britain wherever he should find them. Scindiah and Vincajee Bhonsla, it seems, thought at first that they were at too great a distance from General Wellesley's division to be annoyed by it, and resolved afterwards to intercept Colonel Stevenson's division and make a show of defying the whole British force, in order to raise the spirits of their troops, by inducing them to believe that they were much stronger than the British.

The two divisions of the British army met at Parterly, about seventeen miles north of the Poorna river, on the 29th of November,—a day which did not close till they achieved a victory, not so brilliant indeed as that of Assye, but to the full as decisive on the events of the war. "It was an extraordinary and fortunate circumstance," remarks General Wellesley, "that after Colonel Stevenson and I had been separated for above two months, at a distance of nearly three hundred miles, I should have joined him on the very morning of this engagement, and that, in order to enable me to join him, he was not obliged to halt more than one day. But the operations of this war have afforded numerous instances of improvement in our means of communication, of obtaining intelligence, and above all of movement. Marches such as I have made in this war were never known or thought of before. In the last eight days of the month of October, I marched above one hundred and twenty miles, and passed through

two Ghauts with heavy guns, and all the equipments of the troops, and this without injury to the efficiency of the army; and in the few days previous to this battle, when I determined to go into Berar, I never moved less than between seventeen and twenty miles; and I marched twenty-six on the day on which it was fought."

When the two divisions of the British army met at Parterly, they found that the two Mahratta armies in the vicinity had decamped. But from a tower in Parterly General Wellesley beheld about two miles beyond Sersoorly a confused mass, which he concluded to be these armies in motion. His troops were so fatigued by the long march which they had just made in a hot day, that he did not think it proper to pursue. Very soon, however, bodies of the enemy's horse appeared at hand, and provoked the Mysore cavalry into a series of skirmishes; and when the General went out to push forward the picquets of his infantry in support of the Mysore cavalry, and to take up the ground for his encampment, he distinctly perceived a long line of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, drawn up in regular battle array on the plains immediately in front of the village of Argaum. The right wing consisted of Scindiah's cavalry, forming one dense heavy mass, at the extremity of which hovered a dark cloud of pindarries and other light troops. The left wing consisted of the Berar infantry and artillery, flanked by their own cavalry. The whole line extended about five miles. In its rear were the village and extensive gardens and enclosures of Argaum; and in its front was a spacious plain, much intersected by watercourses.

The day was far spent, the British troops needed rest, the enemy was fresh, vigorous, well-posted, and in great force; yet the British hero determined instantly to move on to battle. He reasoned that the enemy would be more advantageously attacked then than thereafter,—that if let alone then, they would draw off during the night, and take up a very strong position under the guns of Gawilghur. He moved down on them in one compact column, and made all possible haste to form his lines of battle. His first line consisted of infantry, and his second of cavalry,—the British cavalry on the right, and the cavalry of the allies on the left, nearly parallel to that of the enemy. A cannonade opened upon him while he was forming the lines, and threw his native infantry into panic and confusion. "What do you think," wrote he to Major Shawe, "of nearly three entire battalions, who behaved so admirably in the battle of Assye, being broke and running off when the cannonade commenced at Argaum, which was not to be compared with that at Assye? Luckily I happened to be at no great distance from them, and I was able to rally them and re-establish the battle. If I had not been there, I am convinced we should have lost the day." This accident caused not only great embarrassment but serious delay. Yet the lines, when once fully formed, moved forward with perfect

steadiness, held firmly together, and did their devoir bravely. A large body of Persian mercenaries, in the service of the Rajah of Berar, rushed upon the 74th and 78th regiments of British infantry, and maintained for some time a desperate combat at close quarters. All these were destroyed. The cavalry of Scindiah, about the same moment, made a fierce crowded charge upon a battalion of infantry on the British left. They were received with firmness; about an hundred dropped from the saddle at the first volley; and the rest turned and fled in disorder. The whole British line pressed forward vigorously and irresistibly. The entire vast mass of the enemy, five miles long, wavered, rolled back, and went off in a mob, making not one effort to hold their ground or keep to their ranks, and leaving behind them thirty-eight pieces of artillery and all their ammunition. The British cavalry pursued them by moonlight for several miles, destroyed great numbers of them, and took many elephants, many camels, and much baggage. The General had been in the saddle, and the troops under arms, from six in the morning; yet all continued so till twelve at night. Some of the cavalry even continued the pursuit during the whole night; other corps, after a few hours' rest, went off again in the morning; and the whole army long thrilled with anxiety to make the most of its victory. Had the conflict occurred an hour sooner, or had not time been lost by the panic of the native battalions at its commencement, almost every man of the enemy would have fallen. Darkness alone, or the imperfect light of the moon, afforded opportunity for escape. The commander of the Berar cavalry was killed, and Scindiah's chief general was severely wounded. The British loss, inclusive of native soldiers, amounted to 46 killed and 308 wounded.

The victory of Argaum made a great sensation throughout the Mahratta country. The whole population seemed instantly inclined to bow to the victors. The portions of the vanquished army which succeeded in clinging together melted speedily away by desertion, so as to become little stronger than a shadow. An envoy from the Rajah of Berar arrived next day to sue for peace. Scindiah also resumed and ratified the armistice already made with him; though, true to his habitual practice of insincerity, he did not even then proceed to fulfil the first chief condition of it, which required him to remove twenty coss east of Ellichpoor. General Wellesley, however, knew well the sort of characters he was dealing with, and determined to follow out his advantages against them to such a length as should not allow them to deceive him. He therefore moved on with both divisions of his army on the 1st of December, arrived at Ellichpoor on the 5th, halted there a day in order to establish an hospital for the wounded in the battle of Argaum, and then carried out a series of vigorous operations for accomplishing his long-cherished project of besieging Gawilghur.

This is a place of great antiquity, and was long the seat of the government of Berar. It is situated among a range of mountains, between the sources of

the Poorna and the sources of the Taptee, about twenty miles by the nearest road from Ellichpoor. The citadel crowns a lofty rugged cone, projecting from the mountains; and, at the time of the Mahratta war, was one of the strongest forts in India. "It consists," said General Wellesley, "of one complete inner fort, which fronts to the south, where the rock is most steep, and an outer fort, which covers the inner to the north-west and north. This outer fort has a third wall, which covers the approach to it from the north by the village of Labada. All these walls are strongly built, and fortified by ramparts and towers. The communications with the fort are through three gates,—one to the south with the inner fort, one to the north-west with the outer fort, and one to the north with the third wall. The ascent to the first is very long and steep, and is practicable only for men. That to the second is by a road used for the common communications of the garrison, with the countries to the southward: but the road passes round the west side of the fort, and is exposed for a great distance to its fire; it is so narrow as to make it impracticable to approach regularly by it, and the rock is scraped on each side. This road also leads no farther than to the gate The communication with the northern gate is direct from the village of Labada, and here the ground is level with that of the fort. But the road to Labada leads through the mountains for about thirty miles from Ellichpoor; and it was obvious that the difficulty and labour of moving ordnance and stores to Labada would be very great. However, after making inquiry at Ellichpoor, it appeared both to Colonel Stevenson and me that this point of attack was, upon the whole, the most advantageous; and we accordingly adopted it." General Wellesley had all along assigned to Colonel Stevenson the high task of assailing Gawilghur; and he now determined that the Colonel should make the principal attack by way of Labada, while he himself should cover his operations with his own division and all the cavalry, and if possible assist them by attacks to the south and west.

On the 6th of December, two detachments were sent forward,—the one to drive the enemy from the ground to the south of the fort, and the other to seize the fortified village of Damergaum, on the road by which Colonel Stevenson was to pass toward Labada, and to protect parties employed in repairing the road and in reconnoitring the enemy. On the 7th, the main body of the army marched; and from that day till the 12th, Colonel Stevenson's division cheerfully and unflaggingly performed a series of such arduous labours as had never before been witnessed in Eastern warfare. They dragged the heavy ordnance and stores, nearly all the way from Ellichpoor to Labada, over mountains and through ravines, along a rude road hastily formed by their own pioneers. Elephants and bullocks are generally employed in India for the draught of battering trains. "To each pair of iron twelve-pounders elephants are attached, which assist them in their draught in very sandy, miry, steep, or difficult places.

They raise the wheel or gun, as required, by the application of the proboscis to the muzzle, and push it forward with perfect ease. The sagacity of these animals is wonderful; their tractability no less so. They follow the first gun, relieve the weight from the bullocks, fall to one side, then repeat their assistance to the second, and so on. They will even occasionally chastise the bullocks with their trunks, when they do not pull kindly." But the transportation of the heavy artillery, along the wild mountain route to Gawilghur, was done chiefly by hand.

The garrison of Gawilghur comprised about five thousand select soldiers, besides irregulars. They were principally Rajpoots, a high caste of Hindoo fighting men, natives of the country Rajpootana,—and the best portion of the infantry which had escaped from the battle of Argaum. The commander, Benee Singh, was a man of high station and grand bravery, similar in tiger spirit to the deceased Tippoo of Seringapatam, and he was rendered fiercely resolute by the conviction that Gawilghur was the last hope of Berar.

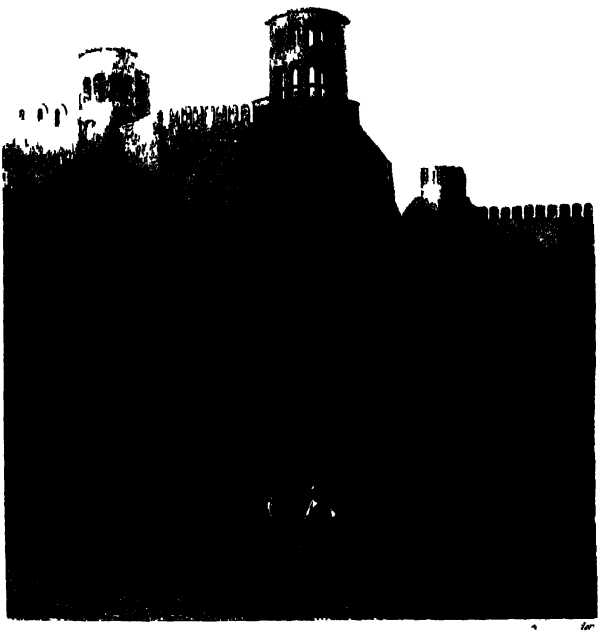
On the night of the 12th, two batteries were erected by Colonel Stevenson in front of the north face of the fort, and one by General Wellesley on the mountain under the south gate. But in spite of the most strenuous exertions, the latter could be provided only with brass guns, could not be provided with heavy ordnance, which no possible effort of the troops could take up the mountain; so that it proved of little use. On the morning of the 13th, all the batteries opened; on the evening of the 14th, the breach on the north side of the outer fort became practicable; and at 10 o'clock of the 15th, the troops advanced to the assault. The storming party from Colonel Stevenson's division, through the breach, was led by Lieutenant-Colonel Kenny; and, though opposed in the most resolute manner by Benee Singh in person, at the head of a strong force of chosen men, they drove all before them, and speedily were masters of the whole outer fort. Two parties from General Wellesley's division started at the same moment as Lieutenant-Colonel Kenny's party, to distract the attention of the garrison by feints upon the south gate and the north-west gate, or to be at hand there to take advantage of Lieutenant-Colonel Kenny's success; and, in virtue of that success, they were very soon within the gates. But the wall of the inner fort, which had not been breached—which had stood too deeply retired to be within possible range of the besieging batteries—had yet to be carried. Some vain attempts were made upon the gate of communication between the outer fort and the inner one; and then a place was found at which it was possible to escalade the wall. The light infantry of the 94th regiment, under Captain Campbell, fixed the ladders against this place, surmounted the wall, cut their way to the gate in defiance of all resistance, and succeeded in opening it to the storming party, who instantly rushed in and took possession of the fort. Benee Singh and the other leaders fell sword in hand, having solemnly sworn that they

would die rather than submit, and most of the garrison who were not slain, either expecting no quarter or disdaining to ask it, leaped from the battlements, and were dashed to atoms. The loss of the British in the siege and storm was only 13 killed and 110 wounded.

Benee Singh and the next in command, before they went to the defence of the breach, had, according to a Rajpoot custom, made arrangements for their own death being instantly followed by the slaughter of their wives and daughters. General Wellesley, soon after entering the fort, found these poor women, some dead and others severely wounded, huddled together at the bottom of a dry reservoir, weltering in their blood. Those of them who recovered were tenderly taken care of, and, much to their astonishment, were restored with all possible respect to their surviving friends. A son of the governor's, also, a fine lad of nine or ten years of age, was found badly wounded; and after he recovered, he was put in possession of considerable property in the country, where he long resided to extol enthusiastically the generous kindness of his father's conquerors.

The indomitable spirit of British bravery was well illustrated at the siege of Gawilghur. All the troops, in all the events which we have related, were full of it; so that none could be named as instances without doing negative injustice to the rest. But one officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, who had often been remarked for inflexible adherence to orders, and who superintended the erection of General Wellesley's battery, and led one of his two feint-parties, at the siege of Gawilghur, gave there a specimen of his indomitableness so naive, so rich, and withal so whimsical that we cannot refrain from quoting it. Let it be told, however, in the words of one of his coadjutors. He says: "We had been one night working very hard at a battery half way up the hill, and afterwards cleared a road up to it; but no power we possessed could move our iron battering-guns above a few hundred yards from the bottom, so steep and rugged was the ascent. I had just been relieved from working by a fresh party, and was enjoying a few moments' rest on some clean straw, when the officer commanding the working party came up to Colonel Wallace, and reported that it was impossible to get the heavy guns up to the battery. The Colonel exclaimed, 'Impossible! Hoot man, it must be done; I've got the order in my pocket!'"

A view of one of the gates of the fort of Gawilghur accompanies our work. That gate stands at the top of a rugged difficult acclivity, which is called the Short Ghaut on account of being somewhat less rugged and less difficult than the other acclivities. The spot commands a magnificent prospect, and affords in its own coolness, clearness, and mountain-altitude a striking contrast to the close, choking passes of the jungles and ravines below. On each side of the gateway is a watch-tower containing many small rooms, with embrasures which overlook the fortifications. These rooms were formerly used as places for arms:



and a spacious, elegant apartment, surmounting the tower on the right, appears to have been the resort of the chieftains, for a delightful evening lounge. Over the entrance is a Persian inscription, stating that the gate was erected by Sultan Mahm ud. Since the siege, the fort has been very thinly inhabited, and allowed to fall into complete dilapidation. Within it are ruins of some handsome reservoirs, a fine mosque, and an extensive elegant royal palace; but the crumbling walls and fallen roofs are overrun by rank tall herbage, and haunted by bears, jackals, and other beasts of prey.

CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL LAKE'S CAMPAIGN—THE CAPTURE OF ALIGHUR—THE BATTLE OF DELHI—THE FALL OF AGRA—THE BATTLE OF LASWAREE—GENERAL WELLESLEY'S TREATIES WITH THE RAJAH OF BERAR AND WITH SCINDIAH—HIS DISPERSION OF AN ARMY OF FREEBOOTERS—HIS VISIT TO POONAH AND TO BOMBAY—PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS OF RESPECT TO HIM

ONE of the most distinguished of General Wellesley's military contemporaries in India was General (afterwards Lord) Lake. He acquired the most brilliant portion of his celebrity in a course of military operations against Scindiah in Hindostan, concurrently with those which General Wellesley conducted in the Deccan. He was then in the sixtieth year of his age, and had for nearly three years held the important stations of Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in India, and second member of the supreme council at Bengal. He afterwards carried on the department of the Mahratta war which arose from the continued hostilities of Holkar, and completed all the various arrangements for the reduction of the irregular troops, the distribution of the regular army, and the final settlement and security of the conquests. He left India in February, 1807, and died in February, 1808. He possessed in a high degree most of the qualifications of an able commander. "To judgment and quickness of conception he united undaunted courage, great decision, and uncommon capability of undergoing fatigue. He possessed in an eminent degree the art of conciliating the confidence and attachment of those under his command. His unwearied kindness and unremitting attention to promote the comforts of the soldier, and the constant exposure of his person in the midst of danger, won the hearts of the army, and secured their attachment. His integrity was incorruptible; and although his situation in India offered numerous occasions to benefit his fortune, at a slight sacrifice of the interest of the public, in no one instance did he ever stain his honour or barter his fair fame for wealth. At this time, too, he was labouring under great pecuniary embarrassments, from which he would not have been completely relieved when he returned to England, if it had not been for the prize-money which his valour had gained, amounting in the whole [illegible]unt £50,000. In private life his pleasing manners and his mild and gen[illegible] virtues engaged and secured the affection of his numerous friends; whilst [illegible] mitigated all personal animosities, and even assuaged those little irritations which are inseparable from the intercourse of social life."

A brief account of his campaign against Scindiah seems desirable, both for

illustrating his own character as General Wellesley's greatest contemporaneous competitor for military fame in India, and for showing the effect of his operations on General Wellesley's ultimate position in the Deccan. He took the field on the 5th of August, with a small but well-appointed army. He had to deal, not with Scindiah personally, who at all periods of the campaign acted directly against General Wellesley, but first with his French general, M. Perron, and afterwards with M. Louis Bourquin. On the 7th of August, he marched from Cawnpore; and on the 29th, he came in sight of the enemy's cavalry, about 15,000 in number, drawn up in a very strong position in the vicinity of Coel. He immediately attacked them, and, after a short desultory action, drove them from the field, and took possession of the town. He next summoned the neighbouring fort of Alighur to surrender, but was defied. This is a very strong fort, situated on a plain, surrounded with swamps, having a good glacis, with a ditch 200 feet wide and 32 feet deep. It had been the ordinary residence of General Perron, and was well garrisoned, well provided with muniments and stores, and likely to resist the most vigorous regular siege for at least six weeks. General Lake could not afford to spend that time upon it,—which would allow General Perron to become irresistibly reinforced by brigades which were then on the way to join him from the Deccan and the Punjaub; nor could he feel safe to leave the fort unfallen behind him, lest it might ruinously intercept his communications with his supplies. He therefore resolved to attempt to carry it by a *coup-de-main*. And on the morning of the 4th of September, by a series of daring exertions, in the face of a gallant resistance, and with the loss of 278 in killed and wounded, he forced his way across its ditch, through its four gates, to its innermost citadel. About two thousand of the garrison perished, many of them by jumping into the ditch and being there drowned.

Next day, General Perron wrote to General Lake, announcing his withdrawal from the Mahratta service, and requesting permission—a permission which was readily granted—to pass with his family, his suite, and his effects, through the Company's territories to Lucknow. On the 7th, General Lake marched from Alighur toward Delhi; and on the 11th, after traversing twenty-three miles amid most oppressive heat, encamped within six miles of that city. Scarcely were his tents pitched when the enemy, under M. Louis Bourquin, consisting of 5,000 cavalry and twelve battalions of regular infantry, appeared on a near rising ground. They were defended on each flank by swamps, and in front by entrenchments and seventy pieces of cannon, which were concealed by tall herbage. General Lake, after providing for the safety of his baggage, had a total force of about 4,500 men. He advanced with his cavalry to [illegible], but became exposed to a destructive fire, and had a horse shot under him. He sent orders to his infantry to advance; but as they were a considerable distance in the rear, he made a feint of retreating with the cavalry. The enemy thought

him beaten, and went instantly after him, with shouts of victory. His cavalry retrograded with perfect order and steadiness; and when approaching the infantry, they broke asunder at the centre, and allowed the infantry to pass to the front. The enemy now halted, and commenced a tremendous fire of grape, round, and canister. The British troops advanced steadily, reserving their shot till within one hundred yards, and then they poured in a searching volley, and made a bayonet charge. The enemy instantly gave way, abandoned their guns, and precipitately fled; and being promptly pursued by the British cavalry, they rushed on to the Jumna, where many of them were drowned. The British loss in this battle amounted to 585; and that of the Mahrattas was estimated at 3,000. The British army, after having been seventeen hours under arms, took up fresh ground toward the river; and next morning, they encamped opposite the city of Delhi. Three days afterwards, Bourquin and five other French officers surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

Both the city and the fort of Delhi were evacuated by the enemy. The aged Shah Allum, the representative of the Grand Mogul dynasty, and still the nominal emperor of Delhi, who had been held in degrading and miserable thral by Scindiah and M. Perron, sent a message to General Lake, expressing a desire to place himself under his protection. The British General took formal possession of the city, paid his respects to the fallen emperor, made pro ision for his restoration to dignity and comfort, and received from him, in token of gratitude, the next highest title of honour in the bygone Mogul empire,—a title which has been translated, "The Sword of the State, the Hero of the Land, the Lord of the Age, the Victorious in War."

General Lake now marched to Agra. The fort there was conventionally called "the key of Hindostan," and was regarded by the General as of no less importance to his operations than the fort of Alighur. The garrison was strong, and had been under the command of European officers, but had mutinied, and put these officers under arrest. Seven battalions of Scindiah's regular infantry were encamped on the glacis; but the garrison would not admit them lest they should become sharers in a mass of treasure which was within the walls. A Mahratta army, also, consisting of the fugitives from the field of Delhi and the brigades which had been expected from the Deccan, amounting altogether to about 9,000 infantry and 1,400 cavalry, and possessing a very superior equipment of artillery, occupied a position about thirty miles in the rear of the British; but they were supposed to have in view a march upon Delhi, and they did not attempt to interrupt the siege of Agra. On the 10th of October, General Lake made a successful but stoutly contested attack on the seven battalions who were encamped on the glacis; and three days afterward, 2,500 of the survivors came over in a body, and were admitted into the British service. The siege of the fort was then vigorously pressed; the garrison applied to their im-

prisoned officers to make terms for them; they consented to surrender the fort, together with its treasures, its arsenal and 162 pieces of artillery; and on the 18th, they were allowed to march out with their private property.

The fort of Agra—we may remark in passing—is a most imposing object in the landscape of the Jumna. It appears to the eye a stupendous castle of many parts, ascending in massive towers and strong embattled walls to an amazing height, from a foundation upon the plain; while, in reality, it consists of a series of fortifications, constructed up the face and above the summit of a lofty precipice. Handsome domes of marble or of copper-sheathing surmount some of the works; and the elegant white marble pavilions of the palace overlook the parts which face the river. Some grand massive decorations of pure gold formerly adorned it; but they found their way to England. The marble palace and its tesselated halls also have been degraded into store-rooms. Even the outer ditch and the outworks, too, have been suffered to go to decay. But the walls of the body of the fort are still kept in excellent repair.

General Lake, after securing Agra, went in search of the Mahratta army in his rear. He left Agra on the 27th of October, and proceeded by rapid marches, but the enemy retired before him toward the hills of the Mewat; and not till sunrise of the first of November, after a night-march of twenty-five miles, did he overtake them. They were then, however, not in disorderly retreat, but strongly posted. Their rear was protected by a deep rivulet; their right rested on the village of Laswaree, and was partially protected by a ravine; their left rested on the village of Mohaulpoor; and their front was defended by seventy-five pieces of cannon, concealed among high herbage, and chained together in order to increase their efficiency against a charge of horse. Though General Lake arrived with only his cavalry, he instantly attacked the foe; but he was met by so fierce a fire that he felt compelled to draw off his brigades, and wait the arrival of his infantry. The Mahrattas now changed their position, and drew up in two lines, the one in front of the village of Mohaulpoor, and the other in its rear; and they also sent in a proposal which produced a parley of an hour's duration. At the end of this, the British infantry were up and rested. General Lake then moved to make a new attack. He purposed to turn the flank of the enemy's position, but was completely frustrated by a counter-manœuvre. He was also hindered by the excessive roughness of the ground from getting forward more than a portion of his attacking column; and on advancing within range of the enemy's canister-shot, even this portion was so terrifically raked and became so wavering as to encourage the Mahratta horse to charge. On came these horse upon "the handful of heroes," and were utterly repulsed. The British cavalry then charged in turn, dashed through both lines of the enemy's infantry, drove their cavalry from the field, and wheeled round upon the rear of the second line. The British infantry by this

time were at work on the front of that line; for, roused to emulation by the gallant onset of their cavalry, they had rushed forward on the guns, taken possession of them, and driven the first line back upon the second. The best of the Mahratta infantry, the veteran corps who had been longest and most efficiently trained by French officers, were now put to their utmost mettle. They fought with bravery, with fierceness, and with desperate obstinacy; and excepting about 2,000, who were broken, surrounded, and made prisoners, they fell with their arms in their hands. Through all this battle of Laswaree, General Lake was in the hottest of the fire. He had two horses shot under him; and his son, acting as his aide-de-camp, was wounded by his side. "The son," says Mill, "had but just persuaded the father to mount his horse, after one of his own had fallen under him, pierced by several shot, when he himself was struck by a ball; and at that instant the father was obliged to lead on the troops, leaving his wounded son upon the field." The total loss of the British on this occasion was 172 killed and 652 wounded. The victory was complete. It put an end to the power of the French-formed brigades, and brought under the disposal of the British government all Scindiah's districts north of the Chumbul.

General Lake's career of victory necessarily produced a powerful effect on the state of things in the Deccan. It engaged and destroyed a large portion of Scindiah's military force. It distracted his attention. It dissipated his resources. It cooled the ardour of both him and his ally, the Rajah of Berar. It increased that prestige of British prowess which gradually shook their self-confidence, till their audacity gave place to fear. And, in all these ways, it operated mightily, though indirectly, with the victorious career of General Wellesley to make the confederates speedily desirous of peace, and to induce them to accept such terms as were eminently advantageous to the conquerors.

From the day after the battle of Argaum till the day after the capture of Gawilghur, negociations for peace went briskly on, in General Wellesley's camp, with the envoy of the Rajah of Berar. The discussions were long and frequent respecting both the causes of the war and the terms of pacification. A treaty, at length, was concluded on the 16th of December, and signed by General Wellesley on the morning of the 17th. The principal articles of it were the cession of the province of Cuttack, including the district of Ballasore, to the British East India Company,—the cession of two great territories to the Nizam,—and the repudiation of all confederacy, then and thenceforth, with any princes or people against the British arms. Marquis Wellesley, immediately on receipt of it, wrote to the General, saying, "Your treaty is wise, honourable, and glorious; and I shall ratify it the instant a copy can be made. I feel the greatest pride in it, and I am satisfied that it will form a brilliant point in the history of this country, and a noble termination of your military glory."

General Wellesley obtained this treaty only through the frightening of the

Rajah and chiefs of Berar by the vigour of his operations. They were in high excitement during the siege of Gawilghur,—begged then, but begged in vain, a cessation of hostilities,—and at length concluded the treaty under manifest fear. He continued all determination, all energy, all fire till the moment the treaty was made; nor once paused for an instant to carry on present operations, or excogitate future ones, in exactly the same style as at the commencement of the campaign. "If I had not made this peace," he afterwards wrote to Colonel Stevenson, "my plan was to march my own division upon Nagpoor, in order, if possible, to force Ragojee (the Rajah of Berar) to it,—and to occupy yours, first in the capture of Nernulla, which I believe would not be a difficult operation, after what has been done in Gawilghur,—and afterwards to watch the motions of Scindiah, with whom I intended to have broken the suspension of hostilities, till I should have forced Ragojee to the peace." Nor did he pause even when the treaty was made, but adopted measures to keep up the Rajah's terror till he should ratify it. He struck his camp at Gawilghur on the 17th, marched three days eastward in the direction of Nagpoor, so as to threaten the total destruction of the Rajah's government, and halted on the 20th merely because he could go no further without inflicting that destruction. And on the 23d he received the ratification of the treaty.

Scindiah looked with searching eye and ambiguous heart upon the progress of events between General Wellesley and the Rajah of Berar. He was, as usual, playing a fraudulent game. Even his manifest danger and his feverish fear could not overawe, however much they might discompose, his habits of tergiversation. He seemed torn for a while between desire to break the armistice and terror-born anxiety to follow it out to a pacification. He, in a sense, did break it: for, as we formerly mentioned, he never fulfilled its chief stipulation, which required him to remove twenty coss to the east of Ellichpoor; and he also continued mischievously to send out flying parties of his light horse to plunder the country around his camp. Hence did General Wellesley feel so released from the obligation of the armistice as to see no wrong in purposing, on his part, to "break the suspension of hostilities." Yet Scindiah made no attempt to disturb the siege of Gawilghur, maintained no overt co-operation with the Berar forces after the battle of Argaum, and kept his envoys in the camp of General Wellesley, negociating for a treaty of peace. These envoys, however, were for some time the puppets of his false game. They affected to wish a pacification, and to work for it, yet were really aiming at no more than to keep open the door of negociation, in order that it might not be shut against them in the event of the total failure of all Scindiah's hopes and schemes to retrieve his fortune. As soon, however, as it was found that the Rajah of Berar had made peace, they changed their behaviour. Scindiah then began to show undisguised alarm; and on the same day on which the ratification of the Berar treaty was received, his two chief

ministers appeared in the camp to settle a peace. General Wellesley told them that only four days more should be allowed for negociation,—that if a treaty were not then concluded, he would immediately resume hostilities against Scindiah. On the 24th, he marched toward the west; on the 26th, to the west of Ellichpoor, he joined Colonel Stevenson, who only then got out of the mountain-defiles from Gawilghur; on the 27th, he marched to Surjee-Anjengaum; and there, on the 28th, he concluded a treaty with Scindiah's ministers. On the morning of the 30th, he signed this; on the 5th of January, he received Scindiah's ratification of it; and without loss of time he sent off Major Malcolm to attempt to expand it into a defensive alliance. Strong doubts were entertained whether Major Malcolm would succeed. But Scindiah was now completely subdued; he lay prostrate under the accumulation of his calamities; and so early as the 27th of February, at Burhampoor, he bound himself hand and foot to be the fast friend and servant of the British.

By the treaty Scindiah ceded all his forts, territories, and rights in the country between the Jumna and the Ganges; he ceded most of his forts, territories, and rights to the north of those of the Rajahs of Jeypoor and Joudpoor, and of the Ranah of Gohud; he ceded the fort of Baroach, and all the territory commanded by it; he ceded the fort of Ahmednuggur, and most of the territory commanded by it; he ceded all the country belonging to him south of the Adjuntee hills, including the fort and district of Jalnapoor, the town and district of Gundapoor, and all other districts between the Adjuntee hills and the Godavery; he renounced all claims of every kind upon the British government, the Nizam, the Peishwa, and the Guicowar; he renounced all claims upon such of his feudatories as, in the course of the war, had entered into engagements with the British; he stipulated to get back the fort of Asseerghur, the city of Burhampoor, the forts of Powanghur and Dohud, and the territories severally commanded by them; he stipulated to get back or to retain certain lands near Ahmednuggur, and certain lands to the north of the countries of the Rajahs of Jeypoor and Joudpoor, which had belonged to him more in patrimony than as a sovereign; he accepted the authoritative mediation of the British government in the adjustment of any differences which existed or might arise between him and the Peishwa; and he engaged never to take into his service, or to retain in it, any Frenchman, or any other European or American whose country might be at war with Britain, or any British subject, whether European or Indian, without the consent of the British government.

In this treaty with Scindiah, in that with the Rajah of Berar, and in the subsequent arrangements of partitioning territories, granting pensions, conciliating chiefs, adjusting disputes, appointing agents, establishing embassies, and distributing military forces, General Wellesley displayed a grandeur and nicety of diplomatic skill abundantly worthy of his character as the future prime minister

of Britain. He endeavoured to produce a harmony of power among all the five Mahratta sovereigns, together with the Nizam and with the Rajah of Mysore, and to put the attuning and the playing of that harmony completely under the supreme though kindly control of the British government. His proceedings were warmly eulogised by the Governor-General in Council; and they no doubt contributed quite as much to the inward strength, the administrative might, and the permanent stability of our Indian empire, as they did to its outer aggrandizement. Alison, though glancing chiefly at the acquisitions of territory which they brought, calls the treaties "glorious;" and he states that the yearly revenue of the countries ceded by them to the British government, even under the disadvantages of the Mahratta rule, amounted to nearly three millions sterling.

Views of General Wellesley's personal demeanour, or of his private conduct while the negociations were going on, could scarcely fail to convey to all classes of men, small and great, subjects and governors, very instructive lessons respecting the simple, humble, abstemious, honest, straight-forward spirit in which any thing really great or good is to be done; but unhappily they cannot be had. Here, however, is a glimpse which at least affords a little gratification to curiosity, at the same time reveals the unutterable corruption of some of the officials with whom he had to do. "After the last conference, and when the treaty of peace was signed, Rajah Mohiput Rham, vakeel (envoy) from the Nizam, was anxious to ascertain what particular districts were likely to fall to the share of his master, in consequence of the treaty; but the Major-General declined giving any information on that point. Mohiput then offered him five lacs of rupees, (equal to about £50,000) if he would satisfy his curiosity; to which the General replied, 'Can you keep a secret?' Mohiput, hoping he had now touched the right chord, answered eagerly, 'Yes.' 'And so can I,' replied the General. It is supposed, however, that the vakeel was not frustrated in his object, as the messenger who carried the General's despatches, containing the precise information, was waylaid and murdered."

Some of the incidents of the negociations borrowed a wild, wayward, or ludicrous character from the circumstances of war, confusion, haste, and temper which attended them. Nor were even the ludicrous ones always useless in helping forward the grand result. Take the following instance, recorded by our hero, respecting Major Malcolm's reception as envoy to carry out the treaty with Scindiah into a defensive alliance:—"Malcolm writes from Scindiah's camp that, at the first meeting, Scindiah received him with great gravity, which he had intended to preserve throughout the visit. It rained violently; and an officer of the escort, Mr. Pepper, an Irishman, sat under a flat part of the tent which received a great part of the rain that fell. At length, it burst through the tent upon the head of Mr. Pepper, who was concealed by the torrent that fell, and was discovered after some time by an 'Oh ——!' and a hideous yell.

Scindiah laughed violently, as did all the others present; and the gravity and dignity of the durbar (court) degenerated into a Malcolm riot—after which they all parted upon the best terms."

The leaders of the victorious army, now that their battles were done, their conquests secured, and their fame floating far on the breeze, may be thought to have abandoned themselves for a time to a continuous "riot" of congratulation. But they were obliged to turn their instant earnest attention to a much worse foe than the one they had vanquished,—the common foe of all great warriors in a weltering clime. Major Malcolm, Colonel Stevenson, and General Wellesley himself, as well as many more, were seriously ill. On the 14th of January, at the very time when Major Malcolm was braving it so grandly at the court of Scindiah, the General wrote to Calcutta respecting him, "Malcolm must go to England. His health is entirely gone; and the medical people think that his remaining in this country will be attended with danger. He is at present entirely incapable of doing business; so that to detain him will be useless." On the 21st, he wrote respecting Colonel Stevenson, "I have allowed him to go to Madras for his health. He must go to England soon, or he will not live." And on the same day, he wrote respecting himself, "I am much annoyed by the lumbago, to which, I believe, all persons in camp are liable: and if I do not go into a house soon, I am afraid I shall walk like old Pomeroy for the remainder of my life."

But the General, though greatly needing repose and abundantly entitled to it, had still to perform a piece of work in the field before he could retire. Large bodies of freebooters were devastating the territories of the Nizam and the Peishwa. They became formidable almost immediately after the General passed through the Ghauts toward the north: and they had acquired no small accessions of strength from the successive dispersions and the ultimate disbandment of the armies of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. Myriads of the most robust Mahrattas had lost all relish for peaceful pursuits or honest labour, and, having ceased to find employment in the light plundering corps of the armies, overran all the least protected parts of the country in a constant warfare of their own. They were masters of the land. They even beat a strong body of the Nizam's forces in a pitched battle. They defied the Nizam's government, and found nothing to oppose them in the Peishwa's territories. "The Peishwa's government," said the General, "is at present only a name. His Highness has not settled even the country along the Beemah, five miles from Poonah. It is at this moment a dreary waste, overrun by thieves." Even Scindiah, after the peace, could not protect the few territories which remained to him in the Deccan. All the three monarchs, the Nizam, the Peishwa, and Scindiah entreated our hero to save them from the robbers. Alluding to a letter from the last of these, he says, "It contains a desire that I should attack Mulrah Dada;

and I see clearly that unless I go across the Godavery, the banditti will never be driven out of the country. The Nizam's servants who, at the commencement of the campaign, drove us away from their forts, and refused to allow us to purchase grain in their country, now press me, by dozens of letters in a day, to move to their assistance, otherwise they will be destroyed."

The ascendency of the freebooters was all the more serious that a large body of them, in the southern districts of the Peishwa's dominions, had just been overthrown, on the 31st of December, by the reserve division of the army of the Deccan, then under the command of Major-General Campbell. This body comprised about ten thousand horsemen, and was led by a Mussulman, who assumed the character of a faquir, and emulated the quondam ambition of Dhoondiah Waugh. They were wildly bold; they imagined themselves to be the army of an empire. They had crossed the Kistna, and were in full career toward the British frontiers. General Campbell came upon them by surprise at Moodianoor, resolutely attacked them, brought about three thousand of them to the ground, and dispersed all the rest. Yet the other corps of bandits in the north, about the valley and hill-screens of the Godavery, were no more overawed by this occurrence than the thousand regular thieves of a great city are overawed by the capture of a single one of their number.

General Wellesley thought it his duty to attempt to give them a grand blow. As soon, therefore, as he had concluded the peace with Scindiah, and had put matters in progress for settling the conquered countries, he marched away to the south, toward the part of the Nizam's frontiers where the marauders were reported to be in greatest force. He moved rapidly; he felt all indignant to be at them; he sent persuasives to the Nizam's people to keep them in check; yet, on arriving at the place, he found, to his utter mortification, that they had got intelligence of his approach, and been encouraged to flee. "The freebooters," said he, "are off. The Nizam's killadar and amildars have behaved upon this occasion with their usual fortitude and good sense, in paying their contributions at the moment at which they heard that I had arrived in the country to give them assistance." He believed at first that the freebooters were so far dispersed as to be beyond his reach; but he learned, in a few days, that they still continued in full force, and full organization; and therefore, though much embarrassed by the faithlessness of his guides and the ruggedness of the country, he went on in pursuit.

The leaders of the bandits were a former well-known general of Scindiah, a former well-known general of the Rajah of Berar, an experienced marauder from Poonah, and others of inferior note. General Wellesley, after crossing the Godavery, and making one or two marches to the south of it, offered a pardon to any of them who should disperse their troops, and come promptly to his camp. But they either mistrusted or defied him; or, perhaps they loved their

ruffianly mode of life too well, in spite of all its perils, to see any attraction in the prospect of sitting at peace in society. The General found, to use his own phrase, that there was no alternative but to "hunt them out." They were then between Perinda and Toljapoor, about eighty miles from his camp; and he had some reason to hope that, by making forced marches, he might surprise them. He started on the morning of the 4th of February; and after proceeding twenty miles, he learned that they had broken up their camp, and made a move in the direction of his approach, so as to be then not more than twenty-four miles distant. He marched again in the evening, with the intention of attacking their camp, and totally destroying them, at daylight on the morning of the 5th. But the night was very dark, the road was very bad, and some spy or perfidious soldier flew off in advance to give the freebooters intelligence. The General did not arrive till nine in the morning; and the freebooters had then struck their camp, and begun a retrograde march, with their baggage and artillery in the van, and their main body of cavalry in the rear, but were still in sight. He ordered his infantry to take possession of the vacated camp; he arranged his cavalry into three divisions; he put himself at the head of the most efficient of these; and, excessively fatigued though men and horses were with their forty-four miles' marching during the preceding day and during the night, he instantly gave chase. The enemy took the alarm; they quickened their pace; the abandoned, by little and little, the whole of their baggage and guns; and at last they went off in headlong flight. All the British cavalry, both European and native, pursued them from height to height, as long as any of them could be seen holding together in groups. Many of the freebooters were slain, and all their effects were taken, but the whole of their chiefs escaped. General Wellesley often afterwards spake of this short spirited expedition as the greatest march he ever made.

The dispersed surviving robbers, for some days, wandered about in various directions, without means of subsistence, without means of annoying the country, and seemingly not knowing what to do. But recovering soon from their bewilderment, they gradually concentrated round a kindred band, who had been near Toljapoor on the day of their disaster, and had not suffered any loss either then or afterward. General Wellesley, on getting intelligence of this, moved with celerity towards Alkulkottah,—obliged them all to flee, in great distress, across the Beemah,—dispersed most of them in various directions, apparently toward their several homes,—and pursued the rest, in a continuous scattering chase, to the neighbourhood of Beejapoor and the Kistna. A remnant, however, were either kept together, or speedily re-collected by the quondam general of Scindiah, and by a brother of that general, who were kinsmen of the Rajah of Kolapoor; and they ran to that prince for refuge, and readily found it. The country of Kolapoor, indeed, was a habitual resort of all sorts of marauders, driven from other

places; while the Rajah himself, notwithstanding his regular status among the princes of India, and his apparent maintenance of a regular government, was ever ready to foment a disturbance or to lead a raid. General Wellesley could not rush on against him, without violating public compacts and creating a new war; but he counselled the Governor-General to "give him a check," and addressed to himself the following missive:—"I am perfectly aware of the family connexion between you and those brothers; and it is not the custom of the British government, and it is certainly not my wish, to perpetuate enmities, or to deprive those of an asylum who are inclined to live in tranquillity; therefore, I do not call upon you to give up those brothers, as I might be justified in doing. But as you have given them an asylum, I give you notice that the British government will consider you responsible for their conduct, and that if they assemble troops again, which can be intended only to disturb the peace of the territories of other powers, you will be to blame, and you will be called upon to answer for the injuries which they may do. As a friend, I give you this warning. It is time now that the nations of India should enjoy some peace; and you may depend upon it that the British government will not suffer the peace to be disturbed by any body or any power with impunity."

General Wellesley's direct military work in India was now finished. He could not, for the present, see any more to do in the Deccan than to make arrangements for breaking up his army, and resigning his diplomatic powers. His officers were deeply affected at the prospect of parting from him. All felt a rivalry of zeal to give him some testimonial of their admiration. At two meetings held in the camp near Perinda on the 26th and the 28th of February, they resolved to present him with a handsome gold vase, of superior workmanship, of the value of two thousand guineas, with a suitable inscription; and they wrote to him as follows: "The officers who served with the division of the army under your immediate command in the Deccan, are desirous of presenting you a pledge of their respect and esteem, and to express the high idea they possess of the gallantry and enterprise that so eminently distinguish you. They request your acceptance of a golden vase of the value of two thousand guineas, on which it is proposed to record the principal event that was decisive of the campaign in the Deccan. In conveying you this mark of their esteem, they sincerely add their wishes for your future welfare and prosperity, and their hopes that when the public claims on your talents allow you repose, this vase may give pleasure to your social hours, in bringing to your remembrance events that add so much to your renown." A service of plate was afterwards substituted for the vase; and it bore the inscription:—"Battle of Assye, September 23d, 1803. Presented to Major-General the Honourable Arthur Wellesley by the officers of the division of the army who served under his immediate command in the Deccan, in commemoration of the campaign in 1803." In his reply, as on all similar subse-

quent occasions, he thought not of self-congratulation, thought not of vaunting the honours so appropriately paid him, but thought only of showing courteous, careful, generous regard to the feelings and character of those who did him honour. "Be assured, Gentlemen," said he, "that I never shall lose the recollection of the events of the last year, or of the officers and troops by means of whose ability, zeal, and disciplined bravery they have in a great measure been brought about in this part of India. But it is highly gratifying to me to be certain that the conduct of the operations of the war has met with the approbation and has gained me the esteem of the officers under my command." We need scarcely say that, during all the proceedings about the testimonial, he was personally at a distance from the camp.

A prodigious difficulty in the way of General Wellesley's winding up his affairs in the Deccan was the continued chaos of the Peishwa's government. He had, all along, as we have seen, been annoyed by the Peishwa's perversity; and now he was tortured by it to a degree most trying to both his wisdom and his courage. The Peishwa was ascertained to be as poor as he was perverse,—to be living only for pleasure,—to care nothing for power,—to possess not one princely or honourable idea,—to ruminate the destruction of his rich subjects,—and to regard the British troops as sworn instruments for executing all his will, even to the extent of collecting his revenues. He was, in fact, a compound of brute and maniac, with a "private disposition" which General Wellesley pronounced "terrible." And to all his previous monstrous mass of impracticableness he had recently added a violent jealousy of the General, such as to make him spitefully reject all the General's recommendations for the public good, all his proposed measures for settling the government, even though they happened to accord with his own private inclinations. If ever military commander, wielding competent political powers, could be justified by considerations of personal consequence or personal ease to break with a worthless ally, surely General Wellesley was now that man. He might even, according to nine-tenths or more of the creeds in the world, have been justified in doing so on public grounds. Most persons would say that, when the Peishwa had so resolutely made the throne a dog-kennel, to have hurled him from it would have been a blessing to his people. Even General Wellesley himself said, "It may be asked, will you leave a fellow of that kind in possession of that government?" But he answered, "I have no remedy; I cannot take it for the British government, without a breach of faith and another war." He might have pleaded, indeed, that the Peishwa had practically violated all his side of the compact with the British,—that he was so feeble in arms as to be unable to hold his own against mere gangs of robbers,—that, therefore, to keep faith with him was not obligatory, and to declare war against him would not risk much bloodshed. But he did not believe these reasonings to be sound, nor could he hope that they would be accepted by

the Mahrattas, to whom a high example of good faith and of peacefulness was of immense consequence, and who would be sure to regard any rupture between him and the Peishwa as of the same character as the constant, faithless, reckless squabbles among themselves. He, therefore, out of his usual pure concern for the public welfare, resolved to sacrifice his personal feelings, and to make no other use of his vast powers, either private or diplomatic, than to put as great an abridgment as he could upon the existing nuisances.

He contrived first of all how he might appease the Peishwa's jealousy, or at least not further provoke it, and thought that his best plan would be to make quick work with his arrangements, and "go away from the Deccan as soon as possible." He returned northward, from the dispersion of the free-booters, to his camp near Perinda on the 21st of February; he left the camp, with his Mahratta allies, to go to Poonah on the 23d; and he arrived at Poonah on the 27th. What he endured and performed there, and what he afterwards did in prosecution of the objects of his visit, need not be told, indeed cannot be told. The labour, in its humbleness and multiplicity and magnitude, was Herculean. His very letters upon it are a load,—so minute, so painstaking, so voluminous; and, except for the display they make of his patience and prudence, they would be utterly unreadable. Things so impertinent that he ought never to have been troubled with them, or so trivial that they ought to have been dismissed in a moment, are examined and discussed and elaborated in a style worthy of the most stupendous topics; and all to conciliate a babbling idiot! Truly General Wellesley's endurance here was quite as wonderful as his famous coolness in battle. We can figure him under the emblem of the tremendous yet meek-eyed elephant, who, though capable of up-rooting trees and crushing men, is quietly picking morsels from the hand of a little child. But this patience of his with ignorant, stupid, wilful potentates was one of the grand elements of his power. He afterwards found ample occasion for it in his dealings with the magnates of Spain,—and some also in his transactions with certain British statesmen; so that he was not entirely a loser by his intercourse with the Peishwa, but at least acquired good experience.

General Wellesley, accompanied by Mr. Webbe, the resident at Nagpoor, and by a distinguished suite, went on the 4th of March to Bombay. He felt special interest in that place from the intimate connexion it would have with his conquests, in attracting their commerce, and in controlling their social condition; and he had also large business to transact there, relative to the settling of the territories and the breaking up of the army. He was met at Panwell by the Governor's yacht, and conveyed thence in that vessel to Bombay. A salute of fifteen guns was given him as he approached the harbour; and the compliment was repeated on his landing. The whole distance from the dock-head to the government-house was lined with military; and as he passed with his suite be-

tween the ranks, he was hailed with demonstrations of welcome and applause. He afterwards received every display of respect and admiration, both private and public, which the chief citizens and the government functionaries could devise, including a magnificent address from the British settlers and grand fetes in the theatre.

The oral speech, introductory to the address, designated the campaign just closed as "one of the most decisive, brilliant, and rapid ever known in the annals of British India,—a campaign in which he had personally borne so conspicuous a share, and proved himself, at its close, equally great in the cabinet as in the field." And the address itself said, "It is not in your military career alone that we have observed the efforts of an active, able, and determined mind. The difficult negociations which you carried on with two hostile powers, while at the same moment your attention was occupied by the operations of the field, do the greatest honour to your talents as a statesman, and display a happy union of military science and political skill." These words did not spring from hearsay or from ordinary common-place congratulation; for the persons who uttered them probably had a better knowledge of the circumstances, and a deeper monetic stake in their results, than any other civic British community in the world.

The General's reply was characteristic. He spoke of the spirited succours sent from Bombay to his army, of the public zeal on the army's behalf, of the bravery of his troops, and of the brilliant victories of General Lake, but had not a word to utter respecting his own military glory. And as to his diplomatic services, he remarked, "In concluding the peace—a duty imposed on me by the local situation of the respective armies—I was enabled, under the immediate orders and instructions of the Governor-General, to manifest a practical example of the moderation of the British counsels, which arrested the progress of our arms in the hour of victory,—to fix the tranquillity of India on the foundations of that enlarged policy,—and to receive the best assurances of the continuance of peace from the confidence reposed by the states lately confederated against us, in the generosity, honour, and justice of the British government." Thus did he modestly conceal the two great facts, that he owed his office of negociator to his own pre-eminent fitness for it, and that he drove the war to a conclusion by the simple vigour of his operations. But it has been well remarked:—"No other European in existence, in all probability could have negociated a peace with such treaty-breakers as the Mahrattas, until their kingdoms were all shaken to their centres by the withering blast of a protracted war. With such an enemy, to be quick was to be merciful. While they evaded the blow, they but augmented their own sufferings, and drew down heavier chastisement. General Wellesley, consulting both their interests and that of the service, resolved on striking speedily, vigorously, effectually, and thereby compelling his enemies to reflect the earlier on their perilous position."

A short time after he went to Bombay, General Wellesley received a communication informing him that, at a meeting held on the 21st of February, the British inhabitants of Calcutta had resolved to present him with a sword of the value of one thousand pounds, "as a testimony of the sense which they entertained of the services rendered by him to the East India Company, and to his country." They had requested the Governor-General to communicate the resolution, who had replied to them, "This honour is peculiarly acceptable to the warmest sentiments of my heart. The zeal of fraternal affection and of private friendship cannot furnish expressions of approbation equal to those which the services of Major-General Wellesley demand from my public duty. He will receive this honour with every degree of satisfaction which private regard can add to public sentiment." About the same time the British inhabitants of all the other towns and settlements in India, according to the measure of their several means, made public demonstrations of congratulation and joy.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WAR WITH HOLKAR—GENERAL WELLESLEY'S PROCEEDINGS AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF IT—HIS RECALL TO CALCUTTA—HIS VISIT TO SERINGAPATAM—HIS EMPLOYMENTS AT CALCUTTA—HIS EXALTATION TO KNIGHTHOOD—DISASTERS IN THE WAR WITH HOLKAR—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S RE-APPOINTMENT TO THE DECCAN—HIS RETURN TO EUROPE.

HOLKAR was still in arms. He seems to have had very confused ideas of the war with Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. At first, as we saw, he intended to make common cause with them; but afterwards he probably looked on them chiefly in the old light of rivals, and felt pleasure to see them humbled. At all events, he kept aloof from them to the last, maintained his army in full force, strengthened it by additions from the disbandments of theirs, and cunningly waited an opportunity to attempt to make himself sole monarch of the land.

On the 5th of January, 1804, General Wellesley wrote to him, "During the existence of the late war, your conduct has been most wise and politic, and has been perfectly satisfactory to me; and I repeat to you, upon this occasion, the assurance which I have frequently given you, that so long as you refrain from attacking the Honourable Company and their allies, the British government will not interfere with you." The British authorities had no suspicion, for a time, that he intended to make war upon them. They did not think that he could be so infatuated. They supposed that their achievements against Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar would completely and permanently overawe him. They believed themselves to act very moderately in making him unconditional offers of friendship, and did not doubt that he would readily accept these. He was a tyrant, indeed, a mere monarch-freebooter, a coarse, cruel, rapacious man, who scrupled at nothing to gratify his ambition; but on that very account, conscious how much he was unlike them, how much he provoked their aversion, he might have been expected to feel glad that they were willing to let him alone.

He appeared, for a little, to reciprocate their friendship. But he was blinded by his vanity; and in the manner of all vain and foolish men, he probably mistook their condescension to his weakness for homage to his power. He also raised extravagant pretensions respecting certain portions of his dominions which lay within the region of Hindostan ceded by Scindiah to the British. It soon became apparent that his friendly professions were deceitful, that his notions of his importance were delirious, and that he secretly dreamed of nothing less than to overwhelm the British government, and to make himself master of all India.

He sent two envoys to General Lake to make very insolent demands. He wrote to General Wellesley, claiming certain districts in the Deccan, speaking contemptuously of General Lake, and threatening, in high bombast, to ruin the British empire,—saying, "Countries of many hundred miles in extent shall be overrun and plundered, General Lake shall not have leisure to breathe for a moment, and calamities will fall on the backs of human beings in continual war by the attacks of my army, which overwhelms like the waves of the sea." He secretly instigated the tributaries and dependents of the British to enter into a confederacy against them; and in all his letters to these parties he styled the British "infidel Christians," "the enemies of the Mussulman faith," "seditious men, against whom they should be prepared to do signal service." He put to death three officers, British subjects, who happened to be in his service and wished to retire from it. He began to plunder the territories of one of the British allies, the Rajah of Jeypoor. And by way of climax to his audacity, he openly sent an agent to Scindiah's camp to solicit that prince to renew hostilities against the British.

Another reason drove Holkar to war. "His territories, though extensive, lay in different parts of the Deccan and Hindostan; they were, for the most part, in a neglected state, from the devastation and military license to which, from time immemorial, all the Mahratta provinces had been subjected. He was a usurper of his brother's rights; his family had never risen to the rank of considerable potentates; and his present power was mainly owing to the vast concourse of predatory horsemen who, on the conclusion of the peace by Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, flocked to his standard as the only one which promised a continuance of violence and plunder. Vast bodies of these irregular but formidable freebooters swarmed in all the northern parts of the Deccan and over Hindostan; and the number of them, amounting to little short of a hundred thousand, whom this popular chieftain had collected under his banners, was so disproportioned to the resources of his dominions that foreign conquest had become to him, as to Napoleon, a matter of necessity."

General Wellesley early saw what Holkar was coming to. He, accordingly, while still at Bombay, turned his attention from the concluding of the affairs of the old war to the commencing of preparations for a new one He foresaw, indeed, that the operations would occur chiefly in Hindostan, beyond his own province, and within that of General Lake; yet he felt quite as keen an interest about them as if they would all be conducted by himself. So early as the 18th of March, he communicated to the Governor-General his plan of preparation; and on the 23d of April, he detailed to General Lake his opinion respecting the best scheme of strategy for the whole war. He thought, in regard to the division of the army under his own command, that one portion of it, operating from Guzerat, might make a very efficient inroad into

Malwa, and that another portion, operating from Poonah, might take possession of all Holkar's dominions in the Deccan, but ought not to pass from them into Hindostan; for, said he, "The moment the British troops would pass Chandore, an army of freebooters would be collected on the Nizam's frontier and in the neighbourhood of Poonah, at least as numerous as that which is in Hindostan." He also expressed an opinion "that if General Lake should attack Holkar vigorously and with activity, the war would not last a fortnight, but that if the General should stand on the defensive, the contest would be long, and the consequences probably unpleasant."

On the 16th of April, the Governor-General instructed General Lake and General Wellesley to commence hostilities. He informed the latter that he approved his plan of operations, and requested him to proceed with it, as to both the inroad from Guzerat and the march from Poonah, without waiting for any communication from General Lake. But, in the meantime, General Wellesley was grappling with the stern difficulties of an overwhelming famine which had come over the Deccan; he was grappling also with difficulties of finance nearly as stern; so that for eight days after receiving the Governor-General's instructions, he could do nothing more efficient than send to Colonel Murray, the commander in Guzerat, a letter of directions to guide the inroad into Malwa. That letter, like multitudes more of its author's despatches, sparkles all over with brilliance. Its professional passages need not be adverted to; but one of its general passages is well worth quoting:—"You have now a great game in your hands; but all will depend upon your management of the natives with whom you will have to co-operate. I have only to recommend to you to conciliate them as much as possible. To treat them with the greatest kindness and attention is the only mode of drawing from them any assistance. At the same time, you must not lose sight of the fact that they are Mahrattas,—that there is not one of them who can be implicitly trusted,—and that, most probably, all are in correspondence with the enemy's camp. You must not allow them to perceive that you distrust them."

General Wellesley's financial difficulties were embarrassing him in all the three directions of clearing off old accounts, bearing up against the famine, and providing for the new campaign. They were far from being new. He had struggled with them through all the latter part of his operations in the Deccan, and had found them a severe trial to his inventiveness and courage. He knew that the moment he should cease to pay the troops regularly would be the commencement of disasters in his campaign; yet, more than once, after exhausting all his sources of credit, public and private, he had the certain prospect of an empty chest. On one of these occasions, which happened when Colonel Stevenson's division was about to march to the Taptee, he ordered a heavy contribution to be levied from the rich open city of Burhampoor. That act went clearly on the

marauding principle of "making the war pay itself." His own general creed condemned it, and a despatch from Calcutta denounced it. Yet, as if to furnish a solemn example how surely the conscience of even a most honourable man may be temporarily drugged to sleep by the opiate of a prevailing passion, he stood stoutly up in defence of the act. Writing to Major Shawe, on the 13th of January, he says, "The Governor-General has trusted me to carry on an extensive service here; and I conceive that my duty to him requires that I should omit nothing which can ensure its success. It would have been no excuse to him, or to the world, if I had been obliged to give it up for want of money; and yet I must tell you, that if it had not been for this money levied at Burhampoor, and from the produce of the sales of property captured at Asseerghur, I should not have been able to have paid the troops in December; and I should not be able to pay them now, but for the sales of property captured at Gawilghur. It is impossible to reason on the effect on the national character of levying a contribution; because, no facts can be produced by which a judgment can be formed. I know that to levy a contribution is common in India and Europe; that I should have levied one at Oomrawutty, and another at Nagpoor, if the Rajah of Berar had not made peace; and that it would have been much more disgraceful and disastrous to have lost the campaign from the want of money, than to have ensured in this manner the means of gaining it. I believe I am as anxious as any other man that my character should not suffer—I do not mean in the mouths of common reporters and scandal-bearers, but in the eyes of a fair-judging people. I declare that I think that I have done what is right; but if the Governor-General thinks it was wrong, it is easy to return the money to the people of Burhampoor. However, if he does this, he returns the money into Scindiah's pocket, for he will take it immediately."

General Wellesley's financial distress at the time when he received the Governor-General's instructions to march against Holkar was so great as to affect the most common equipments of the army. Money was not to be had at Bombay. Supplies were coming tardily from Madras. Some of the corps had no coats. All the troops were in want of clothing and arms. The General himself had difficulty to obtain the means of paying his own bills. "The distress," said he, "is grievous. Sometimes the treasury does not contain one thousand rupees. Colonel Murray is living from hand to mouth. I have done everything in my power to bolster up the credit of this government; but nothing but money from Bengal will answer." He managed, however, to obtain cloth, though not clothes, for the troops; and just at the critical moment, some arms arrived from Madras. "He sent up cloth," says Sir Jasper Nicolls, "which was divided into the quantities necessary for each sepoy's jacket, to each of whom they were given; and they have managed to clothe themselves. It was no small matter

to clothe upwards of five thousand men in a few weeks, in this manner, who must otherwise have passed the monsoon in rags."

General Wellesley now left Bombay to join his army in the vicinity of Poonah. He arrived at the camp on the 17th of May; and on the 27th he reported to General Lake that he was ready to march, that he waited only for a fall of rain to insure water, and that he hoped to make the siege of Chandore, and thereby conquer all Holkar's dominions in the Deccan, in the following month. At the same time, he took occasion to communicate to General Lake his ideas of the proper manner of campaigning against Holkar, founded on his own experience with freebooter armies. "I think," said he, "that the best mode of operating is to press him with one or two corps capable of moving with tolerable celerity, and of such strength as to render the result of an action by no means doubtful, if he should venture to risk one. There is but little hope, it is true, that he will risk an action, or that any of these corps will come up with him. The effect to be produced by this mode of operation is to oblige him to move constantly and with great celerity. When reduced to this necessity, he cannot venture to stop to plunder the country, and he does comparatively but little mischief. At all events, the subsistence of his army becomes difficult and precarious, the horsemen become dissatisfied, they perceive that their situation is hopeless, and they desert in numbers daily. The freebooter ends by having with him only a few adherents; and he is reduced to such a state as to be liable to be taken by any small body of country horse, which are the fittest troops to be then employed against him. In proportion as the body of our troops to be employed against a freebooter of this description have the power of moving with celerity, will such freebooter be distressed. Whenever the largest and most formidable bodies of them are hard pressed by our troops, the village people attack them upon their rear and flanks, cut off stragglers, and will not allow a man to enter their villages; because their villages being in some degree fortified, they know well that the freebooters dare not wait the time which would be necessary to reduce them. When this is the case, all their means of subsistence vanish; no resource remains excepting to separate; and even this resource is attended by risk, as the village people cut them off on their way to their homes."

Unhappily the campaign did not proceed on these ideas; or, in so far as it recognised them, it misconstrued and misapplied them. General Lake and the Governor-General thought too contemptuously of Holkar. They imagined that a single stroke or two would annihilate him. They did not make due allowance for his versatility and pertinacity and vigour. General Lake, immediately after the receipt of the Governor-General's instructions, marched from the neighbourhood of Delhi, sent off a detachment under Colonel Monson to menace Holkar in the rear, captured his strong fort of Rampoora, took possession of all his territories in the north-west of Hindostan, and drove him precipitately to the west.

This sudden and vast success confirmed General Lake and the Governor-General in their error. They concluded that Holkar for the present was overthrown, that he could do no more mischief till the end of the monsoon, and that then a few, simple, easy operations would finish him. On the 25th of May, therefore, the Governor-General issued a command to break up all the camps; and on the 9th of July, he wrote to Lord Castlereagh, "The Commander-in-chief, with the greater part of the main army in Hindostan, has returned to the cantonment of Cawnpore, and my attention is now directed to the desirable object of withdrawing the whole army from the field, and reducing the military charges."

General Wellesley, when in the very attitude of commencing his march against Chandore, was thus arrested by counter-orders. He, in consequence, had nothing more to do in the Deccan than to finish the business which he had been previously concluding, to return his troops to their several stations, and to write instructions to the commanding officers at Hyderabad, at Poonah, and in Guzerat as to the proper course to be pursued in the event of renewal of hostilities with Holkar. These instructions, as usual, are clear and comprehensive; and they evince even more than his ordinary solicitude and ardour. Yet he was not ready to have done with the whole affair. He was quite tired of the Deccan,—in fact, tired of all India.

On the 8th of June, he wrote to Major Shawe, from the camp at Chinchore, "I wish you to take an opportunity of mentioning to the Governor-General, that, having a very strong desire to return to Europe, I applied lately to the Commander-in-chief for leave to quit this country when circumstances will permit it. General Lake has given me his permission to go whenever I may think proper. My principal reason for wishing to go is, that I think I have served as long in India as any man ought, who can serve anywhere else; and I think that there appears a prospect of service in Europe, in which I should be more likely to get forward. Another reason is, that I have been a good deal annoyed by the rheumatism in my back, for which living in a tent during another monsoon is not a very good remedy. And a third is, that I do not think I have been very well treated by the King's government. It is now about two years since I have been a Major-General, and nearly as much since I was appointed to the staff at Fort St. George by General Stuart. Since that time, it has been perfectly well known that I had led a body of British troops into the Mahratta territories; and supposing that I had no other pretensions to be placed on the staff, I might have expected a confirmation of General Stuart's act, under those circumstances. The staff in India had been under consideration, and another officer had been appointed to it. This last reason for wishing to go to Europe is the only one which I have stated to General Lake, although it is the least strong." He had also other reasons than even those here stated to Major Shawe—very stimu-

lating ones, which we shall have afterwards to mention,—which were largely shared by Marquis Wellesley himself, and perhaps shared more or less by every man who had contributed to the splendid aggrandizements of our Indian empire under the Marquis's administration. Yet, in his usual devotedness to public duty, he added, "If the Governor-General should have any desire that I should remain in this country, or should think that I can be of the smallest use to his plans, I shall remain with pleasure." And only a day or two after despatching this communication, he received a letter from Lord Wellesley, requiring his presence in Calcutta to assist in deliberations affecting the interests of the empire.

He resolved to go through Mysore, in order to transact important business at Seringapatam,—and by way of Madras, in order to hold consultations there with Lord William Bentinck and General Stuart. On the 24th of June, he resigned the military and political powers which had been vested in him preparatory to the Mahratta war. On the 28th of June, he left the army for Mysore. On the 16th of July, he received from the native inhabitants of Seringapatam a public address which, whether viewed simply as an outpouring of emotion, or viewed as a practical comment on his conduct as governor of Mysore, far excelled in beauty every other honour conferred on him in India. "We, the native inhabitants of Seringapatam," said this document, "have reposed for five auspicious years under the shadow of your protection. We have felt, even during your absence, in the midst of battle and of victory, that your care for our prosperity had been extended to us in as ample a manner as if no other object had occupied your mind. We are preparing to perform, in our several castes, the duties of thanksgiving and of sacrifice to the preserving God, who has brought you back in safety; and we present ourselves in person to express our joy. As your labours have been crowned with victory, so may your repose be graced with honours. May you long continue personally to dispense to us that full stream of security and happiness which we first received with wonder, and continue to enjoy with gratitude; and when greater affairs shall call you from us, may the God of all castes and all nations deign to hear with favour our humble and constant prayers for your health, your glory, and your happiness."

While he was at Seringapatam, General Wellesley, at the request of the Governor-General, made inquiry into the condition of the Rajah of Mysore's government, particularly with reference to its military, economical, and social influences from the time of its erection. The results were wonderful. Purneah, the dewan or minister-regent—who had been the minister of Tippoo, and whom the political commission had appointed to conduct the new government during the minority of the Rajah—had proved an enlightened, energetic, indefatigable, and conscientious ruler, both military and political. The territories under his rule had acquired a degree of prosperity, far exceeding what had ever been

known in previous times, and which they could not possibly have attained under any other system of political connexion. Remarkable improvements had been made in roads, bridges, water-courses, agriculture, traffic, fiscal arrangements, and military affairs. The collection of the revenue, from having been oppressive, difficult, and precarious under Tippoo, had been rendered both pleasant to the people and safe and easy to the government. A degree of aid had all along been furnished to the operations of the British army, greatly more valuable than could have accrued from the country's fair proportion of pecuniary contribution. Supplies of grain for the army of the Deccan had ever been furnished as fast as the brinjarries could take them up; an efficient body of cavalry, the famous "Mysore horse," had co-operated in the Mahratta war; and a strong corps of observation, for overawing the lawless regions of the Dooab, had been maintained on the northern frontier, and had struck down a band of freebooters in Savanore. These, together with details of finance and of military muniments, are the facts which figure in General Wellesley's report. But he appears in that report as a mere investigator; he does not once say or suggest that he himself produced the improvements, or any of them, much less that he produced or at least fostered them all; he speaks warmly of Purneah's agency, but says not a word respecting his own. This modesty of his is admirable. Nor do we discover evidence of it in Colonel Gurwood's collection of the Despatches, till, at the distance of 132 pages, we fall upon the following passage in an official communication, from Major Wilks, the acting resident at Mysore, to Lord Bentinck, the Governor of Madras:—"The cordial and efficient support afforded by the Honourable Major-General Wellesley to the government of the Mysore, on all occasions, even during his absence, has not only prevented inconvenience, but has perhaps been essential to the prosperity of the country. I am far from intending an unbecoming compliment to that officer, at the expense of others, in stating a doubt whether the same extent of support may be always afforded by his successors, because the actual duties of that command can never be made to prescribe the parental description of care with which the Honourable Major-General Wellesley has guarded the authority of the government of Mysore."

General Wellesley spent the concluding days of July and the commencing ones of August at Madras, and wrote there several important public documents. He went thence direct to Calcutta; and he remained there till the 30th of November. The citizens of Calcutta, though they had already testified their admiration of the hero of Assye, resolved now to testify it again, by erecting in a conspicuous part of their city a monument commemorative of the victory of Assye. The General, while in Calcutta, learned also that, on the 3d of May, the British Parliament had voted him thanks "for the many important, brilliant, and memorable services achieved by him in the command of the army within

the Deccan." On the 30th of August, likewise, though the fact did not become known in India till the 25th of February following, the King, "in consideration of the eminent and brilliant services of Major-General Wellesley," directed that he should be created a Knight Companion of the most honourable Order of the Bath; and, "in order that he might immediately evince his sense of Major-General Wellesley's merits and services," he further directed that he should be created an extra Knight Companion of that Order, without waiting for a succession to a regular vacancy. General Lake, at the same time, was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Lake of Delhi and Laswaree.

The financial pressure which Sir Arthur Wellesley experienced in the Deccan still lay upon him when he went to Calcutta. In fact, a similar pressure was then afflicting the whole Indian government; and this, together with the causes of it, had forced the Governor-General into a hearty sympathy with Sir Arthur's desire to return to Europe. "The termination of the Mahratta war," says Alison, meaning thereby the termination of the war with Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, "though it established the political supremacy of the British in India, and spread the fame of their valour over all Asia, yet left the government involved in considerable difficulties. The expenses of moving such large bodies of men was very great; and as the English, reversing the usual principles of Indian warfare, uniformly paid for everything which they required, their march, though hailed with blessings by the natives of the conquered provinces, proved extremely burdensome to the Company's treasury. The dangers of the war had been strongly felt in India, and seriously exaggerated in the mother country; the Company's stock had fallen in consequence, since the commencement of hostilities, from two hundred and fifteen to one hundred and sixty: no less than £1,700,000 in specie had been remitted by the Court of Directors in the course of the year; and large as this sum was, it was exceeded by the wants of the Indian treasury. Mercantile men, unacquainted with the real state of affairs in the East, who estimated the propriety of all measures by their effect upon the value of their stock, or the amount of their dividends, and were incapable of appreciating the present sacrifices requisite to produce ultimate security to so vast a dominion, murmured loudly at these effects of Lord Wellesley's administration; and the opinion became general in Great Britain, that his inordinate ambition had involved us in endless contests, which would ultimately prove fatal to our empire in the East. So vexatious were the restrictions with which his administration was surrounded, and so disproportioned the ideas of the Directors to the grandeur or the real nature of their situation, that he tendered his resignation to government, and was only prevailed on to continue at the head of affairs in India on an assurance that, as soon as the present complicated transactions with the Mahrattas were brought to a conclusion, he would be relieved from his duties."

Sir Arthur Wellesley, in the discharge of his official duties in the Deccan, not only had exhausted all the public pecuniary resources within his reach, but had expended on public objects a part of his private allowances; and, about two months after he went to Calcutta, he felt obliged to make a formal written application to the Governor-General for reimbursement. "I take the liberty," said he, "of drawing your Excellency's attention to my situation in command of the troops in the Deccan in the late war, and to the inadequacy of the allowances which I received as a Major-General of the staff of the army of Fort St. George, and to the trust reposed in me; or to the increased expenses which I was obliged to incur by the necessity of augmenting all my establishments, and of forming them on a scale more consistent with the character with which I was invested by your Excellency, than with the situation of a Major-General commanding a division of the army. These extraordinary expenses were necessarily incidental to the extended nature of my military command, and of my arduous political duties, which embraced the direction of the army throughout the whole extent of the Deccan, together with all the details of every important political negociation connected either with the prosecution of the war in that quarter of India, or the conclusion of general peace; and I trust that your Excellency will be of opinion that I have a just claim to be reimbursed the charges which I was compelled to defray in the discharge of my public duty beyond the amount of my allowances."

Thus was unwittingly displayed one of the noblest traits of Sir Arthur Wellesley's character,—his high, unselfish, unsordid, public spirit. He loved not money. He cared not for it. He sacrificed pelf to conscientiousness, patriotism, and honour. His tendency to earthliness, which he possessed in common with the whole human race, was neutralized by generous feeling and by a strong sense of public duty. He had ample opportunities, in Mysore and in the Deccan, to make an hundred Glasgow fortunes, or Liverpool fortunes, or City of London fortunes; but he made them not. He could have made them with perfect ease, on principles which few commercial speculators could consistently condemn; but he made not one,—he even got little prize money, and did not realize all his official pay. He was dealing in kingdoms and in the revenues of kingdoms, striking them down and dividing them, on a scale not much smaller than Napoleon had been doing in Europe; yet he came out of the transactions with no other pecuniary distinction than the ambiguous one of having a professional claim on the public purse. He greatly enriched others; he pleaded earnestly for suitable rewards to his officers; but he asked nothing, and got little, for himself. For example, in the distribution of the prize money of the Mahratta war, he obtained for Colonel Stevenson a General's share because he had done a General's duty; while, in the distribution of the prize money of the Mysore, he himself accepted without remark a mere Lieutenant-Colonel's share,

though he also had done a General's duty. And throughout the Mahratta war, at the expense of enormous personal trouble, and with great risks to his personal reputation, such as that which arose from his levying the contribution on Burhampoor, he took care that all his army received their regular monthly pay; while he himself was enduring private embarrassment. An avaricious man has no clear vision, no comprehensive purpose, mistakes every character, misconstrues every aim; and if he professes to be a Christian, if he talks of holy aspirations and of heavenly things, he at the same time continually perpetrates the contemptible absurdity of rolling in the mire while he affects to be soaring to the sun. So that freedom from avarice is an essential element of all true greatness; and that element was large and powerful in the breast of Sir Arthur Wellesley. "The name of no commander in the long array of British greatness," remarks Alison, "will occupy so large a space in the annals of the world as his; and yet there are few whose public character possesses, with so many excellencies, so simple and unblemished a complexion. It is to the purity and elevation of his principles, in every public situation, that this enviable distinction is to be ascribed. Intrusted early in life with high command, and subjected from the first to serious responsibility, he possessed that singleness of heart and integrity of purpose which, even more than talent or audacity, are the foundation of true moral courage, and can alone conduct to public greatness. A sense of duty, a feeling of honour, a generous patriotism, a forgetfulness of self, constituted the spring of all his actions. He was ambitious, but it was to serve his king and country only,—fearless, because his whole heart was bound up in these noble objects,—disinterested, because the enriching of himself or his family, never for a moment crossed his mind,—insensible to private fame when it interfered with public duty,—indifferent to popular obloquy, when it arose from rectitude of conduct. Like the Roman patriot, he wished rather to be, than to appear, deserving: 'Esse quam videri bonus malebat, ita quo minus gloriam petebat eo magis adsequebatur.'"

Sir Arthur Wellesley was never idle in Calcutta; for though resting there from the toils of the battle-field, he was incessantly occupied in communicating to government the results of his experience, in following out his correspondence on the affairs of the Deccan, in writing memorandums on matters of public interest, and in deliberating on measures for giving peace and stability to our Indian empire. His public papers written in Calcutta occupy nearly 100 pages of Gurwood's Collection of his Despatches; and so rich, so comprehensive, so varied are they on Indian affairs that they must have contributed immensely to permanent right legislation for India. One is a long, elaborate memorandum on the British treaty with the Peishwa, in answer to a paper entitled, "Observations on Mahratta Affairs," which had been sent to the Governor-General from England by the President of the Board of Control. Another is a memo-

randum on the state of Scindiah's government, and on the East India Company's connexion with it. A third is a memorandum relative to the freebooter system of India, with special reference to the proper measures for suppressing it. A fourth is a memorandum on the military establishments of India, suggesting such changes as seemed necessary to adapt them to the altered circumstances of the government. Two are memorandums on certain questions of rank and command in the Indian army. Another is a memorandum relative to the equipments and communications of the army operating under Lord Lake. And two others are memorandums detailing the systems which were adopted for regulating the supplies and procuring the intelligence of the army of the Deccan.

But Sir Arthur's most arduous topic of consideration in Calcutta was a series of disasters in the war with Holkar. These disasters commenced before he reached Calcutta; and they acquired such influence, in a month or two, as to rivet the attention of all India. Colonel Monson, at the time when General Lake returned into cantonments, was left at an advanced post, to guard the strong pass of Mokundra, which commands the communication through the mountains between Hindostan and Malwa. His force comprised four thousand regular troops, three thousand irregular horse, and fifteen pieces of cannon, together with some troops of the Rajah of Kota, and some of Scindiah's, under Bappojee Scindiah. Though instructed only to guard the pass, he pushed fifty miles beyond it into Malwa,—carried by assault Holkar's strong hill-fort of Hingleghur, which was garrisoned by eleven hundred of his best troops,—and took up a position, where he expected to obtain local supplies, and which he thought would be favourable for communicating with Colonel Murray, who had not been ordered to remain in Guzerat, but was on the march thence toward Ougein. Holkar, at that moment, had around him a force of forty thousand men and one hundred and seventy-five guns; and, on getting intelligence of the invasion of his home-territories by an army so vastly smaller than his own, he felt insulted by the audacity of the act, and determined at once to repel it. Sir Arthur Wellesley was incidentally induced in Calcutta to narrate this affair; and let what follows be told in his words, in order that, while learning the facts, we may, at the same time, enjoy the treat of seeing Sir Arthur figure before us as the historian of a series of military operations in which he himself acted no part.

"After his retreat in front of the Commander-in-chief, Holkar had first threatened Ougein, and afterwards had gone to Mundissoor, a town belonging to Scindiah, situated to the north-west of Ougein, and on the left of the Chumbul. Between the middle and latter end of June, he took and plundered this town; and at that time the river Chumbul was between him and Colonel Monson, who was encamped about five coss from the river, on the right bank. To-

wards the beginning of July, Holkar passed the Chumbul with his army. Colonel Monson learned that he was doing so, and intended to attack him. He moved towards the place at which he heard Holkar was, and found that the whole army had crossed the river. Nearly about the same time, he understood that Colonel Murray, who had made two marches towards Ougein from Guzerat, had recrossed the Myhie. And upon the whole, Monson, having only two days' provisions, thought it best to retreat. Accordingly, he sent off his baggage early on the following morning—the 8th of July, I believe—towards the Mokundra ghaut; and he followed with the infantry at about nine in the morning, meaning to reach Mokundra that night, the distance about seventeen miles. He left Lucan, with his irregular horse and Bappojee Scindiah's horse, to cover his rear, and to follow as his rear-guard. After Monson had marched a few miles, he heard that Holkar had attacked, with his cavalry, his rear-guard of irregular horse; and shortly afterwards he received intelligence that the rear-guard was destroyed and Lucan taken prisoner. He arrived at Mokundra unmolested, and took up a position that covered the ghaut; but which, like all others that I have seen, had many passages practicable for cavalry. On the next day, or the next but one, Monson was attacked by the whole of Holkar's cavalry, in three separate bodies; who, however, could make no impression upon him; and they were beat off. Towards evening he heard that the infantry was arrived at a camp within two or three coss of the Mokundra ghaut, with their guns, one hundred and seventy-five in number; and he determined to retreat again. He accordingly marched to Cota, the Rajah of which place urged him to stay there, but could not supply him provisions; and then Monson marched on the following day, and crossed the Chumbul in boats, provided by the Rajah, which he sunk after he had crossed. The rain began about the 10th of July, and became incessant, and rendered Monson's marches much more difficult than they would otherwise have been, particularly in that country, which is a black cotton ground. At last, after he had crossed the Chumbul, he was obliged to spike his guns and leave them behind; and he continued his march, getting but little provisions on the road until he reached Rampoora. He was followed, but not much harassed, by a body of Holkar's horse, which overtook him at a nullah, which, being full, stopped him. He twice beat up the camp of this body of horse; and then, I believe, they quitted him.

"On his arrival at Rampoora, Monson was joined by two battalions with their guns, and a body of Hindostanee horse, under Major Frith, which had been sent from Agra to reinforce him; and he immediately began to collect provisions at Rampoora. The rains, which had been so distressing to Monson, likewise impeded Holkar, some of whose guns remained to the southward of the Mokundra ghaut. His progress to the northward was likewise impeded by Monson having destroyed the Rajah of Kota's boats on the Chumbul. How-

ever, at last he advanced, and towards the 20th of August again approached Monson at Rampoora. By this time Monson had collected only about twelve days' provisions; and the Commander-in-chief, foreseeing the difficulty in which he might again be involved, desired him, on the 20th of August, to retire towards Jeypoor, if he should think it probable that he might be distressed for provisions. Monson, however, remained till Holkar approached him within six coss with his whole army, and on the 21st of August, in the evening, commenced his retreat towards Agra, by Hooshalghur, leaving Jeypoor on his left hand. He left fifteen companies as a garrison at Rampoora. He arrived at Bannas river on the 23d, and found that it was full. On the 24th, in the morning, it fell, and became fordable, and he passed over his baggage and a battalion; and between twelve and three o'clock, he passed over three more battalions, leaving the picquets and one battalion to support them on the southern bank. Holkar's troops had appeared in the morning, and were seen crossing at different fords on the right and left flank; and towards evening, Holkar's infantry and guns appeared in front. They attacked the picquets, but were repulsed, and the picquets and battalion took eight guns. But afterwards our troops were overpowered by superior numbers, and were obliged to retreat across the river to the main body; in which operation they lost many men, being attacked on the rear, and also by the horse, who had crossed the river and moved up its bed.* Sir Arthur's document here fails us; and we must complete the narrative from other authorities.

Colonel Monson, abandoning his baggage, retreated from the Bannas river on the night of the 24th, and arrived at Hooshalghur, about forty miles distant, on the following night. Holkar's cavalry followed him throughout the march, but did him little harm. A large body of Scindiah's troops, on the arrival of Monson's vanguard at Hooshalghur, deserted from their alliance, attacked six companies of sepoys who had charge of the treasure, and, on being repulsed, went openly over to Holkar's camp. Almost all the irregular horse, and even two companies of sepoys soon after deserted also to Holkar. Colonel Monson then formed all his remaining men into an oblong square, with the ammunition and the bullocks in the centre; and in that order, for several days, maintained his retreat toward Agra, constantly harassed by fifteen thousand indefatigable mounted pursuers, and always repulsing them with steady bravery. But at length, amid the confusion produced by a very dark night, his troops fairly broke, —great numbers lay down in despair, to die of fatigue, or to fall into the hands of the enemy,—great numbers fell in vain conflict with their pursuers; and on the 31st of August, about a thousand or twelve hundred, the total remnant of Monson's army, without ammunition and without order, arrived at Agra.

We have given a full detail of this retreat, partly on account of Sir Arthur Wellesley having specially written upon it, and partly for the sake of the illus-

tration which it affords of his conduct at Assye. Colonel Monson's position, in the neighbourhood of Holkar's army, in the mountain valley of the Chumbul, was remarkably similar to Sir Arthur Wellesley's position, in the neighbourhood of the confederate army of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, in the mountain valley of the Kaitna. Colonel Monson behaved in that position exactly as any other brave prudent commander, of second-rate military genius, would have done; and we see the consequences. He would have behaved in precisely the same manner at Assye; and we can scarcely conceive the consequences. But had Sir Arthur been in the Colonel's position near the Chumbul, he would, humanly speaking, have then and there made an end of Holkar, or at least have greatly hurt him. He was ever the last man to speak depreciatingly or invidiously of any competitor in arms,—ever quick to applaud, ever slow to find fault; yet, so far from seeing in Colonel Monson's retreat anything to commend, any proper prudence, any wise caution, he scrupled not to say that battle ought to have been done instead of it, and that, even after the retreat commenced, battle ought to have been done once and again. Here is complete evidence that, in his own conduct at Assye, he acted not at all from impulse, but entirely from judgment. "In respect to the conduct of the operations," said he, "it is my opinion that Monson ought to have attacked Holkar in the first instance. If he chose to retire, he ought to have been the rear-guard with his infantry, and to have sent the irregular horse away with the baggage. When he began to retreat, he ought not to have stopped longer than a night at Mokundra; because he must have been certain, that the same circumstances which obliged him to retreat to Mokundra, would also oblige him to quit that position. The difference between a good and a bad military position, is nothing when the troops are starving. The same reasoning holds good respecting Monson's halt at Rampoora, unless he intended to fight. As he had been reinforced, he ought to have fallen back till he was certain of his supplies; and having waited till Holkar approached him, and particularly as Holkar's army was not then in great strength in infantry and guns, he ought to have vigorously attacked him before he retired. When his picquets were attacked on the Bannas, he ought to have supported them with his whole corps, leaving one battalion on the northern bank to take care of his baggage; and if he had done so, he probably would have gained a victory, would have saved his baggage, and regained his honour."

Other disasters, particularly the destruction of a small detachment in Bundelcund and the retreat of Colonel Murray to Guzerat, occurred about the same time as Colonel Monson's affair. Holkar instantly became terrible, murdering his prisoners, mutilating the loyal natives, and marching with a vast reinforced army to the gates of Delhi. Common fame prodigiously exaggerated the reverses of the British and the successes of Holkar, representing our empire as all but overthrown and the Mahratta freebooter as sublimely triumphant. The effects

were fearful. Sensations like electric shocks ran through all India. Some of our smaller allies openly revolted; some of the greater ones appeared to waver; the very sepoys were not all steady; and the whole of society exhibited that convulsive quiver which, but for the instant combination of wisdom, promptitude, and vigour on the part of the government, would have been the presage of revolution.

Sir Arthur Wellesley's presence in Calcutta at that crisis was of great value. His military counsels there, Lord Wellesley's strong sharp wisdom in the general administration, and Lord Lake's energetic operations in the field were the means, under the Divine Providence, of saving our empire. But we are not writing the history of the Holkar war, much less the history of India; we are writing only the life of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and must therefore restrict our notices to the chief doings of our hero. His first thought, on hearing of the retreat of Colonel Murray, was to go forthwith to Guzerat, and take his place; but he could not yet be wanted from Calcutta. He there made grave suggestions respecting the composition and equipments of the army of Lord Lake; he there also, in co-operation with the Governor-General, contrived measures for strengthening the frontiers, in the possible event of a re-ascendency of the Mahrattas; and he wrote thence long luminous instructions for conducting matters, under the crisis, in Guzerat, Malwa, and the Deccan. His personal presence in his old quarters was at length deemed indispensable,—first, that he might watch Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, in order to prevent them from joining Holkar, or to counterwork them if they should join him,—and next that he might be at hand, in the event of any bad emergency, to put himself at the head of his old army. Accordingly, on the 9th of November, he was reinvested with the military and political powers which he had received on the 26th of June 1803, and resigned on the 24th of June 1804; and on the 30th of November, he returned by way of Madras to Seringapatam.

He soon learned, however, that, on the 12th of October, Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace had captured Chandore, and thereby conquered all Holkar's territories in the Deccan,—that, about the same time, Colonel Murray had penetrated so far into Malwa from Guzerat as to be beyond aid or control, except from the side of Hindostan,—that, in two battles on the 13th and 17th of November, Lord Lake had utterly defeated Holkar, and apparently destroyed all his hopes,—and that Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, though showing abundant symptoms of readiness to take advantage of any serious disaster which might happen to the British flag, had seemingly been compelled, by correct views of the momentary and delusive character of Holkar's successes, to return to a proper sense of their obligations toward the British government. In these circumstances, he did not see occasion to proceed farther than Seringapatam; the more so as he had an attack of fever on the day previous to one fixed for his departure thence to the

north, and found, on his recovery, that the whole empire was settling down into security.

He had recently acted under a call to defend the empire, in disregard of his personal feelings; and as soon as that call abated, these feelings resumed their sway, or rather began to array themselves on the side of new forms of public duty. "In regard to staying longer in India," said he, "the question is exactly whether the Court of Directors or the King's ministers have any claim upon me, strong enough to induce me to do anything so disagreeable to my feelings, leaving health out of the question, as to remain for a great length of time in this country. I have served the Company in important situations for many years, and have never received anything but injury from the Court of Directors; although I am a singular instance of an officer who has served under all the governments and in communication with all the political presidents, and many civil authorities; and there is not an instance on record, or in any private correspondence, of disapprobation of any one of my acts, or a single complaint or even a symptom of ill temper from any one of the political or civil authorities in communication with whom I have acted. The King's ministers have as little claim upon me as the Court of Directors. I am not very ambitious; and I acknowledge that I never have been very sanguine in my expectations that military services in India would be considered in the scale in which are considered similar services in other parts of the world. But I might have expected to be placed on the staff in India; and yet if it had not been for the lamented death of General Fraser, General Smith's arrival would have made me supernumerary. This is perfectly well known to the army, and is the subject of a good deal of conversation. If my services were absolutely necessary for the security of the British empire, or to insure its peace, I should not hesitate a moment about staying, even for years; but these men, or the public, have no right to ask me to stay in India, merely because my presence, in a particular quarter, may be attended by convenience. But this is not the only point in which this question ought to be viewed. I have considered whether, in the situation of affairs in India at present, my arrival in England is not a desirable object. Is it not necessary to take some steps to explain the causes of the late increase of the military establishments, and to endeavour to explode some erroneous notions which have been entertained and circulated upon this subject? Are there not now a variety of subjects in discussion, relating to this country, upon which some verbal explanation is absolutely necessary? I conceive therefore, that in determining not to go into the Deccan, and to sail by the first opportunity for England, I consult the public interests not less than I do my own private convenience and wishes."

Sir Arthur wrote these sentiments on the 4th of January, 1805; and he spent the following five or six weeks in making vigorous preparations for leaving India. An outpouring of regret came from the hearts of thousands whom he

loved, both soldiers and civilians, when they learned his purpose; but this, however much it might gratify his feelings, could not alter his views. On the 10th of February, he left Seringapatam for Madras; and on the 24th, he resigned his military and political powers. He received addresses, on the subject of his leaving India, on the 27th of February, from the officers at the head-quarters of the division of the army lately under his command; on the 28th of February, from the officers of the 33d regiment, then stationed at Vellore; on the 4th of March, from the native inhabitants of Seringapatam; and on the 5th of March, from the European inhabitants and military officers of Madras. All these addresses, particularly those from his own regiment and from the people of Seringapatam, thrill with veneration for him; and his answers to them all were indicative of profound and permanent interest in the high character of the army and in the well-being of India. The civil and military officers of Madras, at the same time, gave him a grand entertainment at the Pantheon, and requested permission to have his picture that they might place it among the portraits of illustrious persons in their Exchange Room.

He busied himself in the affairs of his late government and late command up to the last moment that his feet stood on Indian soil, writing to Mysore, Bombay, Poonah, Ahmednuggur, and other places with a detail, an earnestness, and a frequency as if all his bygone responsibilities were still upon his head and heart. On the 6th of March, he appointed three of the officers whom he had most trusted to superintend some remaining prize affairs of the army of the Deccan; and on the 9th, he addressed to that army a valedictory general order, commending highly their services in garrison and in the field, expressing his regret at leaving them, and "earnestly recommending to the officers never to lose sight of the great principles of military service, to preserve the discipline of the troops, and to encourage, in their respective corps, the spirit and sentiments of gentlemen and of soldiers, as the most certain road to the achievement of everything that is great in their profession."

On the 10th of March, Sir Arthur embarked at Madras in His Majesty's ship Trident; and in September he arrived in England. Alison remarks,—"He was dissatisfied with the restrictions sometimes imposed upon him by the government at home; and, prompted to return to Europe by that hidden law which so often makes the temporary vexations of men, selected by Providence for special purposes, the means of turning them into their appointed path, he felt the influence of that mysterious yearning which, even in the midst of honours and power, prompts the destined actors in great events to pant for higher glories, and desire the trial of more formidable dangers."

CHAPTER IX.

SELECT EXAMPLES OF SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S OPINIONS AND OCCASIONAL ACTS IN INDIA—BRIEF NOTICES OF SOME OF HIS PRINCIPAL PUBLIC ASSOCIATES IN THAT COUNTRY—SUMMARY VIEW OF MARQUIS WELLESLEY'S INDIAN ADMINISTRATION.

WE shall devote this chapter to a few select examples of Sir Arthur Wellesley's opinions and occasional acts in India, and to some brief notices of his principal public associates in that country. The examples do not lie quite compactly together, and have not any interest of a kind different from the preceding narrative; yet are so full and ripe in some of the most distinctive elements of Sir Arthur's character that they must not be lost.

Sir Arthur felt the utmost anxiety respecting the military discipline and moral order of detachments of his army, situated at distant posts, away from his own immediate supervision. Thus, writing to Colonel Murray, who had the chief command in Guzerat, he says, "I have to recommend to your attention the discipline of the troops under your command, and a determined resistance to everything like an abuse in the service, which can tend to subtract from the efficiency of the corps in the field. There is a tendency in the service in this country to admit abuses beyond any other that I have met with. I cannot say whether this is to be attributed to former habits and example, or to the laxity which must attend all distant establishments. But of this I am very certain, that it is the first duty of a commanding officer to resist everything of the kind in a most determined manner. The want of discipline among troops is very bad, and renders them useless; but the want of efficiency, which is the result of the application to private purposes or profit of the persons paid by the public as troops, or as the necessary attendants or equipments of these troops, is worse, as it may exist with a certain degree and appearance of discipline; and Government may be misled by the notion that they have an army, whereas they have nothing but paper."

Again, writing to Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, subsequent to his putting that officer in command of the subsidiary force established at Poonah, he says, "I cannot close my letter without earnestly recommending to you the strictest attention to the discipline of the troops, and to keep them and their followers in order. In this distant station, as the troops can but seldom come under the eye of the superior officers of the army, it will require the most constant and regular attention to preserve their discipline and order; and it is certain, that in no part

of India will those qualities be required in a greater degree than in the detachment serving with his Highness the Peishwa. The licentiousness of the followers of the troops, particularly when those troops have been successful, is an evil of the greatest magnitude, and of quick growth. I therefore anxiously recommend the conduct of these people to your attention, and that you should suppress at once, by decided measures, any attempts which they may make to depart from the rules of good order, and to shake off the restraint under which they have been hitherto held."

Sir Arthur's rigour in punishing camp-robbery and murder was formerly noticed. His vexation at seeing these crimes encouraged by the laxity or connivance of the native governments was also noticed. But an instance may here be quoted to illustrate how his rigour maintained full tension in spite of that vexation, or perhaps with the help of it. Writing to Colonel Wallace respecting certain occurrences in the territories of the Peishwa—"who had no authority, and if he had, would not exert it for the advantage of our troops"—he says,—"You must have no scruple in acting at once for the benefit and safety of your corps, whenever you are fully convinced, from the evidence given to the persons appointed to inquire into the circumstances of any robbery, that those attached to your camp have been plundered or ill-treated. In this instance, I have no doubt but that Carribul and Manygee were both guilty of the murder. Accordingly I request that they may be hanged; and let the cause of their punishment be published in the bazaar by beat of tomtom, or in any other mode by which it may be supposed that it will be rendered more public. The patel," hereditary head-manager of the village, "of Batculgaum, in the usual style of a Mahratta patel, keeps a band of plunderers for his own profit and advantage. You will inform him that, if he does not pay for the horses, bullocks, and articles plundered, he shall be hanged also. You will make him acquaint his village with this determination, and allow time for the answer to return; and you will hang him if he does not pay the money at the time fixed upon."

Sir Arthur, as we formerly showed, was equally rigorous in punishing crimes committed by his troops against the inhabitants. Nor was he less firm in punishing, proportionally to its demerits, any act of malversation on the part of any of his officers. Replying to a lieutenant who had once enjoyed his confidence, and had made an appeal to his generosity, he says,—"I have received your letter, in which, among other things, you reproach me with having withdrawn from you my confidence. A man must have been stout indeed in his confidence in any body who would continue to repose it, after having received such complaints as I have received against you. In respect to your money concerns, I do not wish to inquire into them, excepting to observe, that a person trusted as you were ought to have refrained from such practices when you held a public trust. It is not the fact that you did Major ———'s duty without re-

ceiving his salary. You received the allowance for the duty you did, and your own allowance for the duty done by another person in the field. I shall close upon this subject by telling you, that it is useless to go into long proofs of matter entirely irrelevant to the charge brought against you. You have been accused on oath, in a public trial, of having received, through your moonshee, 1,200 rupees on corrupt grounds. The moonshee positively received the money. He must be prosecuted in the phousdarry," the criminal court in Mysore, "and convicted of a breach of trust and duty, otherwise you must resign your office of ———. I cannot go on with a man against whom there will be such a public imputation as there will be against you, if the moonshee should not be convicted of having taken and applied this money to his own use."

Sir Arthur frowned also upon public indecorum in his officers, and upon any relaxation of authority which allowed such indecorum to pass unreprimanded. Writing to the Secretary at Bombay, he says, "I have had the honour of receiving your letter upon the subject of the conduct of the military at Surat. When the residence of officers who have been accused of improper and riotous conduct has been described, names have in some instances been stated, and in all a description of their persons and of their mode of conveyance has been given, it is scarcely to be credited that the commanding officer had it not in his power to discover those who were accused. At all events, measures might and ought to have been adopted by the commanding officer to put an end to these disgraceful proceedings, which it appears he entirely neglected. Under these circumstances, I take the liberty of recommending, first, that the commanding officer of Surat may be removed from his situation,—and secondly, that orders may be given to the civil magistrate to seize and send to Bombay for trial in the Court of the Recorder, any officer who may hereafter be accused of rioting in the streets or city of Surat."

Sir Arthur, as is proved by the whole tissue of our narrative, had very stringent ideas of the obligation of public duty in his own case; and he could scarcely be expected to have lax or lenient ideas of that obligation in the case of others. To the Collector of Ahmednuggur, who, on private grounds, had requested leave of absence, he wrote,—"It is necessary for a man who fills a public situation, and who has great public interests in charge, to lay aside all private considerations, whether on his own account or that of other persons. I imagine that you must feel on this subject as I do. I am very much distressed on account of the inconveniences which your family suffer in your absence from Madras; and equally so, that it is not in my power to relieve their distress, by allowing you to quit your situation. But under present circumstances it is not in my power to grant your request to go to Madras, consistently with the duty which both you and I owe to the public as public men."

But while Sir Arthur fully "expected every man to do his duty," he sternly

forbade all such overactings of it as tended only to display "a little brief authority." To a major who, with a havildar or native serjeant and twelve sepoys had been posted at the Rajah of Mysore's town of Bangalore, to keep up the communication there between Madras and the advanced stations of the army of the Deccan, and to see that stores going forward by that communication were not delayed on the road, he wrote,—"The way in which you have performed these duties is, first to take possession of the fort as a military post, which was never intended, and then to quit your situation (I conclude by permission of the Commander-in-Chief, but without attending to my orders of March, 1803) and to leave to the havildar and the guard to carry into execution all your oppressive orders regarding the military post, the result of which must be to degrade the government in the eyes of those over whom its authority must be extended. The consequence of those orders—which were not communicated to the amildar, although directed against him personally—was, that there was a dispute between that part of your garrison stationed at the gate and the amildar's attendants, upon the occasion of his attempting to enter the fort. I hope I shall not be accused of insulting the havildar's guard, when I say that they owed their safety and their lives at this moment to the moderation of the amildar, to whose conduct you have been pleased to apply the term 'infamous.' It is no part of my duty to defend the officers of the government of Mysore, or I should find it an easy task upon the present occasion; but it is so to confine the attention of the officers under my command strictly to their duty. Accordingly, I have to direct that you will recall your orders regarding the gate at Bangalore; (indeed, unless the amildar should wish you to take charge of it, I do not see that you have anything to do with the gate;) and to confine your attention and the services of your sepoys entirely to the objects specified in" your instructions.

Sir Arthur was not slow even to address expostulations, in a pungent reprimanding spirit, though in simple recommendational language, to officers holding the very highest command under his own, on subjects perfectly free from moral turpitude or from military vice, and involving only error in judgment. Several instances of this occur in his correspondence with Colonel Murray. One of the mildest of these was quoted in a former chapter; and a sharper and more characteristic one may be quoted here:—"I am sorry to observe, from the perusal of a voluminous correspondence which you have had with the paymaster, and with the government of Bombay on the subject of the paymaster, that your disagreement with that public officer still continues. I notice this subject to you because I have been obliged to enter into details upon it in my correspondence with the government of Bombay. I daresay that you have seen my letter, but if you should not, I apprize you that I think you ought not to have interfered respecting the contract with Serwady. That is a financial question, referrible entirely to the civil government, upon which we cannot form an opinion,

Mr. Duncan alone can decide whether the inconveniences of the contract balance the conveniences which have been derived from it, and you ought to have done no more than report the inconveniences resulting from it. As I think the question is not for our consideration at all, and that, by interfering in it, we have taken upon ourselves an unnecessary responsibility to find funds for the payment of the army in Guzerat, in which, if the war had continued, we should undoubtedly have failed, I do not think it necessary to enter into any consideration of your reasoning upon the contract, although I am of opinion that you are mistaken in parts of it. * * For my part I shall shortly resign my charge in this part of India, and excepting as far as my wishes may go, I shall be indifferent to what passes. But I shall ever be sorry to hear that you misapply your talents by entering into these questions and disputes, and that you have thereby tired the government and put it under a necessity not to employ you."

A piece of discretion which Sir Arthur esteemed highly important—which he carefully practised himself and earnestly enjoined upon others—was secrecy in matters of public business. "There is nothing more certain," said he to Colonel Wallace, "than that, of one hundred affairs, ninety-nine might be posted up at the market-cross, without injury to the public interests. But the misfortune is that where the public business is the subject of general conversation, and is not kept secret, as a matter of course, upon every occasion, it is very difficult to keep it secret upon that occasion on which it is necessary. There is an awkwardness in a secret which enables observing men—of which description there are always plenty in an army—invariably to find it out; and it may be depended upon that, whenever the public business ought to be kept secret, it always suffers when it is exposed to public view. For this reason secrecy is always best, and those who have been long trusted with the conduct of public affairs are in the habit of never making public any business of any description that it is not necessary that the public should know. The consequence is that secrecy becomes natural to them, and as much a habit as it is to others to talk of public matters, and they have it in their power to keep things secret or not, as they may think proper. I mention this subject to you because, in fact, I have been the means of throwing the public affairs into your hands, and I am anxious that you should conduct them as you ought. This is a matter which would never occur to you, but it is essentially necessary. Remember that what I recommend to you is far removed from mystery. In fact, I recommend silence upon the public business upon all occasions, in order to avoid the necessity of mystery upon any."

Sir Arthur felt strong aversion to the employment of his troops, particularly those who were acting as subsidiaries to the allies, in any small undignified mission, such as a matter of police or of tax-gathering. Writing to Major Shawe in January 1804, he says, "I give up the notion of posting the troops

upon the Godavery, with great reluctance; because I want to have it understood, particularly at Hyderabad, that our troops are not to be the only support of the Government, that they are to oppose foreign invaders, and great rebels, but are not to be the support of the little dirty ramildarry (tax-gathering) exactions. It is, besides, very disadvantageous and unjust to the character of the British nation to make the British troops the means of carrying on all the violent and unpopular acts of these native governments, such as, for instance, the resumption of the jaghires (land grants) of the Mussulman chiefs in the Nizam's countries. It makes our cause unpopular, which it ought not to be, and would not be; and in our present glorious situation, it is very desirable that we should avoid this unpopularity."

Sir Arthur, in his multifarious transactions with the native authorities, practised the nicest and most inflexible regard to good faith. He took care, not only that agreements and promises were kept, but that the parties interested in them understood them to be kept. He kept them in circumstances of the strongest provocation to break them,—and in some circumstances also where a right to them had either become very doubtful or been manifestly forfeited. A good example of this occurred, in the case of the Peishwa, which we related in a former chapter; but a much more striking one happened at the partition of the territories conquered from the Rajah of Berar, when, in spite of bad temper, bad co-operation, and even downright hinderance on the part of the Nizam's government during the war, a large portion was assigned to that government. Marquis Wellesley, when remarking on the terms of the treaty on that occasion, observed, "The stipulations which will confer advantages on the Nizam are highly politic, and afford a splendid proof of the British faith." Yet Sir Arthur did not give greater proportional prominence to good faith then than he did always. He ever regarded it as the main-stay of his achievements in both the cabinet and the camp,—stronger far than either power of intellect or strength of arms. He said,—"I would sacrifice Gwalior or every portion of India ten times over, in order to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith, and the advantages and honour we gained by the late war and the peace; and we must not fritter them away in arguments drawn from overstrained principles of the laws of nations which are not understood in this country. What brought me through many difficulties in the war, and the negociations for peace? The British good faith, and nothing else."

Sir Arthur had a profound impression of the evils of the freebooter system in India. He made himself much better acquainted with it than any influential man had ever been before. Some of the smaller native governments were partakers in it; the larger native governments either directly connived at it or adopted no efficient measures against it; the British residents at the Courts of the native allies had no opportunities of knowing it; and the British governors

of India had extremely inadequate notions of at once its character, its extent, and the proper means of destroying it. But Sir Arthur took advantage of his numerous positions in Mysore and the Deccan to investigate it to the core; and he found it to be of prodigious magnitude and tremendous power,—disputing with organized governments the possession of all India, often taking the place of these governments, or overwhelming them,—everywhere menacing them,—and always, more or less, interposing a strong barrier in the way of social progress He believed that, after the close of the Mahratta war, it was the strongest foe of our Indian empire. He believed it also to be the subtlest one. He believed, too, that the dangers of it had been increased by the extension of our arms, our influence, and our protection, first because this had augmented the numbers of freebooters, in chasing away idlers from the villages, and in breaking up the armies of the Mahrattas, and next because it had narrowed the sphere of their operations, and proportionally rendered them daring and desperate.

Sir Arthur sent from his camp, to Calcutta, in the spring of 1804, an outline of what he knew and thought about the system; and he added,—"The Governor-General has never had this picture before him. No man has ever had so many opportunities of contemplating the subject in all its parts as I have; and possibly no man has ever adverted to it. The remedy is clear, namely, to force the allies to keep up their military establishments. This is the first step. I would then give them no assistance in carrying on their internal government, excepting to oppose formidable rebellions. After this is done, by degrees a regulation may be introduced which I recommended in 1800 in Mysore, namely, that no horse be kept that is not registered, and that no horseman should be allowed to travel through the country without a passport from the government. In this manner, the breed will, by degrees, be diminished." Sir Arthur also wrote notices on the subject in other letters to Calcutta. He, in fact, gave prominence to it in every suitable part of his correspondence, and may be supposed to have done so likewise in his conversation. He also, during his sojourn in Calcutta, wrote a formal memorandum upon it, for the express use of the government. The light he threw upon it was dazzling; and the remedies which he recommended for it seemed as urgent as they were arduous.

The immediate effects of his labours were not considerable; but the ultimate ones were grand. Had Marquis Wellesley continued a year or two longer at the head of Indian affairs, had he not been, at that time, actually winding up his connexion with them, or had he not felt hindered by the narrow, repressive economy of the Directors from undertaking any new enterprise, he perhaps would have risen at once, and swept the freebooter system from the land. Sir Arthur's representations on the subject were, at the moment, hushed and cradled; but they could not die; they only acquired strength with years, till at length, in 1816, under the administration of the Marquis of Hastings, they

directed the policy and triumphed in the events of what has commonly been called the second Mahratta war, but what was in fact a terminating war against the freebooter system, when all corps and armies of marauders were finally dispersed, multitudes of the men immediately afterwards mingling with the rest of the population, and beginning to make amends for past atrocities by assisting to restore agriculture and trade.

A great conflict of civil interests followed the rupture among the Mahratta sovereigns, and was widened and deepened by the changes of allegiance and the partitions of territory consequent on the war with Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. Our hero had no proper concern with this, in his official capacity, either military or political; yet he was induced to preside over it, partly on account of the earnest appeals which arose from all quarters to his judgment, and partly that he might give a summary decision on everything which involved the generosity or the good faith of the British government. "And never," remarks the Rev. Mr. Wright, "was sterling justice more conspicuous in the decisions of a legislator than in those of the victor of Assye. Perhaps one of the most amiable and admirable verdicts amongst the vast number of cases at that time submitted to his judgment was the 'awarding of pensions to the sirdars who accompanied Amrut Rao to the camp.' After arguing, on the soundest moral principles, the cause before him, the General decides that the sirdars are right in relying on British honour for remuneration, as well as on British gratitude for the many useful services they performed, and for which they were promised compensation. But had the decision of their cause rested upon its real merits, unfettered by any promise, the verdict, if a conclusion may be drawn from the last paragraph of the General's letter, would have been very different. 'It is not possible to reward these people, excepting by pensions. They are so depraved in their habits, their notions of justice and government are so erroneous, and they are so little to be depended upon, excepting to follow their own interests, that they cannot be employed in any manner in the Company's service.'"

Sir Arthur Wellesley, throughout his Indian campaigns, appears to have been as frank, friendly, and fraternal among his associates as the necessary restraints of military command would permit. He was not more quick to reprove the indiscreet, or to punish the depraved, than to forgive the penitent, to tolerate or screen the inexperienced, to reward the meritorious, and to manifest hearty constant kindness to the gentlemanly and the brave. He seems, in particular, to have had a fast friendship with his intimate companion-in-arms, Colonel Stevenson: and in the course of his letters to him, after the Colonel sailed for England, he both evinced the warm brotherliness of that friendship, and incidentally furnished an instance of how much better he loved to tolerate than to punish. "I had recommended to the Governor-General," wrote he to the

Colonel, "that you should have additional prize-money, and I think that he will attend to my recommendation in this instance. However, this is between ourselves. My idea respecting your entering the King's service was this, that you should get your rank in England, and a regiment in what is called the army of reserve. If you should succeed in that object, you might then resign your regiment or brigade of cavalry in this country, but not your pension on retirement. If you should not succeed, you ought not to give up your regiment of brigade here without having a farther provision. These are my opinions. You will see how affairs stand when you get home, and can arrange accordingly. I am anxious, first, that the public should continue to enjoy the benefit of your services, in a country of which the climate may be more favourable to your health, and next, that you should have the satisfaction of serving in a war which goes to the existence of Great Britain as a nation. But you must not lose your income by it." Again:—"I arranged that you should have one thousand shares instead of six hundred of the prize money; and I prevailed upon the Governor-General to give you six months' gratuity of your allowance as commanding the subsidiary force, as well as of your batta; so that you see I have not neglected your interests or your wishes. You will have heard of Captain ——'s disgrace. I really had a regard for him, and considered my own credit as well as yours, involved in his character; and therefore, I did everything in my power to screen him from an inquiry. However, the complaints against him were of a nature so serious, and as they had been laid before the Nizam's durbar, I could do nothing but make the inquiry; and the result has been the discovery of a scene of disgraceful fraud, such as I believe has never before been practised."

Nor was Sir Arthur Wellesley less forward or less fervent in expressing gratitude for favours conferred upon himself. For example, writing to Lieutenant-General Stuart, the commander-in-chief in the presidency of Madras, who had a high appreciation of Sir Arthur's character, and had put him on the military staff of Madras, and, as we formerly saw, had, on an important occasion, sacrificed his own prospects of earning high military reputation in order to promote those of Sir Arthur—writing to him our hero says,—"I must first take the liberty of expressing my acknowledgments for the handsome manner in which you have been pleased to notice my services in your despatches to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and to his Majesty's Ministers. In the course of the operations intrusted to me, I certainly had difficulties to encounter which are inseparable from all military service in this country; but I enjoyed an advantage which but few have had in a similar situation. I served under the immediate orders of an officer who was fully aware of the nature of the operations to be performed, and who, after considering all that was to be done, gave me his full confidence and support, in carrying into execution the measures which the exigency of the service might require. Under these circumstances,

I was enabled to undertake anything with confidence; and if I failed, I was certain it would be considered with indulgence. I declare that I cannot reflect upon the events of the last year, without feeling for you the strongest sentiments of gratitude, respect, and attachment; and to have received those marks of approbation has given me more real satisfaction, than all that I have received from other quarters."

Our hero's earliest great friend in India, next to his own brother, was General Harris. He appears to us to have owed much more to that officer than any of his biographers have surmised, or perhaps than he himself, at least till a number of years afterwards, supposed. General Harris was not only the hero of the Mysore conquest, but the *sine qua non* in all the main preparations for it; he had at once won the profound confidence of Lord Mornington, on the latter's arrival in India; and he seems rapidly to have penetrated Sir Arthur (then Lieutenant-Colonel) Wellesley's character; or, at all events, he trusted him, patronised him, praised him, and pushed him into prominence almost as warmly as if he had foreseen the splendid career he was to run,—so warmly, indeed, as to provoke a ferment of envy in the camp, reproaches of favouritism against himself, and spiteful charges of presumption against our hero. He really, however, was acting on high conscience, out of pure regard to public duty,—conducting the war, not from dominant love of command or of reward or of military glory, but because he had been reluctantly yet entirely convinced of the necessity of it, and was bound in virtue of his office, as Commander-in-chief in Madras, to spend his utmost skill upon it; and he therefore framed whatever measures and made whatever appointments he deemed most efficient, in utter unconcern about the opinions which might be formed respecting them by the envious. His high character, quite as surely as his friendly offices, must have exerted a strong influence upon Colonel Wellesley; and that influence was all the more valuable that the Colonel, throughout the Mysore war, was taking on the finish and carrying out the salient points of his own permanent military character.

One signal favour which General Harris conferred on him was permission to attempt a great exploit on his own responsibility at Malavelly. For when Colonel Wellesley, on that occasion, thought of assailing the right wing of Tippoo's army, he had neither authority nor suggestion from the General to do so; but, judging of himself that an attack there would be victorious, he sent a message to the General to say that, if not forbidden in eight minutes, he would make it; and at the end of the eight minutes, he stood unforbidden, and then rushed on to victory. This achievement no doubt contributed something to the cool bravery with which he afterwards walked into the field of Assye. He felt chagrin that General Harris did not mention, in the official despatch, the precurrent circumstances of the achievement; but acknowledged, in private life, that

the General had exercised a sound discretion in suppressing them. General Harris's greatest favour to him, however—or rather that which provoked most spleen and most public discussion—was the appointing of him to the governorship of Seringapatam. Yet this, though eventually of high moment to Wellesley and to the world, for the powerful effect it had in developing his energies, was done, in the first instance at least, not at all in the way of favour, but simply in the order of the roster. The Governor-General too, in answer to a note on the subject, written by General Harris, about eight weeks after the occurrence, said,—"With respect to the language which you say people have held of my brother's appointment to command in Seringapatam, you know that I never recommended my brother to you, and of course never even suggested how or where he should be employed, and I believe you know also that you would not have pleased me by placing him in any situation in which his appointment could be injurious to the public service. My opinion, or rather knowledge and experience, of his discretion, judgment, temper, and integrity, are such, that if you had not placed him in Seringapatam, I would have done so of my own authority, because I think him in every point of view the most proper for that service." This backing of General Harris in the affair of Colonel Wellesley Alison calls "a blot" on the Governor-General's administration; but if a blot at all, it was a blot of glory on a ground of azure, like a brilliant star on the cerulean concave.

General Harris, at the time of the Mysore campaign, was in the 54th year of his age, and had been two years Commander-in-chief at Madras, with a seat in the Council. He had previously run a long course of hard service in America, in the West Indies, and in the first war with Tippoo. He had risen slowly in promotion, from grade to grade, by the mere force of strong merit and great exertions. He naturally possessed "a love of retirement," and had for several years "sighed for the friendly hearth," "with land enough to give him employment;" and at the completion of the Mysore conquest, he withdrew from military life. Lord Mornington appreciated very highly his services against Tippoo, and informed him by letter that he intended to propose his elevation to the peerage. General Harris, in reply, said,—"My dear Lord, you are far exceeding my humble wishes, and I really think those of Mrs. Harris, or rather you would do so if you preferred the request to his Majesty to grant to me the dignity of a Baron of Great Britain." And as to the selection of a title, he added, "An humble clergyman's son, thrown very early in life into the army, entirely a soldier of fortune, with scarcely any assistance save his own exertions, is little likely to have any hereditary place he would choose to commemorate: and in my instance, the fifth regiment was near six and twenty years my constant home." The ruling minds in Britain, at that time, however, thought very differently from Lord Mornington. Whether from blindness to the real state of

India, or from collusion with the enviers in General Harris's camp, or from some other cause, we know not; but certain it is that they treated most of the meritorious actors in the Mysore conquest, including General Harris himself and Colonel Wellesley, with the most pointed neglect. The General, on his return to Britain, was not even presented to the King by the Minister; his claim to the prize money was, with the countenance of the Government, a long time contested; and not till 1815, under other counsels and in totally altered circumstances, was he raised to the peerage, under the title of Lord Harris, and otherwise rewarded for his signal services, direct and indirect, in the Mysore war. He died in 1829, at the same age eventually attained by our hero; and till then, from the time of his leaving the army, he lived in strict but dignified retirement, beloved and respected by his tenantry and neighbours for his simple manners, kind heart, and clear understanding.

Another distinguished contemporary of our hero in India, who exerted considerable influence upon him, though in a very different manner from General Harris, was General (afterwards Sir David) Baird. He entered the army in 1772, went to Madras in 1780, served against Hyder Ali, lay three and a half years a prisoner in Seringapatam, left India, and in January 1799 went to it again, having just been raised to the rank of Major-General and to a place on the staff. He walked at once into the army which was then undergoing preparation for the Mysore campaign; and, during the greater part of the next three and a half years, he was—not properly the associate—but in some way or other the hot competitor of our hero. In fact, he pitted himself against Colonel Wellesley; and, though a very honourable man and a remarkably gallant soldier, was, nevertheless, the centre of the envyings and bickerings which disgraced the conquering operations in Mysore. If any readers have a fancy to investigate the quarrel which he raised, they may see his side of it in Hook's Life of Baird, and the other side in Lushington's Life of Harris. It seems to us far beneath notice except for the influence, evidently a beneficial and a strong one, which it exerted upon Wellesley's character. Baird, on being appointed to supersede Wellesley in the command of the expedition to Egypt, appeared for a time to have forgot it, behaving to our hero in a warmly handsome manner, which elicited from him the glowing reciprocations of friendship recorded in our fourth chapter; but, in truth, he was then only smiling in the ascendant; and when afterwards put again to the test, he resumed all the heat of his original rivalry. Being, on his return from Egypt, attached to a large division of the army forming against the Mahrattas, he expected the command of the advance into the Deccan; and, on this being conferred upon General Wellesley, he resigned his post, and left India, his eulogists say, "in disgust." He subsequently, however, performed high service in various quarters, particularly at the Cape of Good Hope and at Corunna; and was rewarded with a baronetcy and the thanks of parliament.

He died in 1829, in the 74th year of his age. "He was a brave and experienced officer, but, unfortunately for himself, of a warm and impetuous temper, which could scarcely brook submission to any superior. This involved him in several quarrels, and retarded that promotion which was justly due to his distinguished services and acknowledged skill."

Another eminent contemporary of our hero in India, and at the same time his frequent associate and his fast friend, was Major (afterwards Major-General Sir John) Malcolm. He possessed great talents and attained high distinction, at once as a soldier, as a diplomatist, and as a historian; and in all his exploits, in all these capacities, he was the servant of our Indian empire. He first went to India in 1783, when only thirteen years of age; and, though frequently and variously absent from it, he did not finally leave it till 1830. His earliest public prominence occurred in 1796, as secretary to the Madras Commander-in-chief; his most celebrated services were performed in 1817, as Brigadier-General in the second Mahratta war; his most elaborate exertions were done at various periods and in various ways, as an ambassador and as an author; and his latest official duties in India were done from 1827 till 1830 as Governor of Bombay. But his general public actions, for at once power, versatility and variety, were never more brilliant than during the period of his co-operation with Wellesley, while he himself was Captain and Major, and while Wellesley was Lieutenant-Colonel and Major-General. He negotiated in the transactions at Hyderabad precursory to the Mysore war; he commanded the infantry in the Nizam's contingent during that war; he was secretary, along with Munro, to the political commission for settling the Mysore conquest; he was ambassador to Persia, and afterwards a negociator at Bombay on the subject of his embassy, in 1801; he became President of Mysore in February, 1803, and thence, in a political capacity, accompanied the advance army under General Wellesley to Poonah; and, as we saw in our seventh chapter, he went, in January 1804, on an important public mission from the camp of General Wellesley to the camp of Scindiah. We need not enumerate his subsequent services: though we must state that, in 1821, on occasion of his leaving India on a visit to England, a general order issued at Madras paid him the following well-merited compliment:—"His career has been unexampled; for no other servant of the Honourable Company has ever, during so long a period, been so constantly employed in the conduct of such various and important military and political duties. His great talents were too well known to admit of their being confined to the mere limited range of service under his own presidency. The exercise of them in different situations has connected him with every presidency, and rendered him less the servant of any one of them than of the Indian empire at large." Sir John died in 1833.

Another distinguished associate of General Wellesley was Lieutenant-

Colonel (afterward Major-General Sir Barry) Close. He also went to India when very young, and was altogether forty-two years in the East India Company's service. He long, with great credit and high military reputation, held the office of adjutant-general of the army of Madras. He performed high deeds at the siege of Seringapatam; and he thence became intimately connected with our hero, serving as British resident first at the court of Mysore and next at the court of Poonah, and receiving in that capacity from General Wellesley long confidential letters, all more or less redolent of private friendship, and so numerous as to occupy no mean portion of the three first volumes of the Wellington Despatches. "The character of Sir Barry Close," we are told, "was very marked. His manner and expression were as mild and unassuming as his purpose was firm, and his judgment decided. He had a shade of reserve about him that only gave way to habits of long and intimate friendship. His advice to others was never intruded, but it was never refused; and when sparingly given, it proceeded less from caution than a conviction in his own mind that a fuller communication of his sentiments would have been attended with no real benefit. The heart of this able man was as warm as his principles were pure and his head unclouded. In that country in which he passed the greater part of his life, he was regarded with feelings of the sincerest affection by many,—with those of respect and esteem by all. These feelings are not confined to his countrymen, for his name was, if possible, more beloved and revered by the native than the European subjects of Great Britain in India."

Another distinguished contemporary of General Wellesley in India was Mr. Webbe. He acted first as chief secretary at Madras, and next as British resident at the court of Mysore; and at the conclusion of the war, was appointed for a time to the court of the Rajah of Berar, and was afterwards sent to the camp of Scindiah, where he died. General Wellesley pronounced him "one of the ablest and honestest men he ever knew;" and Marquis Wellesley designated a public proposal to erect a monument to him at Madras, "a just and honourable tribute to virtues and talents never surpassed," and said that "the example of Mr. Webbe's public services should be held forth to the imitation of every British officer, both civil and military, in India." The Marquis intimated, at the same time, that he intended, at his private expense, to erect an obelisk to Mr. Webbe's memory within view of the palace at Barrackpoor. Mr. Webbe rivalled the brilliant abilities of Major Malcolm as a diplomatist, and perhaps was not inferior to him in military courage. He likewise possessed a clear, intimate, scrutinous knowledge of the condition of the Madras presidency, both intrinsic and extrinsic, together with all its resources for government and for war. Yet when he learned, a short time after Lord Mornington's arrival in India, that the latter meditated hostilities against Mysore, he was struck with terror and dismay. "I can anticipate nothing," said he, "but a return of shocking disasters from a pre-

mature attack upon Tippoo in our present disabled condition, and the impeachment of Lord Mornington for his temerity." And in a very able memorandum, drawn up at the request of General Harris, he exhibited obstacles and difficulties in the way of the proposed hostilities which all ordinary minds, and even some extraordinary ones, would have concurred with him in pronouncing insurmountable; and he added, "If war is inevitable, I fear our situation is bad beyond the hope of remedy." Nor was Mr. Webbe singular in this feeling. All the officials at Madras, including General Harris himself, more or less shared it; and Mr. Webbe was pre-eminent in it only because he had a pre-eminent knowledge of the country. Lord Mornington, nevertheless, as was related in our second chapter, went unhesitatingly on with his hostile preparations. Though a stranger in India, he knew it far better than even Mr. Webbe. He beheld it from a position of genius in the clouds, saw it all connectedly and instantaneously in bird's-eye view, and felt a thrill of conviction that he could come down upon it, like the eagle upon its prey, and clutch it for his own.

The Governor-General, indeed, was General Wellesley's greatest contemporary in India. He was so, not merely by position, but by knowledge of the country, by genius, by practical wisdom, by energy, by comprehensive action, and by grand achievement; and had he not been brother to our hero at all, had he even not known him till they met in Calcutta, he probably would have penetrated his character, and raised him into exalted prominence, simply in virtue of another large element in his own greatness,—a prodigious sagacity in selecting the fittest instruments to perform his will. He knew the very animus of India, so as to be able to adopt measures for moving and mastering it, just as a skilful orator arranges his tropes and illustrations for entrancing an audience. "His predilection from the first moment of his entering active life, was so strongly evinced for oriental affairs that Nature appeared to have expressly formed him for the command of the East. At an age when most of his contemporaries were acquainted with the affairs of India only through the uncertain medium of distant report, or the casual hints of private conversation, he was fully master of the politics of Hindostan, and had already formed those clear and luminous views of the condition and situation of our power there, which enabled him, from the very outset of his career, to direct with so steady a hand the complicated mazes of Indian diplomacy. He had for several years been an active member of the Board of Control, then under the able direction of Lord Melville, and had acquired, from his remarkable proficiency in the subject, a large share in the confidence of government. But it was not in any of the public offices, it was not from the inspiration of Leadenhall Street, that he drew the enlarged and statesmanlike views which from the first characterized his Eastern administration. It was in the solitude of study that the knowledge was obtained; it was

from the sages and historians of antiquity that the spirit was inhaled; it was in the fire of his own genius that the light was found."

He had ample need for all his knowledge, all his genius, and all his energy. Had the country continued in peace, as he had good reason to expect it would when he left home, he might have found his office eminently easy and pleasant. But on discovering that hostilities were unavoidable, that the only question respecting them was whether to attack or to be attacked, he instantly came under a pressure of responsibility which, in the peculiar circumstances of the moment, would have crushed to distraction any mind a degree or two less gifted than his own. He saw at once that the safe course was to attack,—that the other course would be destruction. But he was confronted by that terrible deficiency in muniments and money which struck Mr. Webbe and all the other officials at Madras with consternation. He knew also that a war in India at that period would probably be denounced in hot terms by almost all classes in Britain, who, justly enough, thought that our national prowess was likely to be tasked to the uttermost by the animosity of Buonaparte. And, what was far worse, he was under the control of a sovereign Company who had ruled their territories through his predecessors, and would be not at all unlikely to rule them through himself, in a timid, sordid, mercenary spirit, utterly incompatible with either the expenditure or the enterprise of extensive hostilities. At the moment, indeed, the chief minister of the Company, Mr. Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville, the President of their Board of Control, had large ideas, cast in the same type as Lord Mornington's; but the very enactment which had called that Board into existence, which had effected great improvements in the government of India, and which, after a strong struggle, had become law so recently as 1784, declared that "to pursue schemes of conquest or extension of dominion in India are measures repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy of the nation." Lord Mornington was thus firmly forbidden to extend our Indian empire; yet scarcely had he begun to govern it when he found that he could not possibly defend it without extending it; so that on the one hand he was obliged to maintain himself with a military force simply sufficient for purposes of defence, and on the other hand felt compelled both to achieve conquests and to conceal them. He held a commission which he could not, by any means, execute without exceeding it; and he incurred risk of being condemned almost as much in the event of success as in the event of failure. "The man," said a writer afterwards, in the Friend of India, speaking of Marquis Wellesley, —"The man who has gone to India with the design of extending there the conquests of Britain, has been obliged to conceal his intentions with almost as much care as though he meditated designs against his own country; and the man who has most successfully fought his country's battles in the plains of Hindostan has seldom been quite free from the apprehension that his character and fortune, if

not his life, might be the forfeit he would have to pay for thus daring to defend the dominions of his native country."

As regarded the public and the authorities at home, then, the Governor-General, in adopting his bold, comprehensive, conquering policy, could only hope that success and time would vindicate his conduct. And even as regarded the hostile nations and armies of India, when he resolved to undertake the war against Tippoo, the war of the Deccan, the campaigns of Hindostan, and some other enterprises which it has not come within the design of our work to notice, he was actuated by bravery and skill of the same high order—different in scope, indeed, but essentially as lofty—as those which produced the victory of Assye and the triumphs of the Spanish peninsula. "He at once discerned," remarks Alison, "that the British sway in India was founded entirely on opinion,—that twenty or thirty thousand Europeans scattered among a hundred millions of Asiatics, must have acquired their supremacy by fascinating the mind,—that this moral sway could be maintained only by fidelity to engagements and fearlessness in conduct,—and that, in such circumstances, the most prudent course was generally the most audacious. Disregarding, therefore, entirely that temporising policy which the government at home had taken such pains to impress upon its Asiatic viceroys, which Cornwallis had triumphed over only by disregarding, and Sir John Shore had obeyed only to destroy, he resolved, at all hazards, to maintain the British faith inviolate, to strike terror into his enemies by the vigour of his measures, and to secure victory by never despairing and being always worthy of it. But vigour and resolution are not alone capable of achieving success, though they are generally essential towards it: wisdom in combination, foresight in council, prudence in preparation, are also indispensable; and it was in the union of these invaluable qualities with the courage of the hero and the heart of the patriot, that Marquis Wellesley was unrivalled. Boldly assuming the lead, he kept it without difficulty, because he was felt to be the first; ardently devoted to his country, he inspired a portion of the sacred fire into all his followers; discerning in the estimation of character, he selected from the many men in his service the most gifted; penetrated with the most lofty as well as the soundest views, he communicated his own statesmanlike principles both to the direction of the councils and the guidance of the armies of India. In vigour of resolution, moral courage, diplomatic ability, and military combination, he was the first of British statesmen, even in the days of Pitt and Fox. Never, perhaps, in so short a time, was such a change produced on the character of public administration, the vigour of national councils, or the success of national arms, as by his Eastern rule. He found them vacillating, he left them decided; he found the public service weakened by corruption, he left it teeming with energy; he found the East India Company striving only to defend their possessions on the coast, he left them seated on the throne of Aurengzebe."

He was hindered, indeed, by the counteracting economy of the Company's Board of Directors, and by the consequent resignation of his trust, from giving completeness to his designs, and from erecting around them all the means of stability which he esteemed requisite,—else our Indian Empire would have acquired at once all the glories which shone over it at the end of the next twenty years, and would have been saved the necessity and the horrors of the second Mahratta war. But the resulting advantages from what he achieved and the resulting evils from what he left undone, combined to afford incontestable evidence of the soundness of his policy, and at length forced upon the minds of even his hottest political opponents a conviction that his administration was good to the full extent to which his own principles had worked it, and bad only in so far as these principles had been overmastered and marred. Marquis Wellesley left India in August, 1805, just four months after his brother, Sir Arthur. The British inhabitants of Calcutta, on the eve of his departure, addressed him in language which has come to be regarded by all competent judges as the just expression of the character he displayed and the deeds he accomplished. "The events of the last seven years," said they, "have marked the period of your government as the most important epoch in the history of European power in India. Your discernment in seeing the exigencies of the country and of the times in which you were called upon to act; the promptitude and determination with which you have seized upon the opportunities of acting; your just conception and masterly use of our intrinsic strength, have eminently contributed, in conjunction with the zeal, the discipline, and the courage of our armies, to decide upon these great events, and to establish from one extremity of this empire to the other the ascendency of the British name and dominion."

CHAPTER X.

OTHER INFLUENCES THAN THOSE ALREADY TRACED WHICH CONTRIBUTED TO THE FORMATION OF SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S CHARACTER—HIS EARLY SENTIMENTS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND ON CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION—NOTICES OF SOME OF HIS PRINCIPAL EARLY CONTEMPORARIES IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT AND IN THE NAVY

Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the time of his return to Britain from India, was very far advanced in the permanent formation of his character. The influences which produced and modified his habits after that period were of small account compared to the influences which produced and modified them before it. How much he was affected at any time by the most powerful of all agencies upon human character—the only agency which can render it truly good at the core, the agency of revealed truth as correctly understood from the sacred scriptures—there is little direct evidence to show; but that little, taken in connection with a great mass of indirect evidence, appears to indicate that this blessed agency worked far more extensively in him than the rigid classes of the British community commonly suppose. Most of the main influences which moulded him, as a soldier and a statesman, from the time of his boyhood till the time of his leaving India, have been traced in the course of our narrative; but others, such as the school of politics in which he was reared, the prevailing style of British statesmanship, the phenomena and sequences of the French revolution, the schemes and campaigns of Buonaparte, and the spirit and achievements of the British navy, have yet to be noticed. Some of these, in as far as they affected his future character, came to an end either before he left India or soon after, and may appropriately form the subject of our present chapter. The rest continued to operate during many subsequent years, and must be allowed to develop themselves in the progress of our story.

What we shall chiefly notice in this chapter are the influences which bore on Sir Arthur Wellesley's character from the school of politics to which he belonged, the style of British statesmanship during the early years of his active life, and the animus of the British navy up to the time when it obtained complete mastery of the seas. But we shall not undertake the metaphysical task of attempting to trace those influences directly. We shall only notice some of the sources whence they flowed and some of the circumstances in which they operated, leaving our readers to examine or trace their action for themselves. In other words, we shall merely make brief mention of some public men whose con-

duct made broad moulding impressions on our hero's character; and thus while indicating some great points in his own mental progress, we shall at the same time exhibit a few of the most distinguished of his early British contemporaries. Our present chapter will appear more digressive than any preceding one; but it will nevertheless throw much diffused light upon both the previous and the subsequent parts of our narrative.

Our hero's greatest early political contemporary, and the man who exerted the strongest public influence on the formation of the political elements of his character, was William Pitt. That brilliant statesman was born in May, 1759. His father, the famous Earl of Chatham, took special personal pains, for a series of years, on his education, persuaded, as he was in the habit of saying, that "William would one day increase the glory of the name of Pitt" In January, 1781, young Pitt entered parliament for the borough of Appleby; and, in spite of his extreme youth, partly from the prestige of his father's name, but much more from the vast force of his own eloquence and talents, he at once took the place of a leader of the old whig party, to which his father had belonged. Next year, though then only twenty-three years of age, he became chancellor of the exchequer. A few months later, he was offered the premiership itself, but prudently declined it. In 1784, when the coalition ministry of North and Fox was wrecked upon a stupendously bold bill for altering the government of India, yet without losing a high ascendency of strength in parliament, Pitt was again offered the premiership, accepted it, made stern battle against the coalition, and completely triumphed over them: and from that time till his death, a period of about twenty-two years, he maintained with little interruption the undisputed command of government. His intrepidity and genius could not fail to exert a stimulating effect upon the rising young men of his day; especially when, as in the case of Arthur Wellesley, his political principles were at the same time admired

One fine thing in Pitt, which looks doubly beautiful when seen looming through the long subsequent struggle of parties, was his fervid denunciation of the slave trade. In 1792, when the immortal Wilberforce moved the abolition of that monster-wickedness, and when Dundas, then secretary of state, moved an amendment more favourable to the planters than to the slaves, Pitt, in a luminous burning speech, opposed the amendment, and conjured the legislature not to postpone for an hour a complete abolition. "Reflect," said he, "on the eighty thousand persons annually torn from their native land,—on the connections which are broken,—on the friendships, attachments, relationships that are burst asunder! There is something in the horror of this trade that surpasses all the bounds of imagination. How shall we repair the mischiefs we have brought upon that continent! If, knowing the miseries we have caused, we refuse even now to put a stop to them, how greatly aggravated will be the guilt of retaining!"

Again,—"I do not understand complimenting away the lives of so many human beings. I do not understand the principle on which a few individuals are to be complimented, and their minds set at rest, at the expense and total sacrifice of the interest, the security, the happiness of a whole quarter of the world, which, from our foul practices, has, for a vast length of time, been a scene of misery and horror. I say, because I feel, that every hour you continue this trade you are guilty of an offence beyond your power to atone for; and by your indulgence to the planters thousands of human beings are to be miserable for ever. I feel its infamy so heavily, I am so clearly convinced of its impolicy, that I am ashamed I have not been able to prevail upon the house to abandon it altogether at an instant,—to pronounce with one voice immediate and total abolition. There is no excuse for us seeing this infernal traffic as we do." It is the very death of justice to utter a syllable in support of it. I know I state this subject with warmth, I feel it is impossible for me not to do so; or if it were, I should detest myself for the exercise of moderation."

A prominent circumstance in Pitt's history was the stand he made against the French Revolution. At first, indeed, he was rather favourable to it,—hopeful that it might only sweep away abuses, and leave the world at peace; and even when he began to see that it was the enemy of social order, and was rushing into combat with all upholders of sound government, he did not, like Burke, rise up against it instantly and vehemently, but "was dragged into the contest with as much reluctance as a man of conscientious principles into a duel." But when once into hostility with it, he fought with all the fervour of his fiery nature, with all the strength of his high position, and with all the tenacity of a total, unyielding, deadly antagonism. He advocated neutrality till the murder of the French king; and then he proclaimed war to the knife. Moving the address on the royal speech on the 1st of February, 1793, he denounced the execution of Louis XVI. as "an act of outrage to every principle of religion, justice, and humanity,—an act which, in this country, and throughout Europe, had excited but one general sentiment of indignation and abhorrence, and could not fail to excite the same sentiments in every civilized nation." And, continued he, "The whole of the language, institutions, and conduct of the revolutionists had been directed to the total subversion of every government. To monarchy particularly they had testified the most decided aversion; and so violent was their enmity, that they could be satisfied with nothing less than its entire extermination. The bloody sentence, which the hand of the assassin had lately carried into execution against their own monarch, was passed against the sovereigns of all countries! Were not these principles intended to be applied in their effects to this government? No society in this country, however small in number, however contemptible, however even questionable in existence, had sent addresses to their assembly, in which they had expressed sentiments of sedition and trea-

son, which had not been received with a degree even of theatrical extravagance, and cherished with all the enthusiasm of congenial feeling. Need he then ask if England was not aimed at in this conduct, and if it alone was to be exempted from the consequences of a system, the profession of which was anarchy, and which seemed to aspire to establish universal dominion upon the ruin of every government?"

Arthur Wellesley was not inferior to Pitt in expressing these sentiments; and perhaps rather preceded than followed him in adopting them. He was then in his short course of service in the Irish parliament; and a very scarce publication, the Parliamentary Debates of the Irish House of Commons, records as follows:—"January 10, 1793. The Hon. Mr. Wesley seconded the motion (for an address in reply to a speech from the throne). He said that at a time when opinions were spreading throughout Europe inimical to kingly government, it behoved us, in a particular manner, to lay before our gracious Sovereign our determination to support and maintain the constitution. He took notice that, under the present reign, this country had risen to a state of unexampled prosperity. He said that the augmentation of the forces, as mentioned in the speech, had from the circumstances of the times become necessary. He reprobated in very severe terms the conduct of the French towards their king, and their invasion of the territories of sovereign princes, and their irruption into the Austrian Netherlands. He applauded the conduct of the administration of this country for issuing the proclamation of the 8th of November; and he condemned the attempt of a set of men, styling themselves national guards, and appearing in military array,—a set of men unknown in the country, except by their attempts to overthrow the government."

Another salient point in Pitt's career was his high opposition to the political disabilities of the Roman Catholics. He specially pledged this opposition in the course of the proceedings for effecting the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland,—a measure which he greatly desired, and which his own exertions were mainly instrumental in achieving; and when he found, after the union took place, that any attempt he might make in favour of Catholic emancipation would be abortive,—that it would be resisted, and was in fact prohibited, by the King,—he first made a strong appeal on the subject to his Majesty, and then, on receiving an equally strong repulse, resigned his premiership.

Arthur Wellesley was then in India; and whether he sympathised, in any degree, with this move of Pitt we cannot tell. The probability is that he did not. But, at any rate, in 1793, when he sat in the Irish parliament, he expressed milder opinions respecting the Catholic disabilities than those entertained by the majority of anti-emancipationists. On the 10th of January in that year, on the same occasion on which he uttered his sentiments respecting the French revolution, he said, "In regard to what had been recommended [illegible] speech

from the throne respecting our Catholic fellow-subjects (for improving their condition, and promoting a good understanding between them and Protestants) he could not repress expressing his approbation on that head. He had no doubt of the loyalty of the Catholics of this country; and he trusted that when the question should be brought forward respecting that description of men, we would lay aside all animosities, and act with moderation and dignity, and not with the fury and violence of partisans." And about seven weeks afterwards, in support of a bill for granting the franchise to Roman Catholic forty shilling freeholders, and in opposition to an amendment for empowering Roman Catholics to sit and vote in the House of Commons, he said, "He had no objection to giving the Roman Catholics the benefits of the constitution; and in his opinion the bill conferred them in an ample degree; but the motion of the honourable gentleman seemed calculated to promote disunion. With the bill, as it stands, the Protestants are satisfied, and the Roman Catholics contented. Why, then, agitate a question which may disturb both? A gentleman has said that admitting the forty shilling freeholders of the Roman Catholic persuasion to vote at elections will annihilate the Protestant establishment in Ireland; and he has founded this assertion upon a supposition that the Roman Catholics will, in voting, be directed by their priests. But have not Roman Catholics, like Protestants, various interests and various passions by which they are swayed,—the influence of their landlords, their good or bad opinion of the candidates, their own interests, and a thousand other motives? It appeared to him that they would not vote in a body, or as had been supposed, if the bill should pass in its present form: but if the motion of the honourable gentleman should be adopted, then indeed they would undoubtedly unite in support of Roman Catholic candidates."

Pitt, though out of office during two years, supported most of the measures of Addington, his successor; and at the renewal of the war in 1803, he made a successful move to expel Addington, and resumed his seat on the treasury-bench. He soon found opposition to Buonaparte more difficult than before, more exhausting to both his own energies and the country's resources, more severely tasking to all his powers of diplomacy and all his means of physical resistance; and in 1805, almost contemporaneously with Sir Arthur Wellesley's arrival from India, he concluded with the continental states against France a third coalition, which, in consequence of Buonaparte's rapid and brilliant career of victory, proved more disastrous than even that first coalition in whose wars in the Low Country our hero first drew his sword. Pitt then broke suddenly down in both hopes and health, and he died on the 23d of January 1806, exclaiming with his last voice, "Save my country, heaven!" He had multitudes of admirers, but not many close friends. He lived for the public, spent his strength in the face of the world, and moulded the characters of millions of men from his lofty platform of action with the same force and ease with which many other master-

minds mould the characters of a small circle of individuals around the hearth. He was personally a man of unimpeachable excellence; and he acquired his power by no meanness, and used it with perfect integrity. He had no prodigality, no avariciousness, no parsimoniousness, not even a duly prudent regard to his private fortune; "and the man who had so long held the treasury of Europe and the Indies was indebted to the gratitude of the nation for a vote of forty thousand pounds to pay the debts which he owed at the time of his death." Even Mr. Fox, his great political opponent, heartily concurred in this vote, remarking,—"When I see a minister who has been in office above twenty years, with the full command of places and public money, without any peculiar extravagance or waste, except what might be expected from the multiplicity of duties to which his attention was directed, exerting his influence neither to enrich himself nor those with whom he is connected, it is impossible not to conclude that he has acted with a high degree of integrity and moderation."

Pitt, though so long at the helm of the British government, though still longer at the head of one of the most powerful political parties of modern times, though respected for skill and consistency by all candid political antagonists, and though earning a posthumous fame of greater breadth and permanency than falls to the lot of most distinguished political leaders, yet is pronounced by cool critics of all classes, who dispassionately review his history, to have perpetrated some very serious public errors. Nevertheless, the candid opponents of his peculiar creed palliate these, and admire him in spite of them. "The difficulties of his situation," observes one antagonist critic, "were of a nature wholly unparalleled in history. A person of great steadiness might well have faltered in his course through such a sea of troubles; and the resources of a very fertile mind might have easily been exhausted by the strange and novel exigencies of the crisis. Nor have we a right severely to blame him who met this demand, rather by extraordinary devices than happy ones. A minister may well be deemed able whom we must allow to have been equal to such novel emergencies; and much of greatness may be attached to the name of Mr. Pitt, while we are compelled wholly to reject the extravagant praises which his followers have lavished upon him. In the policy which he pursued during the more ordinary times which preceded the Revolution, far less appears to censure, and, with the exception of the Russian armament and negociation, his conduct in relation to foreign powers was firm, consistent, and prosperous. The able and successful measures adopted in the affairs of Holland gained the unqualified approbation of all parties; and the French commercial treaty was never impeached with any effect."

Pitt's most costly error, and at the same time that which came most powerfully to affect the fortunes and to evoke the genius of Sir Arthur Wellesley, was his mode of wielding the physical forces of Britain against France. He retained, and may be said to have sanctioned, that supine, cumbrous, inefficient condition

of the army which we noticed in our first chapter. He spent our main strength, during twelve years of war, in making colonial acquisitions,—with the effect, indeed, of wresting from France all her maritime possessions, and of raising the commerce of Britain to the most exalted prosperity,—but at the cost of adding upwards of three hundred millions to the national debt, and without putting any arrest on the enemy's career of continental conquest. He did not send a British army as a principal force in the contest, but trusted mainly to the subsidizing of continental armies, who possessed little energy and were not much under his control. He totally lost the opportunity of striking a blow at the heart o France, both at the commencement of her outrages, and at the time when she sank into inaction previous to the rise of Buonaparte,—a blow which, at either of these periods, could have been easily dealt, and would, in all human probability, have prevented all the oppressions and desolations and hostilities which followed. And, in so far as he did employ the armed forces of Britain on the continent, he did not concentrate them into any one great line of action, but frittered them down into little expeditions, operating at various points on the circumference of a vast circle of territory, or making momentary, feeble, unproductive descents upon some vulnerable part of a frontier.

This scattered, wasteful, pithless system of antagonism was pursued by Pitt to the last, and was bequeathed by him to his successors, and came at length to be rectified only by the surpassing skill and indomitable perseverance of Sir Arthur Wellesley. It was in the full blush of its worthless popularity at the time of Sir Arthur's return from India; and his Times' biographer describes it well, in the following brief terms, as it existed at that time:—"Our specific duty in these alliances (the European coalitions against France) were usually limited to the supply of ships and money. We swept the ocean with our fleet, and we subsidized the great powers whose forces were actually in the field. As to the British army itself, that had been hitherto reckoned among the contingents of second and third rate states, which might be united perhaps for a convenient diversion, but which could make no pretension to service in the great European line of battle. At the beginning of the war, these demonstrations had usually been made on the coasts of France; but they were now principally directed against the northern and southern extremities of the continent, and for these reasons,—the dominion, actual or confessed, of Napoleon, against which the contest was undertaken, embraced all the ports of Europe, from the Texel to Genoa, while his battle-array extended along the length of the Rhine. The masses, therefore, of the Austrian and Russian hosts were moved directly against France from the east; and to the minor allies was left the charge of penetrating either upwards from Naples or downwards from Swedish Pomerania to the theatre of action. Sometimes detachments from Gibraltar and Malta disembarked on the shores of Italy in conjunction with Russians from Corfu and Neapolitans from

Calabria, and sometimes we landed in Hanover to create a joint-stock army with Swedes, Norwegians, and Finlanders."

Pitt's influence, however, was far from being alone or unmodified in producing that state of British society, civil and military, which moulded Arthur Wellesley's character, and called him into special action. Pitt was not an autocrat, ruling simply according to his own will. He was only one of many great senators, all of whom exerted powerful influence on the country either conjointly or antagonistically with himself, while several were quite his equals in intellectual eminence, and not much inferior to him in political strength. They were a gorgeous galaxy in the political heavens. No era of British statesmanship has made a grander display of those senatorial glories which rivet the eyes of the nation, and fascinate the hearts of young men, than the era of Pitt's chancellorship and premiership. Every man of mark, in every clime, in every age, in all lands, whose affairs are swayed by popular assemblies, takes on deep impressions, throughout his later boyhood and his early manhood, from the public conduct of his country's senators; and had Arthur Wellesley, from his thirteenth to his thirtieth year, been incomparably less an excogitator than he was—had he even possessed none of the embryo-powers of the reformer of armies, the remodeller of nations, the greatest conqueror's conqueror, and the pacificator of the world—had he been nothing more than an ordinary sprightly youth, the enlivener of a debating society or of a small political club, he could not have failed to draw many an inspiration from the reports which continually reached him of the crashing scenes and corruscating discussions in the British House of Commons. Our readers, therefore, will not think it an impertinence if we present to them an outline of these scenes from the graphic pen of Croly:—

"England had never before seen such a phalanx armed against a minister. A crowd of men of the highest natural talents, of the most practised ability, and of the first public weight in birth, fortune, and popularity, were nightly arrayed against the administration, sustained by the solitary eloquence of the young chancellor of the exchequer. Yet Pitt was not careless of followers. He was more than once even charged with sedulously gathering round him a host of subaltern politicians, whom he might throw forward as skirmishers,—or sacrifices, which they generally were. Powis, describing the 'forces led by the right honourable gentleman on the treasury bench,' said, 'the first detachment may be called his body-guard, who shoot their little arrows against those who refuse allegiance to their chief.' This light infantry were of course soon scattered when the main battle joined. But Pitt, a son of the aristocracy, was an aristocrat in all his nature, and he loved to see young men of family around him. Others were chosen for their activity, if not for their force, and some, probably, from personal liking. In the later period of his career, his train was swelled by a more influential and promising race of political worshippers, among whom were

Lord Mornington, Ryder, and Wilberforce. The minister's chief agents in the House of Commons, were Grenville and Dundas. Yet, among those men of birth or business, what rival could be found to the popular leaders on the opposite side of the house,—to Burke, Sheridan, Grey, Windham, or to Fox, that

> 'Prince and chief of many throned powers,
> Who led the embattled seraphim to war?'

Without adopting the bitter remark of the Duke de Montausier to Louis the Fourteenth, in speaking of Versailles,—'Vous aves beau faire, sire, vous n'en ferez jamais qu'un favori sans mérite,' it was impossible to deny their inferiority on all the great points of public impression. A debate in that day was one of the highest intellectual treats. There was always some new and vigorous feature in the display on both sides; some striking effort of imagination or masterly reasoning, or of that fine sophistry, in which, as was said of the vices of the French noblesse, half of the evil was atoned by the elegance. The ministerialists sarcastically pronounced that, in every debate, Burke said something which no one else ever said, Sheridan said something that no one else ought to say, and Fox something that no one else would dare to say. But the world, fairer in its decision, did justice to their extraordinary powers, and found in the Asiatic amplitude and splendour of Burke, in Sheridan's alternate subtlety and strength, reminding it at one time of Attic dexterity, and another of the uncalculating boldness of barbarism, and in Fox's matchless English self-possession, unaffected vigour, and overflowing sensibility, a perpetual source of admiration.

"But it was in the intercourse of social life that the superiority of opposition was most incontestable. Pitt's life was in the senate. His true place of existence was on the benches of that ministry which he conducted with such unparalleled ability and success. He was, in the fullest sense of the phrase, a public man; and his indulgences in the few hours which he could spare from the business of office, were more like the necessary restoratives of a frame already shattered, than the easy gratifications of a man of society; and on this principle we can safely account for the common charge of Pitt's propensity to wine. He found it essential, to relieve a mind and body exhausted by the perpetual pressure of affairs: wine was his medicine; and it was drunk in total solitude, or with a few friends from whom the minister had no concealment. Over his wine the speeches for the night were often concerted; and when the dinner was done the table council broke up only to finish the night in the house. But with Fox, all was the bright side of the picture. His extraordinary powers defied dissipation. No public man of England ever mingled so much personal pursuit of every thing in the form of indulgence with so much parliamentary activity. From the dinner he went to the debate, from the debate to the gaming-table,



and returned to his bed by day-light, freighted with parliamentary applause, plundered of his last disposable guinea, and fevered with sleeplessness and agitation,—to go through the same round within the next twenty-four hours. He kept no house; but he had the houses of all his party at his disposal, and that party were the most opulent and sumptuous of the nobility. Cato and Antony were not more unlike, than the public severity of Pitt, and the native and splendid dissoluteness of Fox. They were unlike in all things. Even in such slight peculiarities as their manner of walking into the House of Commons, the contrast was visible. From the door Pitt's countenance was that of a man who felt that he was coming into his high place of business. 'He advanced up the floor with a quick firm step, with the head erect, and thrown back, looking to neither the right nor the left, nor favouring with a glance or a nod any of the individuals seated on either side, among whom many of the highest would have been gratified by such a mark of recognition.' Fox's entrance was lounging or stately, as it might happen, but always good-humoured. He had some pleasantry to exchange with every body, and until the moment when he rose to speak, continued gaily talking with his friends.

"Of all the great speakers of a day fertile in oratory, Sheridan had the most conspicuous natural gifts. His figure, at his first introduction into the house, was manly and striking; his countenance singularly expressive, when excited by debate; his eye large, black, and intellectual; and his voice one of the richest, most flexible, and most sonorous, that ever came from human lips. Pitt's was powerful, but monotonous; and its measured tone often wearied the ear. Fox's was all confusion in the commencement of his speech; and it required some tension of ear throughout to catch his words. Burke's was loud and bold, but unmusical; and his contempt for order in his sentences, and the abruptness of his grand and swelling conceptions, that seemed to roll through his mind like billows before a gale, often made the defects of his delivery more striking. But Sheridan, in manner, gesture, and voice, had every quality that could give effect to eloquence. Pitt and Fox were listened to with profound respect, and in silence, broken only by occasional cheers; but from the moment of Sheridan's rising, there was an expectation of pleasure, which to his last days was seldom disappointed. A low murmur of eagerness ran round the house; every word was watched for, and his first pleasantry set the whole assemblage in a roar. Sheridan was aware of this; and has been heard to say, 'that if a jester would never be an orator, yet no speaker could expect to be popular in a full house, without a jest; and that he always made the experiment, good or bad, as a laugh gave him the country gentlemen to a man.' In the house he was always formidable; and though Pitt's moral or physical courage never shrank from man, yet Sheridan was the antagonist with whom he evidently least desired to come into collision, and with whom the collision, when it did [illegible]

was of the most fretful nature. Pitt's sarcasm on him as a theatrical manager and Sheridan's severe yet fully justified retort, are too well known to be now repeated; but there were a thousand instances of that 'keen encounter of their wits,' in which person was more involved than party.

"Burke was created for parliament. His mind was born with a determination to things of grandeur and difficulty.

> Spumantemque dari, pecora inter inertia, votis
> Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.

Nothing in the ordinary professions, nothing in the trials or triumphs of private life, could have satisfied the noble hunger and thirst of his spirit of exertion. This quality was so predominant, that to it a large proportion of his original failures, and of his unfitness for general public business, which chiefly belongs to detail, is to be traced through life. No Hercules could wear the irresistible weapons and the lion's skin with more natural supremacy; but none could make more miserable work with the distaff. Burke's magnitude of grasp and towering conception were so much a part of his nature, that he could never forego their exercise, however unsuited to the occasion. Let the object be as trivial as it might, his first instinct was to turn it into all shapes of lofty speculation, and try how far it could be moulded and magnified into the semblance of greatness. If he had no large national interest to summon him, he winged his tempest against a turnpike bill, or flung away upon the petty quarrels and obscure peculations of the underlings of office, colours and forms that might have emblazoned the fall of a dynasty.

"Erskine, like many other characters of peculiar liveliness, had a morbid sensibility to the circumstances of the moment, which sometimes strangely enfeebled his presence of mind. Any appearance of neglect in his audience, a cough, a yawn, or a whisper, even among the mixed multitude of the courts, and strong as he was there, has been known to dishearten him visibly. This trait was so notorious, that a solicitor, whose only merit was a remarkably vacant face, was said to be often planted opposite to Erskine by the adverse party, to yawn when the advocate began. The cause of his first failure in the house, was not unlike this curious mode of disconcerting an orator. He had been brought forward to support the falling fortunes of Fox, then struggling under the weight of the coalition. The India Bill had heaped the king's almost open hostility on the accumulation of public wrath and grievance which the ministers had with such luckless industry been employed during the year in raising for their own ruin. Fox looked abroad for help; and Gordon, the member for Portsmouth, was displaced from his borough, and Erskine was brought into the house, with no slight triumph of his party, and perhaps some degree of anxiety on the oppo-

site side. On the night of his first speech, Pitt, evidently intending to reply, sat with pen and paper in his hand, prepared to catch the arguments of this formidable adversary. He wrote a word or two; Erskine proceeded; but with every additional sentence Pitt's attention to the paper relaxed; his look became more careless; and he obviously began to think the orator less and less worthy of his attention. At length, while every eye in the house was fixed upon him, he, with a contemptuous smile, dashed the pen through the paper, and flung them on the floor. Erskine never recovered from this expression of disdain; his voice faltered, he struggled through the remainder of his speech, and sank into his seat dispirited and shorn of his fame. But a mind of the saliency and variety of Erskine's, must have distinguished itself wherever it was determined on distinction; and it is impossible to believe, that the master of the grave, deeply-reasoned, and glowing eloquence of this great pleader, should not have been able to bring his gifts with him from Westminster-hall to the higher altar of parliament. There were times when his efforts in the house reminded it of his finest effusions at the bar. But those were rare. He obviously felt that his place was not in the legislature,—that no man can wisely hope for more than one kind of eminence; and except upon some party emergency, he seldom spoke, and probably never with much expectation of public effect. His later years lowered his name. By his retirement from active life, he lost the habits forced upon him by professional and public rank; and wandered through society, to the close of his days, a pleasant idler; still the gentleman and the man of easy wit, but leaving society to wonder what had become of the great orator, in what corner of the brain of this perpetual punster and story-teller, this man of careless conduct and rambling conversation, had shrunk the glorious faculty, that in better days flashed with such force and brightness; what cloud had absorbed the lightnings that had once alike penetrated and illumed the heart of the British nation."

But if any one, too insusceptible himself to be much affected by the intellectual gladiatorship of public men, should think it improbable that Arthur Wellesley's character was materially influenced by the contests of British statesmen, he at least cannot think the same thing respecting the achievements of Britain's naval heroes. That was a time when all men, in all climes, learned how "Britannia rules the waves." Young Wellesley, beyond all doubt, looked with more than vulgar wonder, looked with the eagle eye of a coming conqueror, upon those "wooden walls" of his country which even the most stupid of her enemies were regarding with astonishment. Constituted as his mind was, and earnestly acquainting himself with every part of the art of war, he could not but feel intense interest, for their own sake, in our navy's armaments, discipline, tactics, and triumphs; and when he compared them with the heavy equipments, the rambling aims, and the inefficient service of our army, he must have been

irresistibly instigated to investigate the spirit of them, in order to ascertain exactly what sustained the bravery of our naval heroes, and secured to them so uniformly the chaplet of victory. If, therefore, we were to write our navy's history through all its contests with France and her allies till it became perfectly triumphant, we would only show a continual furbishing of the sword which clove down Napoleon at Waterloo; but out of regard to the double duty of keeping within small limits and noticing principal contemporaries, we shall only make mention of the chief acts of three of our greatest naval heroes, Jervis, Nelson, and Collingwood.

John Jervis was born in 1736 and lived till 1823. He rose to the rank of admiral, to the office of first lord of the admiralty, and to the dignities of knighthood and nobility,—the latter under the title of Earl St. Vincent. He entered the navy in 1749, went first into action in 1759, made notable achievements in 1778 and 1782, and discharged a series of public duties, through a long period of both war and peace, down to the 85th year of his age; but performed his grandest exploit and earned his chief fame in a sea-fight, in February 1797, off Cape St. Vincent, whence he took his title of nobility. He was then commander in the Mediterranean station, and had with him fifteen ships of the line, most of them of inferior size. A Spanish fleet of twenty-seven ships—eighteen of which were seventy-fours, two eighty-fours, six three-deckers, and one a four-decker—was lying at Cadiz, waiting an opportunity to join the French fleet. It was closely watched by Jervis, and long sought to slip out unobserved, but could not. It at last got out on the 4th of February, and was instantly pursued by the British fleet. On the 5th the Spaniards passed Gibraltar, and left three line of battle ships in the bay. A few days after, they were discovered by one of the British frigates; and on the night of the 13th, the two fleets were so close to each other that their signal guns were mutually heard. On the morning of the 14th, the whole of the Spanish fleet was visible to the British off Cape St. Vincent. Some of their ships appearing to be separated from the main body, Jervis immediately conceived the idea of cutting them off. He accordingly formed his squadron in line of battle ahead and astern, and, pushing through the enemy with a press of sail, completely attained his object. By this manœuvre his immediate opponents were reduced to eighteen sail of the line. About noon the Spanish admiral attempted to wear round, and join his ships to leeward, but being frustrated, he endeavoured to sheer off. His retreat was, however, effectually prevented by the tactics of Jervis, and the daring gallantry of his subordinates, amongst whom were Troubridge, Parker, Nelson, and Collingwood. The enemy being thus forced to a close action, suffered a signal defeat, losing four of their ships, and an immense number of their men. For this splendid victory, Admiral Jervis received the thanks of both houses, and was promoted to the peerage. On moving the votes, Earl Spencer said,—"Sir John Jervis's unremitting exertions, his

indefatigable activity, and his judicious management, are as conspicuous as the glorious event with which they have been crowned is unparalleled. His conduct throughout the whole has been such as to stamp him one of the greatest commanders this country ever produced; while the superior force with which he had to contend marks the victory as an exploit unprecedented in the history of this country. I believe it is unparalleled, and I am sure it can never be surpassed."

Lord St. Vincent was scarcely more distinguished as a commander than as a disciplinarian. A terrific mutiny shook great part of the British navy in 1797, and struck more alarm into the heart of the British nation than almost any other event throughout the European war. It appeared in the Channel fleet, and was there suppressed by very grand negociation. It appeared in the fleet at the Nore, and was there suppressed by a series of elaborate proceedings, variously civil, military, and naval. It appeared in the fleet off Cadiz, and was there suppressed by the simple tact of Lord St. Vincent. "Had an admiral less firm and energetic been at the head of the fleet off Cadiz," remarks Alison, "the mutiny would, in all probability, have been attended with the most disastrous consequences. It extended through nearly all the ships in the fleet. In the Romulus it first appeared, and the captain only succeeded in appeasing it for the time by a promise that the vessel should on a certain day proceed to England St. Vincent ratified it, but the day before the ship sailed, he drafted every man out of her, and sent her home with another crew. But it was on the arrival of Sir Roger Curtis's squadron, which joined the fleet from the Channel in September 1797, that the mutiny became most alarming. It broke out with great violence on board the Marlborough, Lion, and Centaur, part of Sir Roger's squadron, which had with great difficulty been kept in a state of subordination during the voyage from Spithead. A court-martial was forthwith assembled on board the flag-ship, and one of the principal ringleaders having been sentenced to be hanged, St. Vincent, according to his invariable practice, ordered him 'to be executed by the crew of the Marlborough alone, no part of the boats' crews from other ships assisting on the occasion.' The commander of the Marlborough, Captain Ellison, represented that the crew of his vessel would not obey the order, and requested the aid of other boats' crews as usual on such occasions. But St. Vincent sternly replied, 'Captain Ellison, you are an old officer, have suffered severely in the service, and lost an arm in action, but that man shall be hanged at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and by his own ship's company, for not another hand from any other ship in the fleet shall touch the rope.' He took, however, the most effectual measures to support Captain Ellison in the discharge of this trying duty. All the launches in the fleet, armed with heavy carronades and twelve rounds of ball cartridge, were ordered to be in attendance, manned by trusty crews and gunners, under the command

of an inn veteran, Captain Compton of the Blenheim. The orders of St. Vincent to him were, 'if any symptoms of mutiny appeared in the Marlborough, any attempt to open her ports, or any resistance to hanging the prisoner, he was to proceed close to the ship, fire into her, and continue to fire till all mutiny or resistance should cease; and if it should become absolutely necessary, to sink the ship in the face of the fleet.' At seven, next morning, all the launches, thus armed, proceeded to the Marlborough, and took a position within pistol-shot of that vessel, athwart her bows: their guns were then loaded. At half-past seven, on a signal from the admiral's ship, all the hands on board the fleet were turned up to witness the punishment; and at a quarter before eight, a powerfully armed boat quitted the flag-ship, bearing the prisoner to be executed by his own crew. It speedily neared the Marlborough; the man was taken up, placed on the cat-head, and the halter put about his neck. An awful silence of a few minutes ensued; every eye in the fleet was bent in intense anxiety on the prisoner: the crisis was come; discipline or mutiny in a few seconds would prevail. The watch-bells of the fleet at length struck eight; a gun at the same moment was discharged from the flag-ship, and instantly the man was hoisted in the air. He soon dropped again, however, for the men at the rope had unintentionally let it slip. The anxiety throughout the fleet now became unbearable, for it was thought the crew had resisted the order. Presently, however, he was hauled up to one of the yard-arms with a run. Lord St. Vincent for the first time turning aside his eye, said, 'The law is satisfied, discipline has been preserved.' This was the crisis of the mutiny. Its spirit was indeed far from being extinguished, and dangerous disturbances afterwards broke out on board particular vessels; but there was no disposition evinced again to contest the power of the law."

Horatio Nelson was born in 1758, and died at the battle of Trafalgar in October, 1805. He went to sea in his twelfth year, obtained his first naval command in 1778, and began a series of hot services immediately after the commencement of the war with France. He rose to the rank of vice-admiral, attained a place in the peerage under the title of Viscount Nelson, and won for his heirs in his last action an earldom and a princely grant of public money. Common consent, both of his contemporaries and of the succeeding generation, has pronounced him the greatest hero of the seas,—not only the greatest in his own age, but the greatest that ever lived. Nelson was in the navy what Wellington was in the army, with this difference that he fought far fewer battles and ran a much shorter and less varied career; but they stand at the head of respectively naval commanders and military commanders in the roll of British fame. It is doubtful whether these heroes ever met. A popular anecdote says that they did meet,—that they met but once,—that the meeting took place in a small anteroom at the Colonial office, in Downing Street, while both were waiting to see the Secretary of State,—that Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) knew



Nelson O'Bronte

Nelson from the portraits of him,—that Nelson did not know Sir Arthur, but was so struck with his conversation that he stepped out of the room to inquire who he was. If this anecdote be correct, the meeting must have occurred only a few weeks before Nelson's death. Sir Arthur arrived in England from India in September, 1805, but on what day of that month we have not been able to ascertain; Nelson embarked at Portsmouth on the 14th day of that month, to join the fleet off the coast of Spain; so that if the heroes met at all, they must have met during a brief and hurried juncture between the one's arrival and the other's departure.

Nelson, by his unparalleled bravery and audacity, contributed mainly to Jervis's victory off Cape St. Vincent. Disobeying the admiral's signals, he bore gallantly down upon seven of the enemy's fleet. On being asked if he had reckoned them, he replied, "No; it will be time enough to do that when they have struck." After having attacked the Santissima Trinidada of one hundred and thirty-six guns, he passed on to the San Nicholas of eighty guns, and, compelling her to surrender, proceeded from her deck to board the San Josef of one hundred and twelve guns, which speedily submitted. For his brilliant services on this occasion, he was made a knight of the Bath, rear-admiral of the Blue, and appointed to the chief command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz. There he was attacked one night in his barge, by a Spanish launch, which, however, although her crew amounted to double the number of his own, he succeeded in taking. In the following July he commanded the expedition sent against Santa Cruz; and while heading a midnight attack on the mole, he received a shot in his elbow which compelled him to return to his ship, and afterwards occasioned him the loss of his arm.

In 1798, he hoisted his flag on board the Vanguard, and was detached by Earl St. Vincent to watch the French fleet in Toulon. They put out to sea while he was under severe stress of weather; so that he had to go in search of them, he knew not whither. During the whole cruise, whenever the weather and circumstances would permit, he took his captains on board the Vanguard, and there fully developed to them his ideas of the different and best modes of attack, and such plans as he proposed to execute upon falling in with the enemy, whatever their position or situation might be. With the masterly ideas of their admiral, therefore, on the subject of naval tactics, every one of the captains of his squadron became most thoroughly acquainted; and upon surveying the situation of the enemy, they knew with precision what were his ideas and intentions, without the aid of any further instructions, by which means signals became almost unnecessary, much time was saved, and the attention of every captain could almost undistractedly be paid to the conduct of his own particular ship. In the event of falling in with the French fleet at sea, that he might make the best impression upon any part of it which might appear the most vulnerable, or

the most eligible for attack, Nelson divided his force into three sub-squadrons, two of which were to attack the ships of war, while the third was to pursue the transports, and to sink and destroy as many as it could. Though the destination of the French armament was involved in doubt and uncertainty, yet he strongly thought that, as it was commanded by the man whom the French had dignified with the title of the 'Conqueror of Italy,' and as he had with him a very large body of troops, an expedition had been planned, which the land-force might execute without the aid of their fleet, should the transports be permitted to make their escape, and reach in safety their place of rendezvous. It therefore became a material consideration with Nelson, so to arrange his force as at once to engage the whole attention of their ships of war, and at the same time materially to annoy and injure their convoy. It is unnecessary to explain his projected mode of attack at anchor, as that was minutely and precisely executed in the action which soon followed.

Nelson discovered the French fleet on the 1st of August 1798. The Alexander and Swiftsure had been detached ahead on the preceding evening to reconnoitre the ports of Alexandria, while the main body of the squadron kept in the offing. The enemy's fleet was first discovered by the Zealous, Captain Hood, who immediately communicated by signal the number of ships, sixteen, lying at anchor in line-of-battle, in a bay upon the larboard bow, which was afterwards found to be Aboukir bay. The admiral hauled his wind that instant, a movement which was immediately observed and followed by the whole squadron; and at the same time he recalled the Alexander and Swiftsure. The wind was at this time north-north-west, and blew what seamen call a top-gallant breeze. The admiral then made the signal to prepare for battle, and intimated that it was his intention to attack the enemy's van and centre as they lay at anchor. A bower cable of each ship was immediately got out abaft, and bent forward. "We continued," says an eye-witness, "carrying sail, and standing in for the enemy's fleet in a close line of battle. As the officers of our squadron were totally unacquainted with Aboukir bay, each ship kept sounding as she stood in. The enemy appeared to be moored in a strong and compact line of battle, close in with the shore,—their line describing an obtuse angle in its form, flanked by numerous gun-boats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van. This situation of the enemy seemed to secure to them the most decided advantages, as they had nothing to attend to but their artillery, in their superior skill in the use of which the French so much pride themselves, and to which indeed their splendid series of land-victories was in general chiefly to be imputed. The position of the enemy presented the most formidable obstacles; but the admiral viewed these with the eye of a seaman determined on attack; and it instantly struck his eager and penetrating mind, that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there was room for one

of ours to anchor. No further signal was necessary than those which had already been made. The admiral's designs were as fully known to his whole squadron, as was his determination to conquer or perish in the attempt.

"The Goliath and Zealous had the honour to lead inside, and to receive the first fire from the van-ships of the enemy, as well as from the batteries and gun-boats with which their van was strengthened. These two ships, with the Orion, Audacious, and Theseus, took their stations inside the enemy's line, and were immediately in close action. The Vanguard anchored the first on the outer side of the enemy, and was opposed within half-pistol shot to Le Spartiate, the third in the enemy's line. In standing in, our leading ships were unavoidably obliged to receive into their bows the whole fire of the broadsides of the French line, until they could take their respective stations; and it is but justice to observe, that the enemy received us with great firmness and deliberation, no colours having been hoisted on either side, nor a gun fired, till our van-ships were within half-gun shot. At this time the necessary number of our men were employed aloft in furling sails, and on deck in hauling the braces, &c., preparatory to our casting anchor. As soon as this took place, a most animated fire was opened from the Vanguard, which ship covered the approach of those in the rear, which were following in a close line. The Minotaur, Defence, Bellerophon, Majestic, Swiftsure, and Alexander, came up in succession, and passing within hail of the Vanguard, took their respective stations opposed to the enemy's line. All our ships anchored by the stern, by which means the British line became inverted from van to rear.

"The action commenced at sunset, which was at thirty-one minutes past six P. M., with an ardour and vigour which it is impossible to describe. At about seven o'clock total darkness had come on; but the whole hemisphere was, with intervals, illuminated by the fire of the hostile fleets. Our ships, when darkness came on, had all hoisted their distinguishing lights, by a signal from the admiral. The van-ship of the enemy, Le Guerrier, was dismasted in less than twelve minutes; and in ten minutes after, the second ship, Le Conquerant, and the third, Le Spartiate, very nearly at the same moment were also dismasted. L'Aquillon and Le Souverain Peuple, the fourth and fifth ships of the enemy's line, were taken possession of by the British at half-past eight in the evening. Captain Berry at that hour sent Lieutenant Galway, of the Vanguard, with a party of marines, to take possession of Le Spartiate, and that officer returned by the boat the French captain's sword, which Captain Berry immediately delivered to the admiral, who was then below, in consequence of a severe wound which he had received in the head during the heat of the attack. At this time it appeared that victory had already declared itself in our favour; for although L'Orient, L'Heureux, and Tonnant, were not taken possession of, they were considered as completely in our power.

"At ten minutes after nine, a fire was observed on board L'Orient, the French admiral's ship, which seemed to proceed from the after-part of the cabin, and which increased with great rapidity, presently involving the whole of the after-part of the ship in flames. This circumstance Captain Berry immediately communicated to the admiral, who, though suffering severely from his wound, came upon deck, where the first consideration that struck his mind was concern for the danger of so many lives; to save as many as possible of whom, he ordered Captain Berry to make every practicable exertion. A boat, the only one that could swim, was instantly despatched from the Vanguard, and other ships that were in a condition to do so immediately followed the example; by which means, from the best possible information, the lives of above seventy Frenchmen were saved. The light thrown by the fire of L'Orient upon the surrounding objects enabled us to perceive with more certainty the situation of the two fleets, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. The cannonading was still partially kept up to leeward of the centre till about ten o'clock, when L'Orient blew up with a most tremendous explosion. An awful pause and death-like silence for about three minutes ensued, when the wreck of the masts, yards, &c., &c., which had been carried to a vast height, fell down into the water and on board the surrounding ships. After this awful scene, the firing recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre till twenty minutes past ten, when there was a total cessation of firing for about ten minutes; after which it was revived till about three in the morning, when it again ceased. After the victory had been secured in the van, such British ships as were in condition to move had gone down upon the fresh ships of the enemy. At five minutes past five in the morning, the two rear ships of the enemy, Le Guilliaume Tell and the Genereux, were the only French ships of the line that had their colours flying."

In March 1801, Nelson sailed for the Baltic, as second in command under Sir Hyde Parker; and on the 2d of April, he conducted the attack on the Danish fleet at Copenhagen. Nothing could be more formidable than the means of defence which the Danes had collected, or more gallant than the style in which they employed them; but the ardour of British seamen, guided by the skill and determined courage of Nelson, overcame all opposition. In the heat of the engagement, Nelson is reported to have exclaimed: "It is warm work; this day will be the last to many of us; but I would not be elsewhere for thousands!" And at the close of the engagement, seeing that his boats were fired upon when they went to take possession of the prizes, he wrote a note to the crown-prince, stating, "that he was commanded to spare Denmark,—that the line of defence which covered her shores had struck to his flag; but that if the firing was continued on the part of Denmark, he must fire the prizes, and the crews must inevitably perish." A wafer being brought, he called for sealing-wax; but a ball struck off the head of the boy who was bringing the candle. Nelson

ordered another to be brought, and sealed the note with the accustomed formalities, observing that to show confusion and want of calmness, even in trifles, at such a crisis, might be followed by injurious results. An answer consenting to a truce was returned; and, on the 9th of April, he landed to conclude the terms. On one point neither party would yield, and a Dane talked of renewing hostilities. "We are ready at a moment—ready to bombard this very night," said Nelson; and, as he passed through the state-rooms, for the purpose of discussing the subject with the crown-prince, he observed to the officer on whose arm he was leaning, "Though I have only one eye, I can see that all this will burn well."

His next and last great action was Trafalgar. A combined French and Spanish fleet was lying at Cadiz. A British fleet was hovering in the vicinity to attack it when it came out. Collingwood was next in command to Nelson; and on the 22d of October, 1805, he wrote the following official account of the engagement:—"On the 19th instant, it was communicated to the commander-in-chief from the ships watching the motions of the enemy in Cadiz, that the combined fleet had put to sea. As they sailed with light winds westerly, his lordship concluded their destination was the Mediterranean, and immediately made all sail for the Straits' entrance, with the British squadron, consisting of twenty-seven ships, three of them sixty-four's, where his lordship was informed by Captain Blackwood, (whose vigilance in watching, and giving notice of the enemy's movements, has been highly meritorious,) that they had not yet passed the Straits. On Monday the 21st instant at day-light, when Cape Trafalgar bore east by south about seven leagues, the enemy was discovered six or seven miles to the eastward, the wind about west, and very light. The commander-in-chief immediately made the signal for the fleet to bear up in two columns, as they are formed in order of sailing,—a mode of attack his lordship had previously directed, to avoid the inconvenience and delay in forming a line of battle in the usual manner. The enemy's line consisted of thirty-three ships, (of which eighteen were French, and fifteen Spanish,) commanded in chief by Admiral Villeneuve. The Spaniards, under the direction of Gravina, wore with their heads to the northward, and formed their line of battle with great closeness and correctness. But as the mode of attack was unusual, so the structure of their line was new; it formed a crescent convexing to leeward, so that in leading down to their centre, I had both their van and rear abaft the beam. Before the fire opened, every alternate ship was about a cable's length to windward of her second a-head and a-stern, forming a kind of double line; and appeared, when on their beam, to leave a very little interval between them; and this without crowding their ships. Admiral Villeneuve was in the Bucentaure in the centre, and the Prince of Asturias bore Gravina's flag in the rear; but the French and Spanish ships were mixed without any apparent regard to order of national

squadron. As the mode of our attack had been previously determined on, and communicated to the flag-officers and captains, few signals were necessary, and none were made, except to direct close order as the lines bore down. The commander-in-chief in the Victory led the weather-column, and the Royal Sovereign, which bore my flag, the lee. The action began at twelve o'clock, by the leading ships of the columns breaking through the enemy's line,—the commander-in-chief about the tenth ship from the van,—the second in command about the twelfth from the rear,—leaving the van of the enemy unoccupied; the succeeding ships breaking through, in all parts, astern of their leaders, and engaging the enemy at the muzzles of their guns. The conflict was severe. The enemy's ships were fought with a gallantry highly honourable to their officers. But the attack on them was irresistible; and it pleased the Almighty Disposer of all events to grant his Majesty's arms a complete and glorious victory. About three P. M. many of the enemy's ships having struck their colours, their line gave way. Admiral Gravina, with ten ships joining their frigates to leeward, stood towards Cadiz. The five headmost ships in their van tacked, and standing to the southward, to windward of the British line, were engaged, and the sternmost of them taken. The others went off, leaving to his majesty's squadron nineteen ships of the line, of which two are first-rates."

Nelson was very deeply impressed with the idea that this action was to be his last. After all the necessary preparations for battle were completed, he retired to his cabin and prepared a sort of testamentary document. On the morning of the 21st, he put on the stars of all the different orders with which he had been invested; and on his secretary and chaplain remonstrating with him on the additional danger to which his life would be exposed if he appeared on deck with these insignia visible upon him, he replied: "In honour I gained them; and in honour I will die with them." When Captain Blackwood took leave of him to proceed on board his own ship, Nelson shook him by the hand, saying, "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again." At a little after twelve, his flag-ship, the Victory, opened her fire from both sides, and ran on the Redoubtable, from the main-top of which Nelson soon after received a musket-ball in the left breast, and fell. Two of his crew having lifted him, he exclaimed, "They have done for me at last; my back-bone is shot through." Yet such was the presence of mind he still retained in his mortal agony that, as they were carrying him down the ladder, he ordered the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, to be replaced, and covered, with his handkerchief, his face and stars that the sight of him might not damp the spirits of the crew. On being told that the surgeon was about to examine his wound, he said, "It is of no use: he can do nothing for me, he had better attend to others." He eagerly inquired from time to time how the day was going; and, on learning that fourteen or fifteen of the enemy had struck, he gave directions that, at the close of the action, the

fleet should be brought to anchor. A hint was then dropped about devolving the command on Collingwood; but he promptly declared that he himself would command till he fell asleep in death. He afterwards kept on repeating, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" And after having heard the last guns which were fired, he expired without a groan at a quarter past four o'clock in the afternoon.

Cuthbert Collingwood was born in 1750, and died in 1810. He entered the navy in 1761, and ran a course of very varied and very arduous service, often in company with Nelson, and generally next to him on the ladder of promotion. He eminently distinguished himself on many great occasions, but most of all at the battle of Trafalgar; and then he was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Collingwood, and appointed Nelson's successor in the command-in-chief in the Mediterranean. In approaching the enemy's line of battle off Trafalgar, his ship was at the head of his own column, and considerably in advance of the head of Nelson's column. "The order," says his biographer, "was given to rig out and hoist away, and in one instant the ship was under a crowd of sail, and went rapidly ahead. The admiral then directed the officers to see that all the men lay down on the decks, and were kept quiet. At this time the Fougueux, the ship astern of the Santa Anna, had closed up, with the intention of preventing the Royal Sovereign from going through the line; and when admiral Collingwood observed it, he desired Captain Rotheram to steer immediately for the Frenchman, and carry away his bowsprit. To avoid this, the Fougueux backed her main top-sail, and suffered the Royal Sovereign to pass, at the same time beginning her fire; when the admiral ordered a gun to be occasionally fired at her, to cover his ship with smoke. The nearest of the English ships was now distant about a mile from the Royal Sovereign; and it was at this time, while she was pressing alone into the midst of the combined fleets, that Lord Nelson said to Captain Blackwood, 'See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action. How I envy him!' On the other hand, Admiral Collingwood, well knowing his commander and friend, observed, 'What would Nelson give to be here!' And it was then, too, that Admiral Villeneuve, struck with the daring manner in which the leading ships of the English squadrons came down, despaired of the issue of the contest. In passing the Santa Anna, the Royal Sovereign gave her a broadside and a half into her stern, tearing it down, and killing and wounding four hundred of her men; then with her helm hard a-starboard, she ranged up alongside so closely, that the lower yards of the two vessels were locked together. The Spanish admiral, having seen that it was the intention of the Royal Sovereign to engage to leeward, had collected all his strength on the starboard; and such was the weight of the Santa Anna's metal, that her first broadside made the Sovereign heel two streaks out of the water. Her studding-sails and halliards were now shot away; and as a top-gallant studding-sail was hang-

ing over the gangway hammocks, Admiral Collingwood called out to Lieutenant Clavell to come and help him to take it in, observing that they should want it again some other day. These two officers accordingly rolled it carefully up, and placed it in the boat. The Royal Sovereign's combat with the Santa Anna was tremendous,—fierce on the one side, furious on the other, and strongly terrible on both; but at length the Santa Anna sank rapidly in energy, and seemed on the verge of being obliged to strike before another British ship than Collingwood's own had got into close action; and she was saved from so signal a disgrace only by four other ships of the combined fleet coming to her aid, and grouping round the Royal Sovereign. Collingwood's ship had thus to struggle against five; and so vehemently was she fought by them that their balls frequently struck one another above her deck; yet she unflinchingly maintained her original combat with the Santa Anna, and, after a period of two hours, in spite of all the efforts of the other four, compelled that huge ship to strike. During the latter part of the action, Collingwood sent his men off the poop, in order that they might not be unnecessarily exposed; yet he himself long after remained there.

"As a naval officer, skilled in the practical part of his profession," says a writer in the Quarterly Review, "Lord Collingwood, we believe, had few equals. He was a strict disciplinarian, and kept his ship in the highest order without severity. To corporal punishments he had rarely occasion to resort; and, whenever that happened, it is stated, he was for many hours afterwards melancholy and silent, sometimes not speaking a word again for the remainder of the day. He never omitted assembling the crew on Sundays for divine worship; but he had no opinion of those saintly gentlemen, who were more attentive to praying than to the comfort or discipline of the crew. 'I cannot,' he is said to have observed, 'I cannot for the life of me, comprehend the religion of an officer who can pray all one day, and flog his men all the next.' When Lord St. Vincent repressed, in the Mediterranean fleet, the spirit of mutiny which had unhappily prevailed at the ports of England, he was so convinced of the excellence of that prompt and decisive system which Captain Collingwood pursued, that it was his frequent practice to draft the most ungovernable spirits into the Excellent. 'Send them to Collingwood,' he used to say, 'and he will bring them to order.' On one occasion, a seaman was sent from the Romulus, who had pointed one of the forecastle guns, shotted to the muzzle, at the quarter-deck, and standing by it with a match, declared that he would fire at the officers, unless he received a promise that no punishment should be inflicted upon him. On his arrival on board the Excellent, Captain Collingwood, in the presence of many of the sailors, said to him, with great sternness of manner, 'I know your character well; but beware how you attempt to excite insubordination in this ship; for I have such confidence in my men, that I am certain I shall hear in an hour of every thing you

are doing. If you behave well in future, I will treat you like the rest, nor notice here what happened in another ship; but if you endeavour to excite mutiny, mark me well, I will instantly head you up in a cask, and throw you into the sea.' Under the treatment which he met with in the Excellent, this man became a good and obedient sailor, and never afterwards gave any cause of complaint. Lord Collingwood's abhorrence of corporal punishment, and his conviction of its utter worthlessness, as the means of discipline, grew stronger with his experience, so that a whole year would sometimes pass over without a single man being flogged in his ship. When a midshipman made a complaint, he would order the man for punishment the next day; and, in the interval, calling the boy down to him, would say, 'In all probability the fault was yours; but whether it were or not, I am sure it would go to your heart to see a man old enough to be your father disgraced and punished on your account; and it will, therefore, give me a good opinion of your disposition, if, when he is brought out, you ask for his pardon.' When this recommendation, acting as it did like an order, was complied with, and the lad interceded for the prisoner, Captain Collingwood would make great apparent difficulty in yielding, but at length would say, 'This young gentleman has pleaded so humanely for you, that in the hope that you will feel a due gratitude to him for his benevolence, I will for this time overlook your offence.' Lord Collingwood always kept the men strictly to their duty, and when they were sick, he visited them daily, even when an admiral, and supplied them from his own table; but by his attention to discipline, cleanliness, and above all, keeping the decks and their clothes dry, and the ship well ventilated, he had rarely more than five or six men on the sick-list, in a crew of eight hundred. 'The attention,' says his biographer, 'which Lord Collingwood paid to the health of his men has been already mentioned; but it may be added here, that in the latter years of his life he had carried his system of arrangement and care to such a degree of perfection, that perhaps no society in the world, of equal extent, was so healthy as the crew of his flag-ship. She had usually eight hundred men; was, on one occasion, more than one year and a half without going into port, and during the whole of that time never had more than six, and generally only four, on her sick list. This result was occasioned by his attention to dryness, (for he rarely permitted washing between decks,) to the frequent ventilation of the hammocks and clothes on the booms, to the creating as much circulation of air below as possible, to the diet and amusement of the men, but, above all, by the contented spirits of the sailors, who loved their commander as their protector and friend, well assured that at his hands they would ever receive justice and kindness, and that of their comforts he was more jealous than of his own.'"

CHAPTER XI.

THE EXPEDITION TO HANOVER—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S COLONELCY OF THE 33D REGIMENT—HIS MARRIAGE—HIS DEFENCE OF MARQUIS WELLESLEY, AND OTHER APPEARANCES, IN PARLIAMENT—HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE CHIEF SECRETARYSHIP IN IRELAND—THE EXPEDITION TO DENMARK—THE BATTLE OF KIOGE—THE BOMBARDMENT OF COPENHAGEN.

IMMEDIATELY after his return to Britain, Sir Arthur Wellesley was placed on the staff. About two months after, on the 4th of November, he sailed from the Downs, in command of a brigade, for the Weser. This brigade was part of an armament of 13,000 men, appointed to succour Hanover, and to make a diversion in favour of the Prussians. The force was commanded by Lord Cathcart, but sailed under the temporary orders of General Don. It landed at Bremen, amid the shouts of the citizens, and took up quarters there and in Hanover, and was joined on the 17th of December by Lord Cathcart. But, on intelligence reaching England of General Mack's defeat at Ulm, and of the disastrous overthrow at Austerlitz, a resolution was taken to recall the armament and to leave Hanover to its fate. The thirteen thousand troops, therefore, re-embarked without striking a blow or making one efficient move. They landed at Yarmouth in February, 1806; and were distributed along the coast, both for convenience of future embarkation, and for the defence of the country against any sudden invasion.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was now appointed to the command of a brigade of infantry, stationed at Hastings, in the Sussex district. He here looks to the eye of a haughty or an inconsiderate observer to have descended far from his recent lofty station in India; but he himself felt that he was only in a hollow of that direct road of duty which, more or less in the case of every straight-forward man, always undulates over hill and dale; and he paid as scrupulous attention to the discipline, manœuvering, and minute affairs of his small quiescent force as if it had been a magnificent acting army. An intimate friend of his at Hastings asked him, in surprise, how he, who had conducted great campaigns, and had received the thanks of parliament for his victories, could submit to be reduced to the command of a brigade of infantry. "For this reason," he replied; "I am *nimmukwallah*, as we say in the East; that is, I have ate of the King's salt, and therefore I conceive it to be my duty to serve with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness when and wherever the King or his government may think proper to employ me."

On the 30th of January, 1806, Sir Arthur Wellesley obtained the full

colonelcy of the 33d regiment, of which he had been Lieutenant-Colonel upwards of twelve years. This regiment, as we formerly saw, enjoyed his high confidence in India; and since his death, it has obtained the name of the Duke of Wellington's Own. The former Colonel of it was Marquis Cornwallis. That nobleman, at the time when young Wellesley became Lieutenant-Colonel, was too clear-sighted not to see his merit; yet, for several years, he eyed him with curious edifying caution. Writing in June, 1796, to the then Governor-General of India, Sir John Shore, (soon afterwards Lord Teignmouth,) he guardedly said, "Dear Sir, I beg leave to introduce to you Colonel Wesley, who is Lieutenant-Colonel of my regiment. He is a sensible man and a good officer, and will, I have no doubt, conduct himself in a manner to merit your approbation." Sir John Shore, however, had a sharper penetration and a more kindling heart toward the young Lieutenant-Colonel; for, immediately on the latter retiring at the close of their first interview, Sir John, turning quickly round to his aides-de-camp, remarked, "If that officer should have ever an opportunity of distinguishing himself, he will do it, and greatly." Marquis Cornwallis succeeded Marquis Wellesley in the governor-generalship of India,—on the fond idea that, from his former experience in that high office, he was the likeliest person to retrieve our Indian empire from the imaginary excess of conquest in which it had become entangled; but he arrived in India in declining health, and, on the 5th of October, 1805, in the midst of negociations with Holkar and Scindiah, he died in the vicinity of Benares.

On the 10th of April, 1806, Sir Arthur Wellesley married the Honourable Miss Catherine Pakenham, third daughter of Edward Michael, second Earl of Longford. A remote ancestor of the lady was William de Pakenham, a judge in the reign of Edward I.; and a more immediate one was Sir Edward Pakenham, who went to Ireland with his cousin, Sir Henry Sydney, when the latter was made Lord-Lieutenent of the kingdom. Sir Arthur Wellesley engaged himself to the lady before he went to India. She then was eminently handsome, but afterwards became disfigured by small-pox; and, aware of having lost charms which many a man would not like to see wanting in his wife, she wrote to Sir Arthur an offer to relieve him from his engagement. But he was too noble-minded to accept the offer; he built his hopes of felicity on too solid qualities to regard her disaster with any other feeling than affectionate sympathy. Yet their union proved not a happy one. The fruits of it were two sons,—Arthur, the present Duke of Wellington, born on the 3d of February, 1807, in Harley Street, London,—and Lord Charles Wellesley, born on the 16th of January, 1808, at the Chief-Secretary's lodge, in Phœnix Park, Dublin.

Early in 1806, Sir Arthur Wellesley obtained a seat in the British parliament for the borough of Rye. His presence there proved highly useful in the affairs of India, and specially serviceable in the defence of Marquis Wellesley. Mr.

Paull, the member for Westminster, was devoting his parliamentary powers, his personal strength, his assiduity, and seemingly his very life to the persecution of the Marquis. He had risen by his own exertions from an obscure origin in one of the towns of Scotland, had acquired wealth and consequence in India, and had recently returned to Britain with a vortex of mistaken feeling in his breast, which sucked down all common reason as strongly as a monomania. Toward the close of the session of parliament in 1805, and again early in the session in 1806, he made bold preliminary movements toward a very grave impeachment of Marquis Wellesley. Nearly the whole house were so tired of Indian discussions, and had so fresh and disagreeable a recollection of the trial of Mr. Hastings on a similar impeachment, that they showed strong disinclination to listen to Mr. Paull. The friends, admirers, and partisans of Marquis Wellesley, also, comprising a large portion of the house, stepped eagerly forward in his defence, and expressed often and earnestly their opinion, that his conduct not only was undeserving of censure, but merited the warmest gratitude of his country. Even Mr. Fox and most of the strong party who acted with him, though they had formerly reprobated the Marquis's system of war and conquest in India, yet believed him to be perfectly unimpeachable, and openly treated attacks upon his character as a public impertinence. The very directors of the India Company, with some exceptions, ascribed what they regarded as the terrible evils of the Marquis's administration entirely to his overt policy, and not in the slightest degree to any private mal-practice, and deprecated all attempts to put him on trial lest they should terminate in triumph to him and confusion to themselves. Yet in spite of all this opposition, in spite of almost total want of support, in spite even of such ignorance of the proper forms of procedure as involved him in ridicule and scorn, Mr. Paull went resolutely forward with his charges, displaying a firmness and a bravery which, but for his bad temper and his worse cause, might have been worthy of a martyr.

Mr. Paull's first charge was that Marquis Wellesley had appropriated one million and a half sterling to purposes not sanctioned by the East India Company,—that he had lavished £25,000 of public money per annum upon ostentatious display, which should have been defrayed from his own private resources,—and that he had increased the debt of the East India Company from little more than eleven millions sterling to thirty-one millions. This charge Mr. Paull laid formally on the table, after Sir Arthur Wellesley had become a member of the house, and after he himself had sounded long and loud notes of preparation; yet he neither had obtained one line of written evidence to support it, nor had been so provident as to engage a member to second his motion for taking it into consideration. The house sat in silent suspense for some time after he ceased to speak, till at length Sir William Geary rose and seconded his motion, simply from a desire, as he stated, that so serious a charge should not

drop without some investigation. A debate followed on the proper course to be taken in the extraordinary predicament of dealing with a criminal accusation, unsupported by a particle of evidence. Mr. Fox, in particular, let loose his fury on the affair, and menaced, rather than advised, Mr. Paull to procure documents with all possible speed in support of his motion. Sir Arthur Wellesley, "though he did not object to the motion, could not refrain from saying a few words on the manner in which the noble Marquis had been assailed. The house would recollect that, by their own votes of thanks, they had proclaimed those very acts of the Marquis as services which were now denounced as crimes. He had personally shared in many of the Marquis's proceedings; and he could say, from his own knowledge, that some of the things charged against him were misrepresented, and others wholly fictitious. An honourable member, an Indian director, had said that he had in his pocket a paper which would substantiate good part of the charge; yet he confined himself to mere assertion. Let him produce his paper, and he (Sir Arthur Wellesley) was ready to meet it. He could easily perceive the delicacy of the situation into which the house was put by the assailant of the Marquis, and how it might be a question with them whether they could in justice receive a charge which was unsupported by any evidence. He therefore concurred with Mr. Fox in urging the mover to make all speed in obtaining documents. He did not wish to press the house to any precipitate judgment, but he hoped they would consider the feelings of his noble relative, and adopt such a decision as would lead to a prompt and final discussion of the whole case."

Mr. Paull was still more hotly beset by Mr. Sheridan and other men of might, and saw cause to withdraw his motion. But he instantly went in search of documents, and though he found only eleven out of ninety-nine which he supposed to be available, and though all these eleven related to other matters than those in the charge which he had made, he came forward again only six days afterwards, with a renewal of that charge, begging the house to take it up and discuss it without waiting for more papers. Sir Arthur Wellesley said "that the practice of parliament had already been shown to be that a charge should generally, if not always, be preceded by evidence. The charge against Lord Wellesley was for squandering the money of the East India Company in unnecessary purposes of personal splendour; while the only papers produced in support of it related entirely to another charge of which the mover had as yet given no notice. As to the taking of money from the Canton treasury, and other alleged special delinquencies, mentioned by the mover, these acts had been formally approved by the Court of Directors, and were fully vindicated by a proportionate increase of assets both at home and abroad." Sir Arthur then adverted to an attempt which had been made to depreciate his testimony, on the ground that he himself was largely implicated in many parts of the Marquis's

alleged delinquency. "To this," said he, "I have a short but decisive reply. What I did in India, I did in obedience to the orders I received. But I seek no shelter from any responsibility that can attach to me. The manner of my obedience and its immediate result I am ready to answer either to this house or to any other tribunal in the realm."

Mr. Paull, seeing that the sense of the house was against him, withdrew his motion. But in a few days, he renewed it in a new form, and was again met by Sir Arthur Wellesley. Indeed, during the following month, he assailed Marquis Wellesley no fewer than four times; and on the last of these occasions, he tabled against him a new and very aggravated charge, to the effect that the Marquis had practised fraud, hypocrisy, oppression, and violence toward the nabob of Oude,—that he had been wholly unmindful of the solemn engagements of duty to the East India Company, to his sovereign, and to his country,—that he had daringly contemned the parliament, the king, and the laws, and dishonoured the British nation and name. A member repelled this wild charge on the equally wild ground that it assumed the sovereigns of India to possess the same sort of rights as the sovereigns of Europe; and he urged that there was no law in the East but the sword, and that Indian princes, being accustomed among themselves to adjust all matters of territory by the will of the strongest, were not entitled to the benefit of those rules of justice which are observed among European sovereigns. Sir Arthur Wellesley indignantly repudiated this unprincipled argument, and disdainfully rejected, on the part of his brother, so profligate a defence, declaring that he knew no distinction of equity between an Asiatic prince and an European one, and pledging himself to show that Lord Wellesley had never either invaded a right or violated a treaty.

Mr. Paull now waxed very bold and very unbending. He dared flatly to accuse Marquis Wellesley of murder. He rose, in two or three days, to intimate his intention of tabling a third formal charge. On being urged by Lord Temple to fix a specific day for the consideration of the two charges already tabled, he said that "in this matter, he was resolved to consult his own ideas." He even resisted an attempt made by others to fix an early day, and roundly intimated a design, after the model of the trial of Mr. Hastings, to protract the proceedings, if he should think necessary, through a series of years. He was actually beginning to acquire consequence and support from his very audacity. Many ordinary members were at last patiently listening to him; a few influential ones were beginning to aid him; and one noble member, Lord A. Hamilton, rashly declared his belief that "every tittle of the charges was warranted by the documents already brought forward."

Sir Arthur Wellesley was discomposed as little by the continuance and the increase of the storm as by its first blast. He told the accusers where they would find certain papers which they declared to contain important evidence,

but had vainly searched for. He expressed astonishment that a member of the house should say that charges were sustained by documents which the very gentleman himself who had produced them confessed to be wholly inadequate. "With respect to the charge of murder," he said, "it was one of too foul and atrocious a nature to be suffered to go forth unexplained, or remain as a stain upon the character of his noble relation, without placing the circumstances upon which it was founded in a proper point of view. There were certain officers called zemindars and rajahs, resident in that part of the nabob's territory which was ceded to the Company in 1801, and rendered liable to pay certain tributes, in the way of land-tax upon that territory, annually to the Company. The first year's tribute they did pay, he believed, regularly; and the regulations of the Company, which were the laws of the country, were promulgated and established in that territory. But upon the second payment being required, instead of complying with the law, they combined to resist it. They assembled together their armed forces, under the chief command of an officer named Amas Ali Khan; they retired to their forts; they set the laws at defiance; they refused to pay any tribute; and it was found necessary by the Governor-General, in support of the laws, to reduce these men by force. So formidable were they, that it required the whole of the Bengal army, with the Commander-in-chief at their head, to effect this service. They were attacked in their forts; and in the course of their obstinate resistance, some persons fell, some blood was spilt. And this was what the mover of the charges imputed to the noble Marquis as a murder. It was an act of public power, done in support of the laws of the country, like what would have been done against any class of British subjects, in similar resistance to the laws passed by that house: and the house would judge how far it was just to describe such a measure by the epithet of murder."

Mr. Paull, nothing daunted by successive repulses and refutations, continued his wretched exertions till the end of the session of 1806, and was constantly met by Sir Arthur Wellesley with clear clinching explanations of the Marquis's public conduct in India. He no doubt, had he been able, would have tried to prolong the persecution for years; but he was disarmed of his powers by the dissolution of parliament and the contempt of his constituents. He laboured hard to retain his seat, but could not succeed. He quarrelled with his best friend, Sir Francis Burdett, and dragged him to a duel, in which both were wounded. He soon after fell into commercial disappointments and mental sufferings; and in April, 1808, while in a state of delirium, and after having already lost a large portion of his ill-earned popularity, he died by his own hand.

The charges against Marquis Wellesley, notwithstanding the papers which Mr. Paull had produced to substantiate them and the members he had prevailed upon to support them, were allowed to sleep during 1807. But in February, 1808, a motion was made by Lord Folkestone that the papers respecting them

should be taken into consideration, and the question was debated whether the house should at once decide upon the charges, or whether a committee should be appointed to examine the papers and to report upon their contents. Sir Arthur Wellesley, on this occasion, "asked again, what he had always asked, what was the only thing ever asked on behalf of the noble Marquis, that the case should be brought to as speedy a decision as a regard to justice and fair inquiry would allow. The propriety of this had been enforced by the highest authorities on all sides of the house, and among others by the recently deceased Mr. Fox, whose opinion would weigh very much with his followers. He did not suppose that every member had read the papers word for word; but he was satisfied that there were very few who had not read them sufficiently to be enabled to give a conscientious vote. He therefore urged an immediate decision." The house, however, adjourned the case till the 9th of March, and again till the 17th of March; and, after interesting debates on both of these nights, they dismissed the charges. Nor only this, but, by a majority of 151 in a house of 209, they declared that "Marquis Wellesley, in his arrangements in the province of Oude, was actuated by an ardent zeal for the service of his country, and an anxious desire to promote the safety, interests, and prosperity of the British empire in India." Lord A. Hamilton, Mr. Paull's most active coadjutor, seconded by Sir T. Turton, afterwards attempted to renew the attack in another shape. But the result was a second vote of the house, more decisive than even the preceding, giving thanks jointly to Marquis Wellesley and Lord Clive, and declaring them jointly the high benefactors of India. The most pertinacious hostility could thenceforth do no more; and the noble Marquis was ever afterwards allowed the full and quiet possession of his well-earned fame.

Sir Arthur Wellesley did an important service in parliament by throwing light on the financial affairs of India. This occurred on the 10th of July, 1806. The house had resolved itself into a committee upon the Indian budget, Lord Morpeth had made an elaborate statement of the Indian revenues, Mr. Johnstone, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Francis had made long speeches on the politics of India as connected with its finance, when Sir Arthur arose to make such a luminous display of Indian affairs as showed them to be all more or less in ignorance or in error, and proved himself to be a statesman and a financier of the highest order. "For several hours, the hero of Assye, bred from almost infancy in the military ranks, whose voice was hardly recognised within the intellectual citadel of his country, continued to instruct, astonish, and enlighten his hearers by the profound knowledge which he displayed upon our Eastern relations, by his sound views of policy, and by the decided genius which he evinced for civil as well as military affairs." He commenced by making a series of expositions of political transactions, both before and after he left India, exhibiting these in lights and influences widely different from those in which

they had been shown by previous speakers. He proceeded to prove that Lord Morpeth's financial statement, though formally right, was practically wrong,—that, though its conclusions were true, its premises were false,—that, by striking the average expenditure of the Indian government on years of war, it exhibited that average correctly enough in a historical way for these bygone years, but exhibited it altogether erroneously in a financial view for years to come. He then went on to show, first, the real situation in which the finances of India would be in time of peace; secondly, the real state of the Indian debt at the close of Lord Wellesley's administration and in April, 1806; and thirdly, the comparative state of the debt and the assets, and the manner in which the debt had been contracted. And, as the general result, said he,—"The total increase of revenue during Lord Wellesley's administration in different parts of India is £6,608,239,—the revenues having been in 1798, £8,059,880, and those estimated by me for the future £14,668,119. The general commerce of the country is improved equally with the revenue. It appears by the public documents before this house that the commerce of India is now able to supply the China market so effectually as nearly to preclude the necessity of sending bullion to China, and large sums in specie are now imported into India from that country. After the view which I have taken of the general situation of the East India Company in India, I hope that it will be found that their debt, although large, and certainly pressing in a very great degree upon their prosperity, and upon the attention of those who have the management of their affairs, is not of a magnitude to create any danger; that it appears that there are means of reducing it, at no very great distance of time, to a moderate amount; and that, under the auspices of the noble Lord (Morpeth), by a just attention to the system of economy which he has recommended, and by reverting to the system and scale of establishments fixed in 1802-3, with such augmentation as the change of affairs has rendered necessary, and as I have already described, the resources of that great empire will be found to afford ample means of restoring the finances."

A plan was, about this time, concocted by the king's ministers, to employ negro troops in the room of British soldiers in the East Indies, and sepoys in the room of British soldiers in the West Indies. This plan could not have been carried into execution without much difficulty, and, in so far as practicable, would have been followed by disastrous consequences. Sir Arthur Wellesley contributed his masterly ideas of strategy and his intimate knowledge of Indian affairs to demonstrate its absurdity. He also remonstrated against it and pleaded against it with the earnestness both of a great patriot protecting the interests of his country, and of a great commander jealous for the efficiency of the army; and he accompanied his statements regarding it with such a high estimate of the British soldier and such large confidence towards the sepoy as

showed that, however much he might think of his victories in India, he ever thought of them only in connexion with the devotion and bravery of the troops who achieved them. The plan, in consequence, was abandoned.

Sir Arthur, about the same time, took part in a discussion in parliament on augmenting the pay of the army: and he remarked, on that occasion, "that the pay of subalterns in the guards was too small, and that the lowest sum on which, he considered, an ensign could subsist was 5s. 2d. per day." He likewise, some time after, gave a warm response to a royal message respecting an annuity of £2,000 a-year, to the family of Lord Lake, to commence from the date of the battle of Delhi. He appeared totally to forget that Lord Lake had been his greatest competitor for both fame and reward,—that his lordship had obtained superior honour before, and was now pushed into notice again,—that he himself had received small guerdon, and suffered much neglect; but recollecting only the high merits of Lord Lake and the wants of his family, he stood up for him like an intercessor, contended that his family's property was totally incompetent to maintain them in their proper position in society, and pleaded that they might receive such an allowance from the public treasury as should be mutually honouring to the nation and to them.

In 1807, at the commencement of the Portland administration when the Duke of Richmond became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed chief secretary of that country. This appointment—the more so that it was followed by his elevation to the rank of a privy-counsellor—gave full proof that he was already appreciated, by men of the most competent judgment, as at once an eminent statesman, a very versatile genius, and a most laborious public official. The chief secretaryship of Ireland has ever, since the legislative union, been a signally responsible post,—tantamount, in the nature and amount of its duties, to a premiership, and serving as the best possible introduction to the exercise of the highest power in the United Kingdom. Lord Grenville, Lord Castlereagh, and Sir Robert Peel all held it; and not any of them entered it in more critical circumstances, or with prospects of heavier duty, than Sir Arthur Wellesley. They, too, passed into it from homogeneous pursuits, nearly as a schoolboy passes from Sallust into Virgil; while he passed into it by almost a reversal of habits,—from India to Ireland, from the battle-field to the cabinet, from negociations with savages to transactions with savans, from the commanding of trained sepoys to the controlling of a free peasantry,—very much as if a Calcutta stripling were to pass from the elementary study of Hindostanee to a rhetorical analysing of Shakspeare. The labour and the difficulties of the office, also, were enormous, both from the number and diversity of the duties to be done, and from the conflicting interests and the fierce partisanships of the community to be governed; and these were imminent at that period, for the several reasons that the legislative union was recent, that some foully corrupt

practices which had helped to accomplish it had just come to light, that the hopes held out to the Roman Catholics of the removal of their political disabilities had been blighted, and that the spirit of rebellion against Britain and of sympathy with France continued, in spite of all repressions, or perhaps partly in consequence of them, to thrill and throb through the heart of a million or more of the Irish people. Sir Arthur, nevertheless, was confidently chosen to this great trust, and confidently undertook it. Perhaps both the ministers and himself adverted, at the time, far more to his governorship of Mysore than to his diplomacies or his victories.

Sir Arthur accepted the chief secretaryship on the condition that it should not impede or interfere with his military promotion or pursuits. He immediately repaired to Dublin, and at once plunged as heartily into the affairs of that capital, and of the kingdom, as if they alone had engaged his attention from the days of his boyhood. Many of his old friends, who had intimately known him during his former residence in Dublin, received him back with delight. He had the same unassuming demeanour, the same frankness, the same readiness to serve a friend or conciliate a foe, as when he was a simple aide-de-camp. He differed from his former self, not one jot in personal consequence, but only in keener astuteness and in high experience. "He was still in all material points Arthur Wellesley, but it was Arthur Wellesley judiciously improved."

Sir Arthur's first considerable measure, in his new office, was the introduction of the insurrection bill. This indicated both his determination to rule with vigour, and his preference of duty to popularity. The bill was similar to one which had been enacted near the outbreak of the rebellion; but it provided, in addition, for the compulsory registering of arms, and for the searching of the houses of suspected persons. Its object was to arm the executive with full power to extirpate the rife, rank, far-spread roots of sedition. It was exactly the kind of measure, if badly contrived or blunderingly executed, to exasperate the nation. Yet so wisely did Sir Arthur manage it from first to last, that only few and feeble voices were at any time lifted against it, while general acclamation soon pronounced it impartial and beneficial.

Another measure of the new chief secretary, conceived in the same spirit, and fraught with similar consequences, was the abolition of the old watch of the city of Dublin, and the establishment of a regular, well-organized, energetic body of metropolitan police. The old watch was "a nuisance and a disgrace to the metropolis," "calculated to afford protection to none but malefactors;" yet, like all other old things which have entwined themselves round the heart of a community, it was endured or loved by the very persons whom it injured, while the projected system, all unknown, was deemed by thousands a terrible novelty, which would certainly mar their merry-makings, and might perhaps destroy their freedom. Sir Arthur speedily found himself amidst the hubbub which assails every great

reformer; but he went resolutely on; and from a short time afterwards till the day of his death, he was gratefully and proudly regarded by all honest Dublinensians as the benefactor of their city.

In July 1807, Sir Arthur was appointed to take part in an expedition against Denmark. The blow to be struck was intended solely for Buonaparte, but unhappily fell, in the first instance, on an inoffending nation. Buonaparte had just allied himself to Russia, and was believed, on the evidence of secret intelligence, to be about to seize the fleets of Denmark and Portugal, in order to join them with those of France and Russia in a grand attack on Britain. Denmark was perfectly neutral; yet though possessing a strong fleet, had no means of resisting a land attack of Buonaparte, and was supposed to feel more friendly to him than hostile. Britain resolved for once to stagger him by one of his own strokes of policy,—to anticipate his secret movement against Copenhagen by a sudden seizure of the Danish fleet. But it is ever to be regretted that, in doing this, she appeared to break, perhaps did really and thoroughly break, the laws of nations. Denmark was at peace with us, and continued so till, without a moment's warning, our armament appeared before her capital. The procedure, however, was pleaded as a political necessity,—as the only means which could be devised for preventing an overwhelming combination of the navies of Continental Europe against our country. It was also held in countenance by a long complicated series of evil doings on the continent; though of course, it derived no sanction from these, for the plain reason that an evil thing cannot be sanctioned at all, and still less by other evil things. But, especially, the expedition against Denmark, though outwardly hostile, was greatly mitigated by being inwardly and essentially friendly. Britain wished no harm to Denmark, regretted to give her trouble, asked only to receive her fleet in pledge till the menace from Buonaparte should pass over, and offered every fair and reasonable compensation for whatever inconvenience the temporary removal of it might occasion. The expedition, therefore, was accompanied with instructions to make every possible effort to accomplish its object by negociation, without any appeal to arms, and, at the same time, was equipped in such great strength as to afford Denmark an ample apology, in the eyes of France and Russia, for yielding to its demands.

Admiral Gambier commanded the fleet of the expedition, and Lord Cathcart commanded the army. Sir Arthur Wellesley received a command under Lord Cathcart, and was also relied on to take a leading part in the proposed negociations. The command necessarily shared the ambiguous character of the whole expedition; and the proposed negociation threatened to be surpassingly delicate and eminently critical. Sir Arthur was manifestly honoured highly and trusted much by the British ministry, in being called away from his Irish chief secretaryship to so urgent a post; nor did he less display a heroic devotion to public duty in obeying the call, thereby renouncing services most surely honourable, for a

transient pursuit which seemed to present scarcely more incentives to enterprise than perils to reputation.

The expedition comprised twenty-seven ships of the line, sixty-three smaller vessels, and about twenty thousand troops. Part of it happened to be in a state of readiness for any descent on the Continent; and the rest was assembled and equipped with surprising speed. The whole set sail before any hint of it reached Buonaparte, and was more than midway across the German ocean before its destination was known to any persons connected with it except the superior officers. It arrived off the Danish coast on the third of August. A detachment of it was sent into the Great Belt, to cut off all communication between Zealand and the Danish territories to the west; and the main body passed up the Sound and cast anchor before the harbour of Copenhagen. A proclamation was issued by the British commanders, to assuage the alarm of the natives, and to invite their confidence. "We come to your shores, inhabitants of Zealand," said they, "not as enemies, but in self-defence, to prevent those who have so long disturbed the peace of Europe, from compelling the force of your navy to be employed against us. We ask deposit; we have not looked to capture. So far from it, the most solemn pledge has been offered to your government, and it is hereby renewed, in the name and by the express commands of the King, our master, that if our demand is acceded to, every ship belonging to the Danish navy shall, at the conclusion of a general peace, be restored to her, in the same condition and state of equipment as when received under the protection of the British flag. It is in the power of your government, by a word, to sheath our swords, most reluctantly drawn against you. You will be treated on the footing of the most friendly powers; property of all sorts will be respected and preserved; the most severe discipline enforced; every article required paid for at a fair price. But if these offers are rejected, and the machinations of France render you deaf to the voice of reason and the call of friendship, the innocent blood that will be shed, and the horrors of a besieged and bombarded capital, must fall on your own heads, and those of your cruel advisers." Negociations had been commenced, by means of a select British envoy, at the first moment that he could land from the fleet, when it approached the Danish coast; and they were afterwards renewed and urged with all possible assiduity and judgment. But they proved of no avail. The Crown-Prince was inexorable. He despised alike entreaties, expostulations, and threats. He scorned to yield to the British demands; but determined firmly to resist them, at whatever peril to his capital and his person. The British commanders, therefore, under the peremptory instructions which they had received, felt compelled to treat him as a foe.

On the 16th of August, and on the three following days, the troops disembarked without resistance at Wisbeck and Kioge. But, in consequence of the unsuitableness of the weather for landing their heavy artillery, they were not

able, for several days, to commence operations against Copenhagen. Could they have at once taken all their muniments ashore, they might have speedily accomplished their object, and at the same time spared Denmark enormous suffering. The country was totally unprepared to oppose them. The fleet was unequipped, the ramparts of the city were unarmed, and most of the regular troops were absent in the western provinces. Both government and people, however, were in a whirl of patriotism and bravery, absorbing for the time all other passions in a common rage against the invaders; and the rulers took diligent advantage of the delay in landing the siege equipage, to assemble and arm a strong militia force. The British troops, therefore, had at last to force their way through considerable opposition to the gates of Copenhagen. And during their progress thither, Sir Arthur Wellesley's division drove the Danes from a strong redoubt, and turned its works against themselves.

The chief organizement of the Danish force took place in the rear of the British army, under the conduct of General Karstenkiold, on the hill of Kioge. Sir Arthur Wellesley foresaw this "gathering,"—which comprised about twelve thousand militia and a small number of regular soldiers; and he was detached, at the head of about ten thousand British troops of all arms, to disperse it. Writing to Lord Cathcart, from Kioge, on the 29th of August, he gives the following account of his proceedings:—"According to the intention which I announced to your Lordship on the evening of the 27th, I moved to Roeskild Kroe, and placed Colonel Reden at Ballensbrek; and General Linsengen marched yesterday morning to Roeskild. By these different movements, his force became the right instead of the left. Having had reason to believe that the enemy still remained at Kioge, I determined to attack him this day. I settled with General Linsengen, that he should cross the Kioge rivulet at Little Salbye, and turn the enemy's left flank, while I should move along the sea road towards Kioge and attack him in front. Both divisions broke up this morning, and marched according to the plan concerted. Upon my approach to Kioge, I found the enemy in force on the north side of the town and rivulet, and they commenced a cannonade upon the patrols of hussars in my front. They had three or four regular battalions formed in one line, with cavalry on both flanks, and apparently a large body beyond the town and rivulet. At the time agreed upon with General Linsengen, I formed my infantry in one line, with the left to the sea, having the two squadrons of hussars upon the right. There had been some appearance of a movement by the enemy on their left; and I had not had any communication with General Linsengen, and was not certain that he had passed the rivulet. I therefore thought it proper to make the attack in an echellon of battalions from the left; the whole covered by the 1st battalion 95th regiment, and by the fire of our artillery. It fell to the lot of the 92d regiment to lead this attack, and they performed their part in the most exemplary manner, and were equally

well supported by the 52d and 3d. The enemy soon retired to an entrenchment which they had formed in front of a camp on the north side of Kioge, and they made a disposition of their cavalry upon the sands, to charge the 92d in flank, while they should attack this entrenchment. This disposition obliged me to move Colonel Reden's hussars from the right to the left flank, and to throw the 43d into a second line; and then the 92d carried the entrenchment, and forced the enemy to retreat into the town in disorder. They were followed immediately in the most gallant style by Colonel Reden and his hussars, and by the 1st battalion 95th regiment, and afterwards by the whole of the infantry of my corps. Upon crossing the rivulet, we found General Linsengen's corps upon our right flank, and the whole joined in the pursuit of the enemy. Major General Ozhoken, the second in command, who had joined the army with four battalions last night from the southern island, attempted to stand in the village of Hersolge; but he was attacked briskly by the hussars, with detachments of which were Captain Blaquiere and Captain Cotton of the staff, and by a small detachment of the 1st of 95th; and he was compelled to surrender, with Count Wedel Jarlsburgh, several other officers, and four hundred men. The loss of the enemy has been very great. Many have fallen, and there are nearly sixty officers and one thousand one hundred men prisoners. In their flight they have thrown away their arms and clothing; and many stands of the former have fallen into our hands." Ten pieces of cannon and large stores of ammunition also were taken.

After making arrangements for the care of the wounded, Sir Arthur went from the battle-field of Kioge into the interior of Zealand, to subdue any parties who might be still in arms, and to hold the whole island under conquest. The inhabitants were foaming with rage, but became less exasperated when they saw how strictly he held his army under discipline, and how rigidly he enforced respect to the people's property and feelings. He needed to be only about ten days amongst them; yet, in spite of the keen acerbity of the circumstances, he made a general impression favourable to the British arms. This small campaign and the battle of Kioge were, with the exception of the bombardment of Copenhagen, the only considerable events of the war. And how very trivial and unhonouring were they, compared with the campaign of the Deccan and the battle of Assye! Yet multitudes of the best-informed Frenchmen, perhaps the majority of them, including even Thiers the historian, suppose our hero to have made his military debut, or at least to have first moved into fame, in Zealand!

The bombardment of the city began and ended while Sir Arthur was in the interior of the island. It was one of the most horrible events of modern times. Sir Arthur, of course, must have taken part in it had he not been otherwise employed, and he no doubt was constructively concerned in it, simply by his hold-

ing a command in the expedition. "We reflect, however, with no little pleasure upon the fact," to adopt the words of Major Sherer, "that, during the whole of the arduous war conducted by Sir Arthur in the Peninsula, no city was ever laid in ruins by bombardment; and important as in any one particular instance was the speedy reduction of the fortress besieged by him, he would not resort to that extreme measure, but preferred all the inconvenience and anxiety of a delay, which greatly interfered with both the plan and the prosecution of his projected operations. We are not supposing that the bombardment of Copenhagen was avoidable by Lords Cathcart and Gambier. Without it, the success of their attempt had been doubtful; and they only acted in obedience to the orders of a government, which must have calmly considered that painful step, and commanded it. Bombardments should, in these days, by a compact among civilized nations, be for ever abolished. We shudder as we read of women and children, old men and infants, slain by the sword, and exclaim loudly against the barbarities of ancient warfare. The allowed practice of bombardment realizes the same cruelties; for, though the soldier does not exactly see his victims, and flesh his sword, yet, as through the long and wakeful night he serves in the batteries, which throw shells among human habitations, he knows well what a scene of blood and lamentation lies beyond the wall, lofty to hide, but vain to protect the miserable sufferers."

On the 1st of September, all the works for bombarding Copenhagen were completed. The same terms which had been offered in the previous negociations and proclamation were then offered once more to the authorities, but were peremptorily rejected. On the 2d, the batteries and bomb-vessels opened, and soon some parts of the city were in flames. On the 3d, the bombarding was slackened to allow the authorities an opportunity to capitulate, but without any effect. The commanders of the siege continued obstinate; and the citizens bore heroically the horrors of the fiery tempest, and vied with one another in exertions to abate them. On the 4th, the bombarding was renewed with increasing fury. On the 5th, the whole city seemed to be on fire, eighteen hundred houses had been destroyed, entire streets lay prostrate in smoking rubbish, and fifteen hundred of the citizens had perished. The authorities could hold out no longer; they displayed the white flag; and, after a brief delay, they procured an armistice, and held themselves ready to treat. Sir Arthur Wellesley was hastily summoned from his command in the interior to unite with Sir Home Popham, Captain of the fleet, and Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, Deputy Quarter Master General of the army, to conduct the negociations. He insisted on going immediately to business, drew up articles of capitulation on the night of the 6th, and got them concluded and signed against noon of the 7th; so that in an incredibly short time, city, citadel, dockyard, arsenal, and fleet were in our possession.

Great regard was shown by the British to the outraged feelings of the citizens; and many zealous efforts were made to mitigate the calamities which had been inflicted. Three of the city gates were left under the control of the native city guard; quarters were taken for our troops only within the citadel, and not in any of the private houses or public offices; the property of the citizens was thoroughly respected; arduous assistance was rendered to extinguish fires and put a stop to destruction; aid was given in housing and accommodating the wounded; and an offer was made of a public supply of provisions and other necessaries from the British stores. But the Danes would not be conciliated. They either sullenly permitted or coldly declined all proffered services. Their uppermost wish seemed to be to get rid of their devastating visitors with all possible speed. And no wonder that they felt so bitterly. Let one instance of a poor family illustrate how dismally many of them must have suffered. A citizen, who lived near the walls, and had a son and three daughters, was startled at the beginning of the bombardment by the fall of missiles on his dwelling, and led his family hurriedly forth in search of some place of security. A shell burst near them on the street, killing one of the daughters on the spot, and so severely wounding the other two that they died in a few hours. The bereaved parent ran frantically to the ramparts, and was followed thither by his son, who soon fell dead by shot at his side. The old man then sank down in agony, made afterwards an effort to gather the corpses of his children together, and was found breathing his last beside them when the British troops entered the city.

Six weeks were allowed the Danes, by the articles of capitulation, to put their navy and their naval muniments into fit condition to be taken away by the victors. But long before the expiry of that time, the whole vast prize was ready. It comprised sixteen ships of the line, fifteen frigates, six armed brigs, twenty-five gun-boats, and such quantities of naval stores as, besides loading the men-of-war, filled ninety-two transports. All these, with some trivial exceptions, were promptly and safely brought to Britain. The mere artillery in them amounted to 3,500 pieces; and the prize-money due to the troops of the expedition was estimated by Admiral Gambier at £960,000. Never before had such a capture been seen in British harbours; for though, in the recent instance of Trafalgar, so many as twenty ships of the line had been taken in battle, yet only four of them escaped subsequent destruction by foundering or otherwise, so as to be brought home to Britain.

On the 28th of January, 1808, Lord Castlereagh moved the thanks of the House of Commons, and Lord Hawkesbury those of the House of Lords, to the commanders, both chief and subordinate, of the victorious expedition. A long and animated debate followed, between some of the most eminent ministerialists and some of the chief oppositionists, on the character and tendencies of the con-

quest. "Self-preservation," said the ministerialists, "is the first law of nature, and that law loudly called for the adoption of this vigorous step, which has at least completely paralysed the designs of the confederates in the north seas. Here was an instrument of war within the grasp of our inveterate enemy. We interposed and seized it, as he was stretching out his hand for the same purpose; and that act of energy and wisdom has the hard epithets of rapine and impiety ascribed to it! The bloodshed and devastation which occurred in the execution of this necessary act, are indeed deeply to be deplored; but the Danes had themselves to blame for these calamities, by refusing to deliver up their fleet in deposit till the conclusion of the war, as originally and rightly proposed by the British government. The expedition had been originally destined for co-operation with the Russians and Prussians; but upon the peace of Tilsit, with a promptitude and energy worthy of the highest commendation, ministers at once gave it a different destination. And though this bold step may now be unanimously blamed on the Continent by writers who take their opinions on every subject from the beck of one or other of the imperial despots who rule its empires, it will one day be applauded by an impartial posterity as the salvation of the British empire." But said the oppositionists,—"Better, far better, would it have been to have had to combat the Danish fleet manned by disaffected seamen, and fitted out by a reluctant government, than to have, as now, the fleets of France and Russia to fight, manned by the indignant and exasperated sailors of the north. With what countenance can we now reproach the French Emperor with his attack on Egypt, his subjugation of Switzerland, his overthrow of Portugal? We have ourselves furnished his justification; we have for ever shut ourselves out from the most powerful argument which we could ever have used to effect the powerful liberation of mankind. Will no recollection of our violence in Denmark lie heavy on our spirits when called upon to resist the violence of the enemy retaliating upon us? Will not the hostile myriads on the opposite shore be animated with fresh ardour and confidence now that they are no longer following the banners of a desolating conqueror, but revisiting upon us the aggressions of our own fleets and armies? When we reflect on the little we have gained, and the much we have lost by this aggression, it clearly appears to have been not less impolitic and inexpedient than iniquitous and unjust."

The character of the expedition itself, however, was admitted on all hands to be a perfectly distinct question from that of the manner of conducting it. Mr. Wyndham, one of the principal oppositionists, for example, "confessed that the moderation and temper with which the army and navy conducted themselves served to mitigate the harshness of the enterprize on which they were employed. It was right," he said, "to keep the merits of the army and navy distinct from the merits or demerits of the ministers, and to separate the consideration of the orders from that of the execution." And Lord Castlereagh

remarked "that, whatever difference of opinion might exist as to the political character of the expedition, but one sentiment could pervade the parliament as to the mode in which the commands of his Majesty had been carried into effect, as regarded either the bravery or the humanity which characterised the conduct of the individuals connected with both services."

The thanks of the Commons were voted by a majority of 253 to 108, and those of the Lords by a majority of 105 to 48. The Speaker of the Commons, on the 1st of February, communicated the thanks personally to those officers of the expedition, four in number, who were members of the house; and in the following terms he particularized our hero,—"But I should indeed be wanting to the full expression of those sentiments which animate this house and the whole country, if I forbore to notice that we are on this day crowning with our thanks one gallant officer, long since known to the gratitude of this house, who has long trodden the paths of glory, whose genius and valour have already extended our fame and empire, whose sword has been the terror of our distant enemies, and will not now be drawn in vain to defend the seat of empire itself, and the throne of his king. I am, Sir Arthur Wellesley, charged to deliver the thanks of this house to you, and I do accordingly thank you, in the name of the Commons of the United Kingdom, for your zeal, intrepidity, and exertion displayed in the various operations which were necessary for conducting the siege and effecting the surrender of the navy and arsenal of Copenhagen." Sir Arthur's reply was in his old brave style, full of consideration for those who did him honour, but containing not a word about his own exploits.

CHAPTER XII.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S RESUMPTION OF THE IRISH SECRETARYSHIP—THE ORIGIN OF THE PENINSULAR WAR—THE INSURRECTION THROUGHOUT THE PENINSULA AGAINST THE FRENCH—THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO PORTUGAL—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S APPOINTMENT TO THE COMMAND OF THAT EXPEDITION.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, immediately after his return from Copenhagen, resumed the duties of the chief secretaryship of Ireland. These, at that time, were peculiarly arduous; and they engaged, for some months, the whole of his prodigious energies. He performed them with his wonted zeal, versatility, and wisdom, in Dublin and in London, in the executive and in the legislature, on all sorts of subjects, in every variety of way, and in co-operation or communication with all classes of men. His difficulties from conflicting interests, from antagonising parties, from fierce feuds, from factious disturbances, and from the number, urgency, and competition of daily demands on his attention were enormous; but he surmounted them all. No other chief Irish secretary, or indeed high Irish functionary of any kind, from the legislative union till the present hour, has escaped severe imputations from some party or other; and scarcely might Sir Arthur Wellesley, already immersed for years in military pursuits, and just about to commence the grandest career of strategy and victory which ever any hero ran, be expected to escape them. Yet Sir Jonah Barrington, that prince of Irish gossips, says, "On Sir Arthur's return, he recommenced his duty of secretary; and during his residence in Ireland in that capacity, I did not hear one complaint against any part of his conduct, either as a public or a private man."

Some of the chief secretary's acts, such as those respecting sugar distillation, Irish first fruits, the mutiny bill, the post-office expresses, and the enlargement of the Irish post-office, were scarcely fitted to enkindle jealousy in any quarter, and simply evinced the diligence of his application to business. But others, such as his appointment of Mr. Giffard, a keen anti-emancipationist, to the lucrative office of accountant-general,—his opposition to a motion by Sir John Newport for increasing the grant given by Government to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth,—his support of a measure for the munificent maintenance of Protestant Charter-schools in Ireland,—and his introduction of a bill for enforcing the residence of the Irish clergy on their benefices, and for erecting new churches and glebe-houses in Ireland, presented for a moment a party

appearance, or actually drew upon him hot and hasty accusations of injustice, yet served in the end, or even very speedily, to elicit from him such explanations or assurances as perfectly silenced his accusers.

The strongest case of this kind was the appointing of Dr. Duigenan to be a privy councillor. That gentleman had been a Roman Catholic, had embraced Protestantism, had risen to fame as a civil lawyer, and had obtained the dignity of judge of the prerogative court, but, at the same time, had acquired and long exercised the habit of warmly denouncing Roman Catholicity,—in fact was one of the most prominent and severe antagonists of that creed in Ireland. The leading Irish Romanists, therefore, regarded his elevation to the privy councillorship as a public insult, and procured a parliamentary inquiry to be made into the circumstances which produced it. Sir Arthur Wellesley said to the house that Dr. Duigenan had been made a privy councillor, not for any private reason, or for any party reason, but simply because he was judge of the prerogative court,—that every previous holder of that office, with one exception, had been made a privy councillor,—that the judge of the prerogative court was an indispensable adviser of the Government in many matters of ecclesiastical business, such as the providing of glebe-houses and the uniting or disuniting of benefices,—and that, not Dr. Duigenan personally, still less Dr. Duigenan as a theologian or a controversialist, but only Dr. Duigenan as judge of the prerogative court, was consulted in the council. Sir Arthur admitted that the learned judge might have been too hot a partisan of the Established Church, but could not see why that circumstance should hinder the Government from enjoying his services within his own proper sphere. "Excessive zeal," he remarked, "often gave rise to indiscreet language on both sides of the house itself; and every example of it ought to warn all parties to be tolerant. His own opinion was, that without distinction of religion, every man ought to be called upon to do service to the state, when he was particularly qualified to serve it; and on that ground the learned gentleman was, with perfect propriety, appointed to a seat in the privy council."

Sir Arthur used the same marvellous diligence in Ireland as in India to acquire a minute knowledge of everything in the country which bore upon his public duty, and of everything there which that duty could affect. But in this case he had the highly superior advantages of a previous acquaintance with the country, of a comparatively narrow range for inquiry, and of the best possible facilities for obtaining information. Very soon therefore all the interests and all the peculiarities of all the districts of the country, territorial, social, and political, were as fully known to him as if they had lain under his eye delineated on a map. We shall give only one example of this, which, though it may appear simple enough to unreflecting readers, will be well appreciated by those who know, from any personal effort, how extremely difficult it is to look through the

deceptive froth of Irish disturbances to the real liquid beneath. Writing to Brigadier-General Lee, on occasion of that officer being appointed to a local military command in the county of Limerick, he says, "In the first place, I must point out to you that the situation of a general officer commanding in a district in Ireland is very much of the nature of a deputy governor of a county or a province. He becomes necessarily charged with the preservation of the peace of the district placed under his command; and the Government must confide in his reports and opinions for the adoption of many measures relating solely to the civil administration of the country. From these circumstances it is obvious that it is the duty of every general officer, to make himself acquainted with the local circumstances of his district, and with the characters of the different individuals residing within it, in order that he may decide for himself, according to the best of his judgment and information, and that he may not be misled by others. This duty will be still more obvious by a consideration of certain circumstances which exist in nearly all parts of Ireland. It frequently happens that disturbances exist only in a very small degree, and probably only partially, and that the civil power is fully adequate to get the better of them; at the same time, the desire to let a building to Government for a barrack, the desire to have troops in the county, either on account of the increased consumption which they occasion of the necessaries of life, or because of the increased security which they would give to that particular part of the country, would occasion a general rise in the value and the rent of land, which probably at that moment might be out of lease,—or in some instances, the desire to have the yeomanry called out on permanent duty, occasions a representation that the disturbances are much more serious than the facts would warrant. Upon these occasions letter after letter is written to the commanding officer and to Government; the same fact is repeated through many different channels; and the result of an inquiry generally is, that the outrage complained of is by no means of the serious nature, or of the extent, which has been stated. The obvious remedy for this evil, and that which is generally resorted to, is to call for informations on oath of the transactions which are complained of. But this remedy is not certain, for it frequently happens that the informations on oath are equally false with the original representations. The general officer then has no remedy, excepting by his acquaintance and communication with the magistrates and gentlemen of the county, to acquire a knowledge of characters, and to become acquainted with all the circumstances which occur. It frequently happens, that the people who do commit outrages, and disturbances have some reason to complain; but in my opinion, that is not a subject for the consideration of the general officer. He must aid in the preservation of the peace of the county, and in the support of the law; and he who breaks the law must be considered in the wrong, whatever may have been the nature of the provocation which he has received. It is possible that griev-

ances may exist in the county of Limerick. Provisions may be too dear, or too high a rent may be demanded for land,—and there may be no poor laws,—and the magistrates may not do their duty as they ought by the poor; but these circumstances afford no reason why the general officer should not give the military aid which he may have at his command to preserve the peace, to repress disturbance, and to bring those to justice who may have been guilty of a violation of the law." Sir Arthur then directs the General how to find gentlemen, "on whose information he might depend," and specially names three to him who were "well acquainted with characters and would be disposed to assist his judgment."

But while Sir Arthur was immersed in the duties of his secretaryship, he continued to cherish paramount interest in the immense military movements of Continental Europe; and while highly esteemed by the King's ministers for his present peaceful services, he was kept steadily in view as one of their foremost men for leading any available warlike expedition. He had risen much in military fame by his conduct in Denmark,—quite as much perhaps as if the comparative arduousness of that conduct and of his conduct in India had been reversed; he was advanced, on the 25th of April, 1808, from the rank of Major-General to that of Lieutenant-General; he had a firm friend, a warm admirer, and an untiring supporter in the person of Lord Castlereagh, who then, and for many years after, was the most influential member of the King's cabinet; and in spite of much envy, much competition, and some personal disadvantages, particularly the disadvantage of comparative youth, he might fully expect, amid the mighty whirl of war which was then agitating the nations, to obtain some form of military command which would lead to as lofty distinction in the West as he had enjoyed in the East.

The moment for this was now at hand; and it came like an electric flash—sudden and clear and from amongst an immense mass of lurid clouds—upon the view of himself, of the British ministry, and of the world. It came, too, like a single and distant flash, similar at first to many an one which had gone before, unaccompanied with any audible thunder, and unproductive for a while of any other portent than a shuddering shower, but eventually followed, in this instance, by lightning-storms and earthquakes, tremendous and prolonged, which first mingled with the volcano-bursts of previous war to agitate Europe, and then restored the whole political atmosphere to purity, and left it permanently clear and serene. The event was simply a military expedition, suddenly suggested and of an ordinary character, but directed to new circumstances, and resulting in the famous Peninsular war. "It at first was considered, and even for some time afterwards reputed, as importing little more to the interests or renown of Britain than a lodgment at Stralsund or Otranto, but now, enshrined in the pages of a famous history and appreciated by the light of experience, will take

its place among the most memorable contests which the annals of Europe record."

The circumstances of the origin of the Peninsular war can be soon told. Buonaparte, after having struck down Austria, trampled on Prussia, made common cause with Russia, and confirmed his previous mastery over nearly all the rest of Continental Europe excepting the Spanish peninsula, determined to obtain possession, for himself or his creatures, of the two great sovereignties of that peninsula. He accomplished his purpose by a series of dissimulation, fraud, and perfidy more flagrant than almost any other ever known to history. He commenced by making such dispositions of his troops as tended to lull all suspicion asleep. He next inveigled the court of Spain into a scheme for partitioning Portugal, and made a treaty with it guaranteeing all its own possessions, assigning to it a portion of Portugal, and assigning also to its prime minister, who practically wielded the royal power, another portion of that kingdom. He then cajoled the Spanish forces down to the west and south-west of the Peninsula, and sent vast legions of his own into the north-east and the north, as well as onward to the west, adroitly using the opportunity to combine the conquest of Portugal with the military occupation of great part of Spain. He next compelled the Queen of Etruria, a sovereign of his own previous making, to resign her throne and kingdom in Italy, but at the same time promised her an equivalent out of the northern provinces of Portugal. He then formally dethroned the royal family of Portugal, and drove them into exile to Brazil. He next obliterated his promises of Portuguese territory to the court of Spain, to the Spanish minister, and to the Queen of Etruria, and gave orders to his military lieutenant, General Junot, to govern all Portugal as an appanage of France. He next fomented old intrigues and factions in the Spanish court till they suddenly produced an anarchical revolution, in which the ruling minister fell, the king abdicated, and the heir-apparent ascended the throne. He then induced or obliged, first the new king, and next the old king and the fallen minister and all the principal members of the royal family and court, to go to Bayonne, under assurances that he would there emancipate them from every trouble, and set them all right again in their inheritance; and then, as soon as they were fully in his power, he extracted from them, by the combined force of cajolery and menace, a resignation of the Spanish throne, and sent the whole into strong captivity in the interior of France. And finally he made a gift of the crown of Spain to his own brother Joseph, and compelled his two principal captives, the legitimate Spanish kings, to sanction and enforce that act in formal proclamations to the Spanish people. All this prodigious transition of Buonaparte, from equal alliance with Spain to sovereign possession of the whole Peninsula, took place in about six months, ending in May, 1808; and all was effected without firing a shot, simply by the prestige of his former victories and

by the power of his diabolical deceit. But it is well worthy of remark, as a solemn instance of retribution in Divine providence, that this conduct of Buonaparte toward the Peninsula, as he himself afterwards pointedly acknowledged in St. Helena, was the origin of the long course of terrible disasters which first put an end to his conquests, and next overthrew his empire, and then sent himself, under the scorn of the world, into permanent exile in the middle of the seas.

In the first moments of the astounding change which had come over them, the Spanish people were thunderstruck with awe; but in the next, they were electrified to action. A sudden general commotion shook the citizens of Madrid on the 2d of May, and was instantly followed, on the part of the French soldiery, by an atrocious unsparing massacre; and this, as though it had been a signal, and as though all the towns and provinces had been eagerly watching for it, served to rouse the whole nation to hostility. The native governor of a small town about ten miles south of Madrid, hearing the cannonade in the capital, sent off a bulletin, in these words, to the nearest towns,—"The country is in danger—Madrid is perishing through the perfidy of the French—come, all ye Spaniards, to the rescue;" and that small missive ran through all the provinces like wildfire, "struck them all as with an electric shock," and startled them almost simultaneously into general insurrection. "The sense of their wrongs, the humiliation of their situation, the thirst for vengeance," remarks Alison, "broke at once upon the people, and one universal cry to arms was heard from one end of the kingdom to the other. Everywhere the peasantry met together in tumultuous crowds. From town to town, from village to village, from hamlet to hamlet, the news flew with incredible rapidity; and as the French troops, though in possession of the capital and frontier fortresses, were by no means scattered over the country, the proceedings of the insurgents hardly anywhere met with molestation. The fever was universal. The young and the old, the feeble and the strong, the shepherds of the mountains and the peasantry of the country, all shared in the general transport. Arms were quickly sent for and obtained from the nearest depots in the district; officers and colonels of battalions elected; provisional juntas of government formed in the chief towns to direct the affairs of the provinces; and, in the absence of all central authority, local governments soon sprang up in every part of the kingdom. Spain awoke from the slumber of centuries, and started at once to her feet with the vigour and resolution of an armed man. Passing over in disdain the degradation or insignificance of the Bourbon dynasty, the people came forth fresh for the combat, glowing with the recollections of the Cid and Pelajo, and the long struggle with the Moors, and the heroic days of the monarchy."

The Portuguese had sullenly succumbed to the overwhelming French in-

vasion of their country,—the more so as they were left without leaders by the flight of their king and of all their principal nobles to Brazil; but they equalled, if not excelled, the Spaniards in detestation of the invaders, in attachment to their own institutions, and in proud recollections of olden times; and they eagerly seized the opportunity of the Spanish insurrection to rush also to arms, and to form juntas and levies to co-operate with the Spaniards against the French.

The insurgents, in many parts of the east and the south of Spain, particularly in Valencia, behaved like lawless mobs, and disgraced as well as sorely damaged their cause by horrid atrocities. But those of other parts, particularly Catalonia, Leon, Asturias, Gallicia, and some central districts, and those generally of Portugal, conducted themselves with surprising regularity, and at the same time with vigour. Most of the regular Spanish soldiers likewise took part with the insurgents, either standing together in masses where they were strong enough to resist the French, or escaping by flight from even Madrid and the fortresses where they were too weak, and in both cases giving the insurgents the valuable benefit of their knowledge of tactics and strategy. The juntas or directing bodies, indeed, were generally so isolated from one another, and in some cases so ill constituted, in others so ignorant or ill-advised, that they could not possibly co-operate with one another in any extensive scheme against the enemy; but they nevertheless all gave promise, more or less, of doing something considerable or even something great in their own respective spheres, and also were ready, according to the best of their own ideas, and according as opportunity might offer, to concert or execute any operation under the leading of the strongest. Not fewer than one hundred and fifty thousand men, it is supposed, were regularly armed and to a certain degree disciplined within six weeks after the first flush of the insurrection.

First Murat and next Savary at the head of French affairs in Spain, and Junot at the head of them in Portugal, did all that brave men could to strangle the insurrection in the birth. The subordinate French generals in various parts of the Peninsula, also, brandished their swords in the style of warriors who held any enemy cheap, and felt scorn for armed rabbles. Buonaparte himself—who, at the outbreak of the insurrection was still at Bayonne, having not yet brought to a close his infamous malversations with the Spanish princes—was too far-sighted to think meanly of the probable consequences of the outbreak; and he promptly sent across the Pyrenees as many more of his redoubtable legions as he supposed to be required by the exigencies of the crisis. The crash of the collision throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula was tremendous. At first victory seemed to hover round the standards of the patriots. The portion of the French fleet which had escaped from the battle of Trafalgar, was taken at Cadiz; some corps of the French troops were repulsed or overthrown

in battle; and the spirits of the patriots everywhere waxed confident, even boastfully confident, of triumph. But some early decided advantages were obtained also by the French; and other, greater, and increasing ones, up perhaps to a total arrest upon all resistance, seemed possible to be achieved, soon and everywhere, by the reinforcing legions. Altogether, the confusion was so great, so universal, so interruptive of all kinds of communication, that, for several months, no certain intelligence could be obtained of the progress or probable issue of events.

Spain, at the moment of its collision with France, was at war with Britain. But it had been coerced into that war against the feelings of its own people, under the misdirection of an imbecile government, simply by the foreign policy of Buonaparte; and it felt confident that, when Britain should hear of the change which had occurred, she would forego hostilities, and give countenance to the patriots. Nor was this confidence misplaced. Deputies from the Asturias, early in June, brought to Britain the first news of the insurrection, accompanied with entreaties for assistance; communications of similar import speedily followed from Corunna, from Cadiz, and from Gibraltar; and all were received by the British people, not only with most cordial sympathy, but with enthusiastic joy. Only kings and cabinets on the Continent had hitherto attempted to stem the torrent of conquest and demolition which had flowed from the abuses of the French Revolution; but now a whole vast population, occupying all the area of south-western Europe, seemed suddenly upheaved, as if by an earthquake, either to engulph that torrent or to roll it back to its sources. All Britain, without distinction of class or party, exulted in the event as a high promise of arrest upon French turbulence, of peace to the nations, and of deliverance to the world. "Hitherto," remarks Southey, "our contest with France had been carried on with little hope. No other sympathy than that of mere political interest had as yet been felt in our alliances with Austria or Russia; but from the moment when the Spaniards called upon us for aid, the contest became, avowedly and plainly to every man's understanding, a war for all good principles, and we looked to the end with faith as well as hope. Never since the glorious morning of the French Revolution, before one bloody cloud had risen to overcast the deceitful promise of its beauty, had the heart of England been affected with so generous and universal a joy."

Sheridan, in his place in parliament, on the 15th of June, gave echo to the nation's voice, fraternizing with the Spaniards, and calling upon the King's ministers to render them vigorous assistance. "Never before," said he, "was there so happy an opportunity for Great Britain to strike a bold stroke for the rescue of the world. Hitherto Buonaparte has run a victorious race, because he has contended with princes without dignity, ministers without wisdom, or people without patriotism. He has yet to learn what it is to combat a people who are

animated with one spirit against him. Now is the time to stand up boldly and fairly for the deliverance of Europe; and if the ministry will co-operate effectually with the Spanish patriots, they will receive from me as cordial a support as if the man whom I most loved (Mr. Fox) were restored to life. Will not the animation of the Spanish mind be excited by the knowledge that their cause is espoused, not by the ministers merely, but by the parliament and the people of England? If there be a disposition in Spain to resent the insults and injuries, too enormous to be described by language, which they have endured from the tyrant of the earth, will not that disposition be roused to the most sublime exertion by the assurance that their efforts will be cordially aided by a great and powerful nation? Never was anything so brave, so noble, so generous as the conduct of the Spaniards. Never was there a more important crisis than that which their patriotism has thus occasioned in the state of Europe. Instead of striking at the core of the evil, the administrations of this country have hitherto gone on nibbling merely at the rind,—filching sugar islands, but neglecting all that was dignified and consonant to the real interests of the country. Now, therefore, is the moment to let the world know that we are resolved to stand up, firmly and fairly, for the salvation of Europe."

To this call of the Spanish patriots, of the British people, and of the parliamentary opposition, the King's ministers readily and warmly responded. They did not meet it, indeed, and could not meet it, in as extravagant a way as the unbounded popular enthusiasm of the moment demanded; yet they met it much more largely than their own previous conduct, or the conduct of previous administrations, even in its most lavish moods, could have led any sober calculator to expect. And they met it in a heartily fraternal spirit, obliterating all recollection of bygone hostilities, and protesting,—"It will never occur to us to consider that a state of war exists between this country and Spain. Whenever any nation in Europe starts up with a determination to oppose a power which, whether professing insidious peace or declaring open war, is alike the common enemy of all other people, that nation, whatever its former relation may have been, becomes *ipso facto* the ally of Great Britain." Thus were Spain and Britain, whom voracious France had divided against each other in the hope of its devouring both, suddenly thrown into each other's love again by the former's convulsive struggles to escape from the monster's voracity. "Never," remarks Wordsworth, "was the fellowship of our sentient nature more intimately felt, never was the irresistible power of justice more gloriously displayed, than when these two nations, with an impulse like that of two ancient heroes throwing down their weapons and reconciled in the field, cast off at once their aversions and enmities, and mutually embraced each other, to solemnise this conversion of love, not by festivities of peace, but by combating side by side, through danger and under affliction, in the devotedness of perfect brotherhood."

Measures were adopted by the British government, with equal despatch and munificence, to send to the gathering hosts of the patriots large supplies of money and munitions. Envoys went to all the juntas; inquiries, as to wants and prospects, were made in all the provinces; and within a few months, upwards of three millions of pounds sterling, upwards of two hundred thousand muskets, upwards of sixty-one thousand sabres, about seventy-nine thousand pikes, about two hundred and sixteen pieces of ordnance, and corresponding quantities of ammunition, accoutrements, equipages, and clothing, were sent to various parts of the Peninsula, principally Corunna, Santander, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malaga, and Valencia. Large sums of money also were sent by private contribution. But, unhappily, there was far more enthusiasm in providing these supplies than either wisdom in distributing them or honesty in applying them. Much of the money was embezzled or squandered; many of the muniments were heaped into magazines, and there neglected or forgotten; and a large portion of the clothing and of such other stores as could readily be converted to civil uses was either sold or wasted.

The British ministry likewise resolved promptly to send to the Peninsula, on the side of Portugal, direct military assistance; but they measured out that assistance, not at all in the new expansive spirit of the supplies, but in the old narrow spirit of former expeditions. They had still the notion, which had ruled all former cabinets, of contributing their part to crush the monster-foe of Europe mainly by loads of British gold; and altogether lacked as yet either faith or foresight to employ a British army as more than a mere make-weight. And though, in this instance, they were warmer-hearted and more hopeful than ever before, and also stumbled upon an expedition and a commander who struck out a path of prolonged victory and of eventual total triumph, they cannot be said to have designed that path, or even to have obtained a glimpse of one foot of its existence. "Beyond doubt," remarks the Times' biographer, "the enthusiasm of the British nation at this conjuncture was unusually great, and there were not wanting arguments to prove that the contemplated expedition differed greatly in its promise from those hitherto recommended to favour. It was urged that Napoleon was now for the first time encountered by strong popular opinion, and that the scene of action, moreover, was a sea-girt territory, giving full scope for the exercise of our naval supremacy. These observations were sound; but it must needs have been expected by many that the 'particular service' now announced to the nation would have the ordinary termination, and that the transports bound for Portugal would soon return, as others had returned before them from St. Domingo and the Helder, from Quiberon Bay and Ferrol. Nor was it owing, indeed, either to the wisdom of the nation or the strength of the cause that such predictions were belied by the triumph and glories of an immortal war."

The expedition was designed to operate on the Tagus. The Spanish deputies who were specially consulted respecting it did not think that it was particularly needed on any part of the coast of Spain, but were of opinion that it might render signal service to the whole Peninsula, by endeavouring to expel the French from Lisbon, and from other strong posts which they held in the centre and south of Portugal. The forces set apart for it were, first, a corps of about five thousand men, under Major-General Spencer, which, on the instant of our alliance with the patriots, had been ordered from Gibraltar to co-operate with the Spaniards around Cadiz, but again was ordered to hold itself in readiness for embarkation to the Tagus; second, a corps of about nine thousand infantry, which had, some months before, been assembled at Cork, with the view of making a descent on some part of South America, and which was now to be strengthened by a regiment of light dragoons from Portsmouth; third, a corps of about five thousand men which was to be assembled in two divisions, respectively at Ramsgate under Brigadier-General Anstruther, and at Harwich under Brigadier-General Acland; and fourth, an assorted force, of about ten thousand men, under Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, which was just returning from Sweden, and was ordered to re-embark for Portugal as soon as it could be refreshed and re-equipped. The command of the whole army was assigned to Sir Arthur Wellesley. But he was instructed to proceed at once with the corps lying at Cork,—to call the corps under General Spencer to his side either immediately or after an interval, according as it might or might not be engaged in any active co-operation with the Spaniards,—and to abide by his own judgment, after obtaining intelligence on the spot, as to whether he should or should not make any decided attempt against the French previous to the arrival of the forces under Generals Anstruther, Acland, and Sir John Moore.

Sir Arthur, on this occasion as on former ones, was selected for service out of high confidence in jointly his skill as a commander and his wisdom as a councillor. The service was likely to be difficult and critical in its military operations; but it would not less certainly require nice judgment in consultations with the juntas, and might even involve profound diplomacy in negociations with governments. Sir Arthur, therefore, was instructed to precede his armament in a fast-sailing frigate to Corunna, in order that he might there hold a preliminary consultation with the junta of Gallicia,—to give to the Spanish and the Portuguese people the most distinct assurances, that the British troops came among them for no other object than affording them most unqualified and disinterested support against the French,—to act with the utmost liberality and confidence in any arrangements which he might be called upon to make with either Spaniards or Portuguese, in the prosecution of the common cause,—to reconcile, by his good offices, any differences which might arise between the two nations, or between any two juntas, or between the parent countries and their

colonies,—to stand aloof, as far as possible, from any dissension which might arise respecting the provisional government of the kingdoms during the exile of the courts,—to impress on the minds of all influential natives in both kingdoms, that their kings could not be considered free agents, nor any public acts of theirs binding, till they should be restored to the full and uncontrolled occupancy of their respective thrones,—and to enforce the entire and absolute evacuation of the Peninsula by the troops of France, as the only security for that country's independence, and as the only basis upon which the Spanish and the Portuguese nations should be prevailed upon to treat with the enemy or to lay down their arms. All this, especially when taken in connexion with the supreme command of an invading army, was doubtless a very onerous and very complicated trust, —eminently honourable, indeed, in the distinction which it conferred, and in the rewards and fame which it might be expected to entail, but at the same time assuming the possession of vast personal energies, and involving the costs and consequences of very grave official responsibility. Accordingly, the instructions to Sir Arthur added,—"In the rapid succession in which events must be expected to follow each other, situated as Spain and Portugal now are, much must be left to your judgment and decision on the spot. His Majesty is graciously pleased to confide to you the fullest discretion to act according to circumstances, for the benefit of his service, and you may rely on your measures being favourably interpreted, and receiving the most cordial support."

Sir Arthur accepted the trust, and rose up to execute it, in the calm, firm manner of a man who knew well what was to be done, and felt conscious of ability to do it. But scarcely did he enter upon it, when a change of purpose, from what cause we know not, came over the mind of the King's ministers, and led to his supercession by two general officers, so as suddenly to reduce him to the command of a mere general of division. This, as will appear in the progress of our narrative, proved a dire calamity to the expedition, and a dismal retardation of the progress of victory; but it likewise eventually elicited his pre-eminent fitness for the supreme command, his re-appointment to that command, and the complete final confirmation of the soundness of the judgment which called him away from the high cares of the Irish secretaryship to the far higher cares of directing the Peninsular war.

The officers placed over him were Sir Hew Dalrymple in the first command, and Sir Harry Burrard in the second command. His own appointment took place on the 14th of June, and theirs on the 15th of July. The ministry, when superseding him, evidently felt both awkwardness and anxiety, as well they might; and also evinced a solicitude to retain the advantages of his experience and skill. Lord Castlereagh, in the official letter to Sir Hew Dalrymple, on the day of that officer's appointment, said to him,—"Permit me to recommend to your particular confidence Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley. His

high reputation in the service as an officer would in itself dispose you, I am persuaded, to select him for any service that required great prudence and temper, combined with much military experience. The degree, however, to which he has been for a length of time past in the closest habits of communication with his Majesty's ministers, with respect to the affairs of Spain, having been destined to command any operations that circumstances might render necessary for counteracting the views of France against the Spanish dominions in South America, will, I am sure, point him out to you as an officer of whom it is desirable for you, on all accounts, to make the most prominent use which the rules of the service will permit."

Sir Hew Dalrymple had to come round to the appointed scene of action from Gibraltar, and Sir Harry Burrard had to sail to it, with the corps of General Acland, from Harwich. Sir Arthur Wellesley went so promptly to work after receipt of his appointment, that he had disembarked his own immediate corps in Portugal, and had been joined there by the corps of General Spencer, before he knew that he was to be superseded; and he afterwards continued to act with such vigour, that he had got into death-grips with the enemy, and had laid completely open the path of victory, before the two superseding officers arrived. Had he felt in these circumstances as most men would have felt—especially with the recollection of his brilliant services in India and of the ill requital they had met—he would instantly have flung down his reduced command in disdain. But Sir Arthur, then as always, was too noble in spirit, too full of devotion to his country, to think chiefly or even largely of what had happened to himself; and at the earliest possible moment after getting intelligence of his supercession—seemingly several days before he got official intelligence of it—he wrote to Lord Castlereagh,—"Pole and Burghersh have apprised me of the arrangements for the future command of this army; and the former has informed me of your kindness towards me, of which I have experienced so many instances that I can never doubt it in any case. All that I can say upon that subject is that whether I am to command the army or not, or am to quit it, I shall do my best to secure its success; and you may depend upon it that I shall not hurry the operations, or commence them one moment sooner than they ought to be commenced, in order that I may acquire the credit of the success. The Government will determine for me in what way they will employ me hereafter, whether here or elsewhere."

We have chosen to clear off these matters respecting the command of the army, before closing this chapter, in order that they might not be left to interrupt the continuity of the subsequent narrative.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S PREPARATIONS AT CORK—HIS VISIT TO CORUNNA—HIS VISIT TO OPORTO —THE DISEMBARKATION OF HIS TROOPS AT MONDEGO BAY—HIS EXERTIONS TO SECURE THEIR EFFICIENCY—HIS DIFFICULTIES WITH THE PORTUGUESE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF—HIS ADVANCE TO CALDAS—THE SKIRMISH OF OBIDOS.

Sir Arthur Wellesley lost not an hour in going through the necessary preliminaries of his great trust. He received notice of his appointment probably on the 17th of June, about three days being, at that time, consumed in the transmission of a letter from London to Dublin. Major-General Hill happened to be the senior officer in command at Cork; and to him, on the 23d of June, Sir Arthur sent directions respecting the embarking and the brigading of the troops, and said, among other things,—"I rejoice extremely at the prospect I have before me of serving again with you, and I hope that we shall have more to do than we had on the last occasion on which we were together. I propose to leave town (Dublin) for Cork as soon as I shall receive my instructions from London. Pray let me hear from you, and acquaint me with all your wants, and whether I can do anything for you here. You will readily believe that I have plenty to do in closing a government in such a manner as that I may give it up, and taking the command of a corps for service; but I shall not fail to attend to whatever you may write to me." And two days afterwards, he wrote to him—under the influence of a strong concern for the health of the troops, which became a distinguishing feature of his command through all the Peninsular war,—"I have now to request that you will make arrangements with the Agent of transports, that the soldiers embarked may have fresh provisions and vegetables every day, and that the stock of provisions in the transports may be kept up to the original quantity which each is capable of containing. I also think it very desirable that the soldiers should have permission to go ashore as they may wish, under such regulations as you may think proper, and that the regiments should be sent ashore and exercised in their turns."

Sir Arthur's final instructions arrived at Dublin on the 3d of July, and he himself arrived at Cork on the 6th. He passed a scrutinizing eye over the equipments of the expedition; and as the preparations for sailing were not quite completed, he instantly made a few such additions and changes as were within his power. Most of these had immediate reference to the health and comfort of the men, and would have been overlooked by a commander less distinguished by

foresight, comprehensiveness, energy, and humanity. Three of them were the increase of camp equipage, the substitution of small tin camp kettles for large kettles of the Flemish pattern, and the immediate appropriation of an empty transport to supply the lack of an hospital ship. The fleet was ready to sail on the 9th, but was hindered by contrary winds from leaving the harbour till the 12th. It got clear off the coast on the 13th; and then Sir Arthur parted company with it, in a swift small ship, to make a run in advance of it across the Bay of Biscay.

He arrived at Corunna on the 20th, and immediately got into conference there with the junta of Gallicia. These gentlemen proved to be a fair specimen of the insurgent Spaniards. They had just received intelligence of the defeat of the patriot armies of Castile and Gallicia, on the 14th, at Rio Seco, in the province of Valladolid,—a defeat so serious that, when Buonaparte heard of it, he pronounced it equivalent to the firm seating of his brother Joseph on the Spanish throne. But they were nothing daunted. They regarded their own strong hill-country of Gallicia and the Asturias, not without reason, as the natural fortress of all the north-western regions of the Peninsula; and they felt confident that, if supplied with the requisite amount of money and munitions, they could hold it against any odds by which the French might assail it. They were, also, in almost total ignorance respecting the state of the patriot cause in other parts of Spain,—insomuch that Sir Arthur found it "impossible to learn the truth" from them on that subject; yet they spoke as loftily, and seemed to feel as securely, as if they had known all the French in the Peninsula to be on the verge of desperation, and without possibility of reinforcement. They likewise had very crude ideas of warfare, and could not produce an officer who gave fair promise of being a good military commander; yet they proudly accounted themselves excellent strategists, and could not brook the indignity of putting their raw levies on any footing of inferiority to trained soldiers. Sir Arthur, on sounding them as to whether they wished the support of the army under his command, was explicitly told that they did not want the assistance of troops; and he clearly saw that they declined that assistance on the score of pride. They were quite willing, however, to be aided with money, with arms, and with distant co-operation. Sir Arthur handed to them £200,000 which he had taken with him from Britain; and he sent immediately home a requisition for arms and ammunition for their use. They earnestly recommended him to disembark his troops in the north of Portugal in order to form a junction with a Portuguese army which was forming in the neighbourhood of Oporto; and also expressed the greatest anxiety, as a powerful means of rendering the Spanish insurrection triumphant, that he should employ his strength in driving the French out of Portugal.

The other bodies of Spanish patriots, at that moment, though the Gallician

junta did not yet know it, were on very high vantage-ground. The eastern armies were baffling the French through great part of Catalonia and Valencia. A strong western army had unmolested possession of all Estremadura. And a grand southern army, on the 19th, just the day before Sir Arthur's arrival at Corunna, had achieved a splendid victory, with the result of a surrender of arms by twenty thousand French soldiers, at Baylen in Andalusia. These successes, and especially this wonderful victory, produced a worse effect on most of the Spaniards than could have resulted from very serious disaster,—driving them delirious with vain-glory, inspiring them with the conceit that their raw levies were more than a match for regular forces, and impelling them proudly and presumptuously into rash collisions with the French wherever they could find them, till a long series of constant dismal defeats was sustained which, but for the counter-exploits of British valour, would have been certain and speedy ruin.

The Spaniards, even had they not for a while obtained any success whatever to inflate them, were perhaps too impetuous, too intractable, too reckless of discipline and of consequences, to wear well in the war. André Vieusseux says respecting them,—"They were determined even to obstinacy, enduring of privation, proud and reserved, prone to enthusiasm, and, generally speaking, ignorant of worldly affairs. This last deficiency assisted them greatly in their resistance. If they had been better acquainted with the history of Europe,—if they had been more calculating, commercial, and refined,—they might have shrunk from the fearful contest,—they might have paused ere they attempted to face, with their raw battalions, those fierce and well-appointed phalanxes which had fought and conquered in a hundred pitched battles, and at whose encounter the splendid armies of Austria, Russia, and Prussia had been dissolved as by the touch of a magician's wand. If they had known the stern determination of Napoleon to carry his point at any cost, and the merciless devotedness of his officers and soldiers to his absolute will,—if they had thought beforehand of the blood, the tears, the calamities that would cover their peaceful valleys and sunny plains, of their towns taken by storm, of their villages given up to the flames, of the shrieks of despair of their outraged wives and daughters, hearts as stout as theirs might have paused ere they drew upon themselves the awful visitation of the French. Luckily for the common cause of mankind, luckily in the end for Spain as a country, and for England too, Spanish pride and Spanish indifference thought not of these things. They thought only of the hated invader, their hereditary enemy, who had insidiously introduced himself into their cities and fortresses, who had shamefully abused their confidence; and they felt that he must be driven from the Spanish soil,—for France and Spain could not commune together south of the Pyrenees."

Sir Arthur Wellesley, though he obtained little direct information from the

Gallician junta, drew inferences from what he heard and saw at Corunna which were of considerable value for the conduct of the war. He felt convinced that the Spaniards to a man were hostile to the French, and that they all vied with one another in the breadth and depth of their hostility. He judged that Buonaparte would operate against them by means of large armies; that he would probably experience much difficulty in subsisting these either from Spain, in consequence of the universal hostility, or from France, in consequence of the badness of the roads; that he would feel compelled to seize the Asturias, in order to command ready access through them to the interior; and that if he could not obtain possession of these provinces by land, he would probably make an effort to reach them by sea. Sir Arthur therefore advised the British government to look well to the Asturias,—to endeavour to prevail upon their juntas to receive a body of our troops,—and to reinforce the British squadron on the north coast of Spain, and instruct it to cruise between Cape Ortegal and Santander. He estimated the Spanish resistance to the French, on the whole, at a vastly lower rate of both strength and tact than was assigned to it by the British people or even by the British ministry; and he at once told the latter that it would be necessary for them to assist all the Spanish provinces with money, arms, and ammunition. He did not think, however, that the cause of the patriots was as yet suffering material injury from the want of a central national council to direct its affairs; but on the contrary, he said, "Till the French shall be obliged to quit Madrid, or until the strength of the French army shall have been driven from the centre of Spain, I am not quite certain that it is not as well that each of the provinces should be governed by its own junta. I am convinced that the general zeal and exertion of each is greater, at present, than would be manifested if the whole kingdom were under the direction of one body."

Sir Arthur determined not to fix upon any landing place for his army till he should get better information. He determined also that he would not be guided by vague reports as to either the condition of the patriots or the force of the French. He left Corunna on the night of the 21st, descried the fleet containing his army on the next day, gave them instructions to keep hovering off the coast till he should join them again, and went direct to Oporto, then the seat of the patriot provisional government for the liberated districts of the north of Portugal, in order that he might hold a conference with the warlike bishop of that city, who was at the head of that government, and with the general officers who were in command of the Portuguese troops. He there learned that large bodies of the peasantry were anxious to be armed and disciplined into regular corps against the French,—that an armed native force was stationed in Oporto and its vicinity, of sufficient strength to repel any French reinforcement which might be likely to enter Portugal by the way of the

Douro,—and that another armed native force, five thousand strong, was stationed at Coimbra, about eighty miles south of Oporto; and he made arrangements that this last force should be united to his army, and that he should be supplied from Oporto with mules and other means of carriage, and with slaughter cattle.

Sir Arthur sailed from Oporto on the morning of the 25th, joined the fleet of his army the same day, ordered them to go to Mondego bay and lie to there, and left them again that night to go to the British blockading squadron at the mouth of the Tagus, in order to obtain further intelligence, and to hold a consultation with the Admiral. He now heard of the overthrow of the French in Andalusia, and learned that he was likely to be joined in a day or two by the corps of General Spencer. He inferred, also, from a comparison of notes of information, that the total French force in Portugal did not exceed 18,000 men, that only about 14,000 of it were available for the defence of Lisbon, that not more than about 11,000 were likely to be concentrable for any action in the field, and that two corps of respectively about 2,000 and about 4,000 had been detached, the former under General Thomière to watch the expected descent of the British at Alcobaça, and the latter under General Loison to disperse the Portuguese insurgents in Alemtejo. Sir Arthur decided at once that, simply with his own proper corps which had come from Cork, supported as it would be by the small Portuguese corps at Coimbra, and by the British squadron at the Tagus, he was quite a match for the enemy. His only difficulty respected the place of disembarkation; and this was rendered perplexing by a thorough antagonism between the requirements of his official instructions on the one hand, and the urgencies of local information and of military prudence on the other. His instructions directed that an attack upon the defences of the Tagus should be the first object of consideration, and that, if these defences were found unassailable, a descent, with a view to a march immediately upon Lisbon, should be made on some part of the coast between Peniché on the north and St. Ubes on the south. But there was a Russian fleet in the Tagus; the defences of the river were strong and well manned; the whole disposable French force was in the neighbourhood; the cove of Peniché, at the northernmost limit, was commanded by an hundred guns, under a garrison of a thousand Frenchmen; the Portuguese corps could not be brought down into immediate co-operation from Coimbra; the surf was everywhere such a mass of huge rolling billows, even in a calm, that disembarkation would be slow, and might dismember the front of the army from the rear, or both from the stores and provisions; and in any event, the troops, if landed within the assigned limits, would land, probably in a crippled state, and certainly not in a very efficient state, and might, without a moment's pause for recruitment, be obliged to rush at once into combat with the enemy. Sir Arthur, therefore, resolved to make the disembarka-

tion at Mondego bay, a little north of mid-distance between the Tagus and the Douro.

The country around Mondego bay had already been wrested from the French. The small fort of Figueira, immediately on the coast, had been captured by a student of the university of Coimbra, and was held by three hundred British marines. Coimbra, about twenty-five miles inland, as we have already mentioned, was the head-quarters of the part of the Portuguese force who were to join the British expedition. Sir Arthur Wellesley's corps began to disembark on the 1st of August; and, notwithstanding that the weather was perfectly favourable, they were so retarded by the heavy swell of the sea, and by the inability of the ships to go close to the shore, that they did not get all to land till the evening of the fifth. Colonel Wilkie, who had occasion to revisit the ships immediately after the disembarkation, says, "The gentle breeze that had assisted our landing had died away; the surface of the sea was as smooth as glass; but a heavy ground-swell had set in from the Atlantic, causing the ships to roll so heavily that it was a matter of great difficulty either to get on board or to leave them. I have been on board a light transport in a heavy gale of wind; but the rolling was not, to my recollection, near so heavy as that the ships were undergoing in Mondego bay in a perfect calm" General Spencer's corps arrived on the 6th; and disembarked on the 7th and the 8th. The several battalions of both corps, as they got to land, marched about four miles to Lavaos, to take post there till the whole army got into full order, with its artillery and stores.

The commander-in-chief was not one moment idle. He kept himself constantly employed, during all the days of the disembarkation, in writing long official documents, and in making large martial arrangements. He wrote, among other matters, two memorandums for the commissary-general, several letters of instruction to commanding-officers, several letters of advice to agents at Oporto and Coimbra, three communications to the admiral of the Tagus fleet, long details of operations and intelligence for the guidance of Sir Henry Burrard and Sir Hew Dalrymple immediately on their arrival, and four long despatches to the Secretary of State. "The time," says he, in reference to the martial arrangements, "was usefully spent in procuring the means for moving with the army the necessary stores, provisions, and baggage, and in arranging those means in the most advantageous manner to the different departments. The cavalry and the artillery received a large remount of horses. Means were procured of moving with the army a sufficient supply of ammunition and military stores, and a seasonable supply of hospital stores. But I determined to march towards Lisbon by that road which passes nearest to the sea-coast, in order that I might communicate with Captain Bligh of the Alfred, who attended the movements of the army with a fleet of victuallers and store-ships. The

communication with this fleet, however, it was obvious, would be very precarious, as well on account of the state of the surf on the coast, in the different points of rendezvous which had been settled, as because it might happen that it would be more advantageous to the army to take another line of march, passing further inland. I therefore made arrangements for carrying with the army such a supply of the articles of first necessity as should render it independent of the fleet till it should reach the Tagus, if circumstances should prevent the communication with the fleet, or should render it advantageous to relinquish it. In the same period of time, I also armed the Portuguese troops, and ascertained as far as lay in my power, the degree of their discipline and efficiency, and recommended and superintended their organization."

Sir Arthur was thus giving scrutinous, careful, laborious attention to every matter which the clearest foresight and the soundest judgment could discover as likely to affect the prosperity of the campaign. He was acting, in the army, not only as master-strategist and chief-commander, but also as head of all departments. His gaze was upon all things, small and great, near and distant, distinct and obscure, as though he had possessed an hundred eyes, with every diversity of focus; and his directing power was around them all, and around the concomitants and the tendencies of each, as though he had possessed an hundred minds, with every variety of business-talent. Much of his success had sprung from this remarkable habit in India; and still more was destined to spring from it in the Peninsula. The need for it here, too, was peculiarly great. His army, partly in a manner of its own, and partly in common with all the other land-forces of Britain, was in a condition which mere tact and strategy could not render efficient.

"When Sir Arthur Wellesley first landed in Portugal," says Gurwood, "he was in command of a disjointed army consisting of a few sturdy regiments, well nigh in rags, two weak squadrons of cavalry, indifferently mounted on foreign horses, and a small force of artillery without horses at all, excepting those which Sir Arthur had, by his local influence at Cork, as Secretary for Ireland, obtained from the Irish waggon train." These horses were little short of a burlesque on the expedition. "They have great merit in their way," said Sir Arthur himself at the time, "as cast horses of dragoons, and Irish cart horses bought for £12 each, but not fit for an army that, to be successful and carry things with a high hand, ought to be able to move." And they were not quite a month in Portugal till so many as about one fourth of the whole number were found to be ill of incurable diseases.

The army was in distressing want of draught-animals for both its artillery and its stores. Sir Arthur made search for suitable draught-horses in Portugal, but could not find any. He then looked out for draught-mules and sumpter-mules, and swept the country of these animals, from beyond the Douro to the

Mondego, but could not obtain near enough for his purpose. His stores of provisions required all to be disposed on the heavy lumbering carts of the country, drawn by bullocks. He had no tumbrels, no ammunition-waggons, no intrenching-tool carts; so that he was unable to economize well the application of the mules; and though not over-much supplied with artillery, he felt compelled to leave behind him, at Mondego bay, a number of his guns. The whole of his carrying establishment, in fact, including even its accountant apparatus, was in a wretched condition. "I have had the greatest difficulty," wrote he to Lord Castlereagh on the 8th of August, "in organizing my commissariat for the march; and that department is very incompetent, notwithstanding the arrangements which I made with Huskisson upon the subject. This department deserves your serious attention. The existence of the army depends upon it; and yet the people who manage it are incapable of managing anything out of a counting-house. I shall be obliged to leave Spencer's guns behind for want of means of moving then; and I should have been obliged to leave my own, if it were not for the horses of the Irish commissariat. Let nobody ever prevail upon you to send a corps to any part of Europe, without horses to draw their guns. It is not true that horses lose their condition at sea."

Several other interests of the army were scarcely or not at all better than the commissariat. Some great improvements, indeed, particularly in accoutrements, in tactics, and in castrametation, had recently been introduced by the Duke of York; but even these did not, to any considerable degree, become practically useful till the troops were trained to take advantage of them in the services of the present war. And other improvements not less great remained yet to be made. Even so late as the 11th of February, 1812, for example, our hero had occasion to write to the Earl of Liverpool, respecting so important a matter as the want of a body of sappers and miners,—"It is inconceivable with what disadvantages we undertake anything like a siege, for want of assistance of this description. There is no French corps d'armée which has not a battalion of sappers and a company of miners. But we are obliged to depend for assistance of this description upon the regiments of the line; and although the men are brave and willing, they want the knowledge and training which are necessary. Many casualties among them consequently occur, and much valuable time is lost at the most critical period of the siege."

Sir Arthur might thus seem to have had at Lavaos far more than employment enough for all his time and strength, in so making good the deficient equipments of his army, as to prepare it properly for the march. He, nevertheless, had intense occupation of thought in his prime capacity of strategist, and kept maturing, re-examining, and committing to paper his plans of the campaign with the same earnestness as if these had formed his sole care, and as if no commanders had been appointed to supersede him. He took into anxious con-

sideration a scheme of the Portuguese General-in-chief for making an incursive movement through Beira toward Spain, but saw reason to decline it. He gave an attentive ear to entreaties from the same quarter, and from a chief Portuguese Commissary, that at least, in going southward, he would direct his march inland by way of Leiria; and though determined to adhere as closely as possible to the line of communication he had already chosen, along the shore, in the near vicinity of his ships, he consented to yield to these entreaties, in order to save a magazine of provisions which had been formed by the Portuguese at Leiria for the uses of the campaign, and was in danger of falling into the hands of the French. He looked with keen eye upon the martial qualities of the Portuguese peasantry, saw at once how much more docile and steady they were than the Spaniards, and revolved often and earnestly an idea which afterwards became of great consequence to our successes in the Peninsular war, of organizing a large army of them as British auxiliaries, with British pay and British officers. He wrote down, for the consideration of the Secretary of State, an elaborate suggestion to raise a joint army of thirty thousand Portuguese and twenty-five thousand British, for the purpose of operating in Spanish Estremadura, to achieve the threefold object of shielding Portugal from the French, of linking the patriot forces of the north-western provinces of Spain with those of Andalusia, and of giving Great Britain the preponderance in the conduct of the Peninsular war. He likewise wrote out, for the use of Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Hew Dalrymple, as soon as they should arrive, not only a full detail of the circumstances, prospects, and intended movements of his own force, but also a plan of separate operations, which he had formed after much reflection, for the corps under the command of Sir John Moore. And, finally, he concerted co-operation with the British squadron off the Tagus, and at the same time contrived the economising of his strength, saying, among other matters, to the admiral, Sir Charles Cotton, "I am fully aware of the advantage to be derived by diverting the enemy's attention to the Bay of Lisbon, during my advance towards that city; and accordingly I propose to send a battalion to the fleet which is not very capable of making an active march, but may enable you, with the assistance of the marines of the fleet, to make a very seasonable diversion in my favour."

Sir Arthur Wellesley likewise issued from Lavaos, jointly in his own name and in Sir Charles Cotton's, a proclamation to the people of Portugal, saying,— "The time is arrived to rescue your country, and restore the government of your lawful prince. His Britannic Majesty, our most gracious King and master, has, in compliance with the wishes and ardent supplications for succour from all parts of Portugal, sent to your aid a British army, directed to co-operate with his fleet, already on your coast. The English soldiers, who land upon your shore, do so with every sentiment of friendship, faith, and honour. The glorious struggle in which you are engaged, is for all that is dear to man,—the pro-

tection of your wives and children, the restoration of your lawful prince, the independence, nay, the very existence of your kingdom,—and for the preservation of your holy religion. Objects like these can only be obtained by distinguished examples of fortitude and constancy. The noble struggle against the tyranny and usurpation of France, will be jointly maintained by Portugal, Spain, and England; and in contributing to the success of a cause so just and glorious, the views of his Britannic Majesty are the same as those by which you are yourselves animated."

There are spots on the sun; and dazzling though this proclamation is, it contains one spot both broad and black enough to challenge attention fully more than the bright brilliance of all the other parts of its disc. What must we think of a British army and a British fleet employing their steel and shot "for the preservation of the holy religion" of Portugal? To equip an armament for any religious purpose, to equip one for a religious purpose by a Protestant state, to equip one by a Protestant state for the purpose of supporting Roman Catholicity, to equip one for supporting Roman Catholicity among one Roman Catholic people against the assaults of another Roman Catholic people,—all these are enormous absurdities, and all lie embedded in that dark spot in the proclamation. Any argument which connects the use of physical force with the preservation of religion is rotten from centre to circumference; and in this case the French had the best of the argument, or rather had the least bad of it, when, on hearing of the British expedition, combined with an idle report that it was accompanied by an auxiliary force from the Emperor of Morocco, they bitterly taunted the Portuguese for having leagued themselves with heretics and Moors against their fellow subjects of the Pope. The error in the proclamation, however, must be regarded as a mere inadvertency; for it stands opposed to many notable sayings of our hero. He was rarely guilty of oversights, but must be held to have committed one here; for he did not compose the proclamation—he simply adopted it, with the change of only one word, from the composition of Sir Charles Cotton.

Our army at Lavaos, notwithstanding the difficulties of its arrangements, was ready to march before the Portuguese division which had been so long assembled at Coimbra; and it required to waste a considerable number of hours in waiting till that division was in readiness. The Commander-in-chief, too, just about the moment of starting, received intelligence from Spain which might have bewildered or darkened the vision of a less clear-sighted strategist; but he saw no occasion from it to make any other alteration upon his plans than to infuse into them a little more energy and circumspection. At length, the advanced guard marched on the 9th of August, and the main body on the 10th, perhaps not a man of them dreaming how famous till the end of time, or how solemnly broad and mightily momentous in itself, was to be the arena of conflict



which they were then entering. "Upon this wide theatre of fierce and sanguinary warfare," remarks Sherer, "was now first heard the careless whistle and the cheerful laughter of the English soldier. He, stranger alike to the violent and the vindictive feelings which animated the invader and the inhabitant, marched gaily forward, looking for a combat as for some brave pastime, and panting to prove at home that the favoured jacket of blue covered not bolder hearts than those that beat proudly under his own crimson uniform."

Junot at Lisbon speedily got intelligence of the disembarkation of the British army, and promptly made a skilful disposition of the forces under his command to confront and resist it. A force of between three and four thousand, disposable for field operations, was kept as a reserve at head-quarters, with the view of being posted on the strong ground about Torres Vedras, in order to protect the immediate approaches to Lisbon. A force of about four thousand, under General Laborde, a commander of high skill and great reputation, was ordered to join the brigade of observation under General Thomière at Alcobaça. The force under General Loison in Alemtejo was ordered to reinforce itself by draughts from the garrisons to a total strength of about six thousand, and to march across the Tagus at Abrantes, and across the Zezere, toward the north-west of Portuguese Estremadura. This corps was instructed to march with all possible speed into co-operation with the corps of General Laborde, in order to present a grand front against the British, and was expected to be able to form a junction with it to the north of Alcobaça, most probably at Leiria. But it had exasperated the natives far and near by a series of wanton atrocities in Alemtejo, and was in consequence so harassed in its march by their retaliations that it moved more slowly than was anticipated.

The advanced guard of the British arrived at Leiria on the 10th, the main body on the 11th, and the Portuguese division from Coimbra on the 12th. A few dismal evidences of French atrocity, in resistance of the insurrection, were there seen; but the French themselves, in the execution of their scheme of resistance to the British, had not been able to come forward. General Loison could not timeously get over the high rough range of mountains which flanks the right side of the valley of the Tagus; and he felt obliged to turn to the left, and to make a long detour, with the view of approaching General Laborde at some point much farther to the south. The British army were at Leiria in good time to save the magazine of provisions which had been collected there, and to form a leisurely harmonious incorporation with the Portuguese division. But General Freire, the Portuguese commander, suddenly broke their hopes and irritated their feelings.

That officer had, in former conferences with the British General-in-chief, at Oporto and in the vicinity of Lavaos, expressed a wish that his troops should be fed, throughout the campaign, from the British commissariat. Sir Arthur had

showed him how preposterous that wish was,—how a limited supply of provisions by sea, for a given number of men, could not possibly be made available for additional large numbers. He had even showed, also, that the British troops themselves would require to be supplied from the country with forage, wine, and fresh meat; and had obtained engagements from the Bishop of Oporto that these supplies would be made. The very magazine at Leiria, too, had been formed expressly for the use of the British troops. Yet on the evening of the 12th, just after the Portuguese division had come into junction with the British army, General Freire renewed his request, and stated that, if it were not complied with, he would not advance with the British, but would move to the left by himself, and take up a position at Santarem,—alleging that the direct route to Lisbon which the British meant to pursue was too impoverished to afford sustenance to his troops, that the route to Santarem, in consequence of having escaped the depredation of the French, was comparatively rich in provisions, and that the position at Santarem would be serviceable for cutting off the retreat of the French from Lisbon.

Sir Arthur was too shrewd to be deceived for a moment by these statements; he saw at once that they were a mere mask upon other motives; but he was also too courteous, too politic, and too forbearing, not to treat them with the most grave and patient consideration. He gave up the magazine at Leiria, with the exception of some wine, entirely for Freire's use. He explained to him how other ample supplies would be obtained when that magazine was done. He demonstrated to him the inutility and perilousness of his proposed movement upon Santarem. He urged him, in the most earnest manner, by considerations of personal honour, of patriotism, and of loyalty, to co-operate with the British in the deliverance of his country from the French. He offered to feed his 250 cavalry and 1,400 of his infantry, on condition of their serving directly under the British flag. And he finally entreated him, if he would consent to do no more, at least to send that number of his troops forward with our army, and to remain where he was with the rest, or to follow only at a distance, till he learned the results of the first decisive engagement with the French.

The real causes of Freire's defection were low courage, crooked policy, and bad generalship. He did not quite trust the British, and was mortally afraid of the French. Our troops did not yet stand much higher in the estimation of the Portuguese and the Spaniards than they had done ten or twelve years before in the estimation of the Dutch and the Germans. Freire doubted whether Sir Arthur Wellesley's small army could maintain their ground against Junot, or whether they might not, at the very first collision, be driven back headlong to their ships. He therefore hesitated to identify himself completely with them, till he should see whether they could conquer. He also when at Leiria received intelligence, of very questionable authenticity, that Loison meant to turn the

flank of the advancing army, and make a destructive march to the north; and, either too short-sighted or too flurried to see that such a movement would both imperil Junot's defence of Lisbon and stultify his own proposed advance to Santarem, he readily accepted the intelligence as a good apology for his faltering resolution. Nor, perhaps, was he unwilling to be left behind in order that, in the event of victory declaring for the British, he might promptly support the pretension which the junta of Oporto were making to be the supreme provisional government of the kingdom. His qualifications as a general, too, were miserably defective,—wanting at once the experience, the decision, the comprehensiveness, and the clear, cool, rapid judgment, every one of which is essential to the proper conduct of any critical military command. He was altogether a decided specimen, though comparatively a mild one, of the combined presumption, folly, perversity, pride, and impracticableness which were afterwards found to characterise a large proportion of the native Peninsular commanders; and his absurd behaviour, on the present occasion, served to Sir Arthur Wellesley as a good experimental introduction to the difficulties which he had to encounter in co-operation with these commanders during all the Peninsular war.

Freire's defection had a dispiriting effect on the British troops,—not that they were discouraged by it from marching onward, or were doubtful of their ability, without his aid, to encounter the enemy, but because his conduct seemed to indicate coldness in the cause of his country's deliverance, and might be taken to prognosticate similar coldness generally on the part of the patriots. The British commander, after finishing such expostulations with him as appeared suitable, readdressed himself to his proper duties as if nothing had happened. "I shall execute the orders which I have received from my Government," said he, "without the assistance of the Portuguese government, and General Freire will have to justify himself with the existing government of Portugal, with his Prince, and with the world, for having omitted to stand forward upon this interesting occasion, and for having refused to send me the assistance which it is in his power to give." Freire, however, decided in a few hours to send forward the portion of his force whom the British commander offered to subsist, and to remain with the remainder some time at Leiria; and after a few days, he moved forward with the latter also to the British camp. The chief value of his co-operation, in the raw state of his own experience and of his men's discipline, was to increase the show of numbers to the enemy, and especially to promote a friendly feeling toward the British among the natives.

The British army marched from Leiria on the 13th, and arrived at Alcobaça on the 14th, and at Caldas, near the coast, on the 15th. The chain of mountains which flanks the right side of the Tagus begins opposite to Caldas to trend diagonally toward the sea, and about ten miles farther south, sends broad,

lofty, rugged spurs right across to the beach. The French General Laborde, judging that, with his force of only 6,000 men, he could not make any effectual resistance to the British at Alcobaça, retired from that place on the night of the 13th. He had a choice of three lines of retreat,—to go inland, in search of a junction with Loison, with the effect of leaving the direct road to Lisbon open to the British,—to go by the coast, with the effect of completely cutting off his communication with Loison,—or to fall direct back upon the passes through the mountain-spurs, with the effect of giving his corps the important aid of great strength of position, and there abiding the onset of the British. He boldly chose the last of these,—took post on the skirts of the mountains, adjacent to the village of Roliça, at the head of a long indenting valley,—and left a small picquet of infantry and a few cavalry to hold possession of the romantic village of Obidos, which crowns an isolated hill, near the mouth of the valley, about seven miles north of Roliça and about three miles south of Caldas.

On the 15th, as soon as the British infantry arrived at Caldas, Sir Arthur Wellesley ordered four companies of riflemen to take possession of Obidos. They speedily drove out the French picquet; but were so hot-spirited and incautious as uselessly to pursue them about three miles. "The riflemen were there attacked by a superior body of the enemy, who attempted to cut them off from the main body of the detachment to which they belonged, which had now advanced to their support. Larger bodies of the enemy appeared on both the flanks of the detachments; and it was with difficulty that Major-General Spencer, who had gone out to Obidos when he heard that the riflemen had advanced in pursuit of the enemy, was enabled to effect their retreat to that village." This skirmish cost the British two officers and twenty-seven men in killed and wounded; but it possessed no other importance than its being the first brush between the British and the French in the Peninsula.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, writing next day to Lord Castlereagh, says,—"We are going on as well as possible; the army in high order and in great spirits. We make long marches, to which they are becoming accustomed; and I make no doubt they will be equal to anything when we shall reach Lisbon. I have every hope of success. The affair of the advanced posts of yesterday evening was unpleasant, because it was quite useless, and was occasioned, contrary to orders, solely by the imprudence of the officer, and the dash and eagerness of the men. They behaved remarkably well, and did some execution with their rifles."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLE OF ROLIÇA—THE MORAL EFFECTS OF THAT BATTLE—THE DEATH OF COLONEL LAKE—ADVANCE TO VIMIERO—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S FURTHER PLANS OF THE CAMPAIGN—ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS—ARRIVAL OF SIR HARRY BURRARD, AND HIS ASSUMPTION OF THE CHIEF COMMAND.

THE little army of Sir Arthur Wellesley rested on the 16th of August at Caldas, and marched on the morning of the 17th into full battle with the corps of Laborde. The ground from Caldas to Obidos is a dull sandy level, without any feature of scenic beauty or military strength. The ground thence to the vicinity of Roliça is rich undulated valley, well embellished with cultivation, and thickly studded with groves and dwellings. The northern part of the west side of it declines to the Atlantic. All the east side is flanked by rude bold hills, which rise above one another in a series to the south, till they become identified with the dark summits of the Sierra de Baraguada. The ground immediately around Roliça, and in front of it, is a table-land, rising steeply and very ruggedly from the valley, but richly cultivated and well peopled athwart the summit. The mountains which form a barrier between the screens of the Tagus and the ocean, commence about a mile south of the village, in acclivities so savage and summits so lofty that they can be traversed only through several wild, gorgy, steep, bosky ravines, more fit for goats than for men, and not wider at the bottom in some places than three or four feet; and at the top of the nearest of these ravines, directly south of the village, extends the tabular summit of Zambugeira, about three-quarters of a mile in length, perfectly fit for the occupancy of a strong corps taking post to defend the passes against an advancing and assailing army.

"Roliça," says Southey, "was at that time a large and beautiful village, with more appearance of comfort and welfare about it than was usual in Portuguese villages. The place, with its five dependent hamlets, contained about three hundred families, the larger half of the population being in Roliça itself. Most of the houses had an enclosed garden or orchard, and the country is full of olive grounds, vineyards, and gardens, with stone enclosures. The view from the heights is singularly beautiful, presenting just such objects as Gaspar Poussin delighted in painting, and in such combination as he would have placed them; rocks and hills rising in the valley; open groves, churches with their old galilees, and houses with all the picturesque verandas and porticos which be-

speak a genial climate; Obidos with its walls and towers upon an eminence in middle distance, and its aqueduct stretching across the country as far as the eye could follow it; Monte Junto far to the east, and on the west the Atlantic. And till the iniquitous invasion of the country by France, there had been something in the condition of the people here which accorded with the loveliness of the scene wherein they were placed. Such as their lot was, they were contented with it; three and even four generations were found under the same roof; like plants, they grew, and seeded, and decayed, and returned to earth upon the spot where they had sprung up."

No ground could be better than that around Roliça for enabling a force of only a few thousands for making a triumphant stand against superior numbers. Laborde, when he took post there, though much inferior to Wellesley in strength of numbers, was vastly superior to him in strength of position; and was able also to make such use of that position as to prevent the majority of Wellesley's forces from coming into close action. He planted his standard on the highest point of the table-land in front of the village, near a wooden cross which marked the scene of some murder or accidental death; he sent out picquets to occupy strong advanced posts on the chain of hills along the east side of the valley; and he held himself ready, in the event of defeat on his first line of defence, to fall leisurely back on the table-land of Zambugeira, for the purpose first of contesting the mountain-passes, and next of securing an easy and safe retreat. He omitted, however, to take possession of a small rising-ground in his front, which was well sheltered by a hamlet and windmills, and which served, in good time, as an efficient station for the British artillery. He omitted also to destroy some olive grounds and close groves which enabled the main assailing body of the British troops, when they approached him, to deploy, with little loss from his cannonade, into their lines of attack. He omitted likewise to make due provision against onsets upon his flanks and rear by parties arriving circuitously, among the skirts of the mountains, through routes which could not be seen from his main position or from his outposts. So that, in spite of his high skill and good experience, combined with ample time to make full survey of his ground, he was not so circumspect as to reduce the British commander to the resources of mere bravery, but left him much scope for both adroit movement and far-extended manœuvre. He here, in a position of immense strength, was covering Lisbon against the British, under circumstances scarcely more critical than those in which his present antagonist, in a position of almost no strength at all, on the eve of "the battle of the civilized world," covered Brussels against the French; and as his conduct, on this occasion, has been generally regarded as a fair or even favourable specimen of French strategy, it might be quoted as a reproof to all the French military critics who have impugned the wisdom of the dispositions which our hero made on the field of Waterloo.

The weather at the battle of Roliça was as brilliant as the scenery was beautiful. A lovelier morning never dawned. The night clouds which had hung heavily on the mountain tops dispersed before the presence of the orb of day; the sweet warblers, so incredibly numerous in this climate, were chanting in full chorus; whilst myriads of wild flowers diffused their fragrance through the air. Kind nature smiled in joyous mood, presenting a strange contrast to the tumult of the impending struggle, the shouts of the combatants, the roll of musketry, the roar of artillery, and the groans of the wounded and the dying.

Sir Arthur Wellesley received intelligence that General Loison's corps was at Rio Mayor on the 16th; and, inferring that possibly it might have joined Laborde during the night, or that more probably it might approach him on the forenoon of the 17th, he made such a disposition of attack as should serve either to fight Laborde alone, or to fight Laborde and Loison jointly, or to fight Laborde and give check to Loison. He formed his army into a small right division, a larger left division, and a still larger centre division. The right division comprised 1,200 Portuguese infantry and 50 Portuguese cavalry, and was destined, under the command of Colonel Trant, to turn the enemy's left, and to penetrate into the mountains in his rear. The left division comprised Ferguson's and Bowes' brigades of infantry, three companies of riflemen, a brigade of light artillery, and 40 cavalry, and was destined, under the command of General Ferguson, to ascend the hills abreast of Obidos, to turn all the French outposts on the east side of the valley, to watch the probable approach of Loison, and to turn the right of Laborde's position at Roliça. The centre division comprised Hill's, Nightingall's, and Craufurd's brigades of infantry, the rest of Fane's brigade of riflemen, 400 Portuguese light infantry, 150 British cavalry, 250 Portuguese cavalry, a brigade of 9 pounders, and a brigade of 6 pounders, and was destined, under Sir Arthur's own immediate command, to attack Laborde's position in the front.

The several divisions moved from Obidos about seven o'clock in the morning. The rifle companies were immediately detached into the chain of hills along the east of the valley, to keep up the communication between the right and the centre divisions, and to protect the march of the latter from the enemy's outposts,—which were successively driven in. Hill's brigade, formed in three columns of battalions, and supported by the cavalry, moved up the west side of the valley, in order to attack the enemy's left. Nightingall's and Craufurd's brigades, along with the artillery, moved up the high road till they reached the head of the valley; and then Nightingall's brigade, together with the light infantry companies, and with one-third of Craufurd's brigade, formed into assaulting order in the enemy's front; while the other two-thirds of Craufurd's brigade and one-half of the 9 pounder brigade were kept as a reserve in the rear.

"The morning," says Lord Londonderry, "was considerably advanced before the troops arrived within musket-shot of the French outposts. Nothing could exceed the orderly and gallant style in which they traversed the intervening space. The day chanced to be remarkably fine, and the scenery through which the columns passed was varied and striking; but they were by far the most striking feature in the whole panorama. Whenever any broken piece of ground, or other natural obstacle came in the way, the head of the column having passed it, would pause till the rear had recovered its order, and resumed its station; and then the whole would press forward, with the same attention to distances, and the same orderly silence, which are usually preserved at a review. At last, however, the enemy's line became visible, and in a few minutes afterwards the skirmishers were engaged. The centre division now broke into columns of battalions; that on the left pressed on with a quick pace, whilst the riflemen on the right drove in, with great gallantry, and in rapid style, the tirailleurs opposed to them."

The attack of the enemy's front by the two assailing bodies of the centre division proved almost simultaneous with the menacing of his flank by the right and left divisions; for while Hill and Nightingall were advancing close upon him from below, Trant was already in a hamlet on his left, Fane's riflemen were in the hills on his right, and Ferguson's column was descending from the eastern heights into the table-land. Laborde saw at once that his position was overpowered; and he retired with the greatest celerity and the utmost regularity, covered by his steady cavalry, to take post on the ridge of Zambugeira. The British infantry followed him rapidly and vigorously; but in consequence of being aided by so very small a body of cavalry, they were not able to harass his retreat, or in any way to do him much harm.

A new disposition of the British force was now necessary. Fane's riflemen were already so high among the hills on the east as to be ready to dash in upon Laborde's new and most formidable position; and the lightest of the other troops were promptly arranged in small columns suitable for penetrating five several passes in front of that position, and on its flanks. The Portuguese infantry were ordered to ascend the pass furthest to the right; the light companies of Hill's brigade, and the 5th regiment, to ascend the pass next to that; the 29th regiment, supported by the 9th regiment, to ascend the central pass; and the 45th and 82d regiments, to ascend the two passes on the left. All these parties went off in a hot mutual rivalry of zeal and bravery. Small clouds of skirmishers also plunged into the thickets to feel or force their way up the rough grounds adjacent to the passes. But the ravines were of considerable length, and had no communication with one another, except at the ends, or over the heights; the paths along their bottom were obstructed by fragments of fallen rocks, and by rank, tangled, shrubby vegetation; and various spots suitable for ambushes or

outposts were used skilfully and held tenaciously by the enemy; so that about two or three hours elapsed before the die of battle could be thrown on the main ground of the French position, the table-land on the summit of Zambugeira. The conflict for a long time consisted chiefly in scattered skirmishes in the hollows of the mountains; and though not remarkable there for any very decisive results, further than the general beating back of the French, was at least singularly suggestive and terribly picturesque. "The quick fire of the advancing skirmishers rung and rattled among the rocky hollows; and the goat herds looked down in wonder from the far sierras upon the white clouds of battle, which hid from their view the shouting combatants; while the brave array of the reserve, the scarlet uniforms, and the unaccustomed battle-cries, told them that their oppressors had met a foe, and that their bleeding villages had found a friend."

The most arduous struggle, the earliest considerable one, the most prolonged, the most critical, and on the part of the British the most heroic and the most costly, occurred near the top of the central pass. "Entering the ravine undauntedly, the leading companies of the 29th regiment were permitted to approach a gorge, with precipitous rocks on one side, and a thick myrtle wood on the other. From both a tremendous fire was unexpectedly opened. In front and on the flanks, the men fell by dozens; and, as the leading company was annihilated, the column, cumbered by its own dead and wounded, was completed arrested in its movement. But the check was only momentary. Colonel Lake, who led the regiment on horseback, waved his hat and called on the men to follow. A wild cheer was returned, and a rush made up the pass. Notwithstanding the sustained fusilade on every side, the forward movement was successful, and after overcoming every attempt to repel their daring charge, with diminished numbers the 29th crowned the plateau. But the enemy were not to be easily beaten. Before the 9th could clear the pass, or the 29th form their line, a French battalion advanced and charged. They were most gallantly received, a severe contest ensued, and after a mutual slaughter, the enemy were repulsed. With increased numbers again and again the charges were repeated and repelled. At last the 9th got into action; and the head of the 5th regiment began to show itself as it topped the summit of the second pass. On every point the attacks were successful; and to save himself from being cut off, Laborde retired in perfect order."

Almost simultaneously with this difficult and dearly-won success of the column of the central pass, the other assailing parties, additional to that of the 5th regiment and of Hill's light companies, and including Fane's riflemen from the heights, appeared on the table-land of Zambugeira. Laborde did not suspect that any parties were approaching his flanks till he saw them close at hand, and safely out of the ravines. He had made his determined resistance to the party

of the central pass, for the double reason that he supposed them to be the main assailants, and that he expected every moment to be joined by the corps of Loison. But now he saw that his position was overmastered,—that victory was against him. Yet, not only did he retire with perfect order, but he attempted to make another stand at a hamlet in the rear of Zambugeira. He was speedily driven thence, however, by a gallant charge under General Spencer; and then he abandoned three of his guns, called in a detachment whom he had placed on the outlook for Loison, and retreated by the pass of Runna, leaving the grand road to Lisbon by way of Torres Vedras open to the advance of the British.

Had Sir Arthur Wellesley possessed a moderate proportion of cavalry, or had he been able by any possible means to get his artillery speedily up the mountain-passes, he would not have let Laborde so easily away. But even as it was, he did great things; and we have told the story of the battle ill if he does not appear in it to have been every moment on the alert, directing every movement, observing every occurrence, contriving and commanding from first to last with consummate perspicacity, promptitude, and skill. Not more than about four thousand of his troops could get into action, and they were opposed in actual combat by at least an equal number of the French. If therefore we consider the prodigious advantageousness of Laborde's positions, the highly respectable character of Laborde's generalship, the enormous obstructions which marred the British movements, and the urgent necessity which the British commander felt for at once caution, inventiveness, and energy, we must clearly see how eminently superior Sir Arthur was to Laborde, and the British troops to the French.

"There is no reminiscence of the Peninsula," remarks Maxwell, "which the soldier recalls with more pride, than the small but brilliant action of Roliça. It is true that the scale was limited, and that the mighty masses with which after battle-fields were crowded were wanting for effect; but nothing could be more perfect than Wellesley's attack—nothing more scientific than Laborde's resistance. Other circumstances add to the interest of this gallant affair. It was the first trial of the hero of Assye opposed to European troops, and these also troops that with no absurd pretension, had claimed the title of invincible. The moral effect of the combat of Roliça was of immense importance. It was the dawning of a glorious day; and its results were admirably calculated to confirm the wavering faith of doubtful allies, and remove the conviction of the French regarding their military superiority. It was a noble compliment paid by Napoleon to British infantry, when he observed, 'that they never knew when they were beaten;' and it was the happiest delusion under which a soldier ever laboured, in fancying himself unconquerable. That belief had been artfully cherished by Napoleon; and to its prevalence among his soldiers, half his victories may be ascribed. But the trial at Roliça at once dispelled the dream;

and the French discovered in the island soldiers to whom they were opposed, men in every thing their equals, and in unflinching gallantry their superiors infinitely."

The loss of the British at Roliça, in killed, wounded, and missing was not much short of five hundred; and that of the French was at least seven hundred. So heavy a loss on the part of the victors, amounting to nearly one-eighth of the total number engaged, is evidence that our troops fought, not only with unflinching bravery, but with perfectly steady discipline. It occurred chiefly in the storming of the passes, most of all in the storming of the central pass, and was precisely similar, in the manner of fighting which occasioned it, to the frightful loss in the grand crowning victory of Waterloo. Sir Arthur Wellesley, as we shall afterwards see, was soon and severely tortured with anxiety about the miserable discipline of his army during marches and in ordinary bivouacs; but he learned once for all at Roliça that there was nothing to give him a moment's uneasiness respecting its discipline in battle. The very worst men of it, as well as the best, were there proved to be true as steel in standing to their colours and in their ranks against the foe. He had already, indeed, had sufficient proof of this in conflict with the swarthy sons of the East, and with the raw levies of Denmark; and now, at Roliça, he had equal proof of it in conflict with a choice portion of the most boasted, most tried, most triumphant army in the world. No commander could better appreciate steady discipline in battle than he; nor could any one turn it to grander account in the planning of campaigns, and in the forming of battle-arrays. The consequent effect of his early confidence on this subject, not simply on his private composure of mind, but on the nerve and grasp and far-hurling energy of his public military conduct, must have been immense.

An instructive illustration of the coexistence of lawlessness on the march and steadiness for the fight occurred in the 29th regiment on the evening before the battle of Roliça. "On that evening," says an eye-witness, "there was every reason to believe that the 29th would be among the first troops engaged the next morning, and there were two bad subjects under sentence of a court-martial for petty plundering. Colonel Lake, when he formed his regiment in the evening for the punishment of the two culprits, knew full well that every man was satisfied they deserved it, but he did not say that. He spoke to the hearts of his soldiers; he told them he flogged those men not alone because they deserved it, but that he might deprive them of the honour of going into action with their comrades in the morning, and that he might not prevent the guard who was stationed over them from participating in it. The regiment was in much too high a state of discipline to admit of a word being said, but they were repeated all the evening from mouth to mouth; and the poor fellows who were flogged declared to me they would willingly on their knees at his feet, if they

dared, have begged, as the greatest favour he could bestow, to be allowed to run the risk of being shot first, with the certainty of being flogged afterwards if they escaped."

The officer who figures in this anecdote—Lieutenant-Colonel Lake, the son of Lord Lake—was the most distinguished of the slain on the field of Roliça. He fell at the head of his regiment, in the long fierce conflict, at the top of the central pass; yet fell not till about the moment of victory. "Colonel Lake on horseback on the top of the hill," says Mr. Guthrie, who was present in the conflict, "seemed to have a charmed life. One French officer, of the name of Bellegrade, said afterwards that he had fired seven shots at him. Once he seemed to stagger as if he was hit, but it was only at the seventh shot he fell. It is probable he was right, for he was wounded in the back of the neck slightly; but the ball which killed him passed quite through from side to side beneath the arms. I think he must have fallen dead. The sergeant-major, Richards, seeing his Colonel fall, stood over him, like another Ajax, until he himself fell wounded in thirteen places by shot and bayonet. I gave him some water in his dying moments, and his last words were, 'I should have died happy if our gallant Colonel had been spared,'—words that were reiterated by almost every wounded man."

In the fall of Colonel Lake, Sir Arthur Wellesley lost not only one of his best officers but a much esteemed personal friend; and though his capacious mind was full to the brim with cares about the victory, about the army, about the French, and about a rapid whirl of events which seemed to involve the crisis of the whole campaign, he managed next day to write to the Colonel's brother-in-law, Mr. Borough, such a letter of condolence as might have worthily come from a mourner who had no other duty at the moment than to do honour to the dead. "I do not recollect the occasion," said he, "upon which I have written with more pain to myself than I do at present, to communicate to you the death of your gallant brother-in-law. He fell in the attack of a pass in the mountains, at the head of his regiment, the admiration of the whole army; and there is nothing to be regretted in his death, excepting the untimely moment at which it has afflicted his family," who had suffered bereavement by the death of Lord Lake only six months before, "and has deprived the public of the services of an officer who would have been an ornament to his profession, and an honour to his country. It may at the moment increase the regret of those who lose a near and dear relation, to learn that he deserved and enjoyed the respect and affection of the world at large, and particularly of the profession to which he belonged; but I am convinced, that however acute may be the sensations which it may at first occasion, it must in the end be satisfactory to the family of such a man as Colonel Lake to know that he was respected and loved by the whole army, and that he fell, alas! with many others, in the achieve-

ment of one of the most heroic actions that have been performed by the British army."

The action at Roliça, on the 17th, did not terminate till five o'clock in the afternoon. Laborde, notwithstanding that night so soon shrouded him from pursuit, did not halt in retreat till he arrived in the vicinity of Montachique, some distance south-east of Torres Vedras, and upwards of twelve miles from the field of battle. Loison continued to the last to be fearfully harassed on his march, —losing men from annoyance and exhaustion at the rate of about an hundred a-day; and he did not join Laborde till the morning of the 18th. Junot, meanwhile, had been making great exertions to conciliate, cajole, and terrify the Portuguese, so that he might strengthen his reserve corps to the utmost by additions to it from the garrisons of Lisbon and the neighbouring forts; and he sent that corps so opportunely forward that it joined Laborde and Loison only a few hours after they had joined each other. His whole field-force, however, did not exceed fourteen thousand; but it was promptly concentrated in the strong ground of Torres Vedras,—it also was well-proportioned in its several classes of arms,—and especially comprised about fifteen hundred efficient cavalry; so that it was in good condition to cope with an army of superior numbers, which had less strength of position, was deficient in artillery, and had a mere handful of horse.

The victors at Roliça, immediately after driving the French from the field of battle, made a halt for the night. They rested with their right wing on the road to Lourinha, and with the left on a height adjacent to the spot where Laborde made his last stand. They were so exhausted by the long severe labours of the day as to need instant repose; and besides were not in a military condition, as to either artillery or cavalry, to rush headlong, amid bewildering darkness, into probable collision with the corps of Loison, either by itself or after it might effect a junction with the corps of Laborde. Sir Arthur Wellesley contemplated a far safer and vastly more valuable exploit,—the seizure of the grand defile of Torres Vedras, which is surrounded by a mountain-tract of immense military strength, and serves practically as the outer-gate of the approach to Lisbon; and he issued orders in the evening that the army should march early next morning for the performing of that exploit. But during the night, intelligence reached him that the fleet containing General Anstruther's and General Acland's divisions, together with a large supply of stores, was off the coast, waiting to be landed in whatever spot he might think most suitable; and this determined him to change his plans,—to deflect his line of march toward the sea-side,—and to move to a position which should serve the double purpose of commanding an access to Lisbon and of covering the disembarkation of the reinforcement.

He had originally intended to work on toward Lisbon with no other force

than his own proper corps and the Portuguese contingent, sending down Anstruther's and Acland's divisions to effect a landing in or near the mouth of the Tagus, in the rear of the enemy, while he himself should press upon their front. But the defection of the Portuguese at Leiria and the high gallantry of the French at Roliça made him feel that the aid of these divisions under his own immediate standard was now necessary. They required also to be disembarked with all possible speed, not only that their presence might enable him to follow promptly up the advantages of his victory, but because a south-west wind might in one night wreck half of the fleet amid the terrific surf of the shore. And they needed to be protected in their disembarkation, both because the strong fort of Peniché, strongly garrisoned by the French, commanded much of the adjacent coast, and because the reserve corps of Junot was known to be ready for action, and might possibly be in the neighbourhood. Sir Arthur, therefore, marched on the 18th to Lourinha, whence he communicated with the fleet; and on the 19th to Vimiero, a village near the bay of Maceira, whence he detached a brigade to assist the disembarkation on the sandy beach of that bay.

The French cavalry were very active throughout the 19th and the 20th, scouring all the country for miles round the British position, often patrolling up to the very skirts of that position, once carrying off some of the followers at the rear of it, once also patrolling down to the landing-place at Maceira, and constantly keeping so close a watch on the British army that they could gain no precise intelligence of the place or movements of the French infantry and artillery. General Anstruther's division landed on the evening and night of the 19th,—without any loss, notwithstanding annoyance from the French patrol. General Acland's landed on the evening and night of the 20th, amid such a heaving of the surf as swamped some of the boats, and violently drove others on the shore, with the loss of several lives. Both divisions immediately marched into junction with the army at Vimiero; and about the same time intelligence was obtained that the Portuguese contingent under General Freire had at last caught fire from the British bravery at Roliça, and was then on its march, and would join the British camp on the morning of the 21st.

Sir Arthur Wellesley now felt that the game of the campaign was completely in his hands. He saw fully spread before him an ample, strong, close-meshed net, in which all the French in Portugal seemed certain to be caught. He had recommended to Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Hew Dalrymple, in the communications left for them in vessels watching their approach, that Sir John Moore's corps should land at Mondego bay, march instantly on Santarem, and take strong post there with the view of shutting in the French on the Tagus while he himself should shut them in on the coast,—"and that without danger, because Junot would be forced to defend Lisbon against the coast army, or if, relinquishing the capital, he endeavoured to make way to Almeida by Santarem, the ground there

was so strong that Sir John Moore might easily maintain it against any efforts." Sir Arthur, indeed, could not now perform his part of the plan so adroitly as if he had been able to seize the grand defile of Torres Vedras,—the less so as that strong pass was believed to be commanded by the position, or perhaps was actually within the position, which Junot's army had just taken up. But there was a path leading between the mountains and the sea, by way of Mafra, round to Montachique on the direct road from Torres Vedras to Lisbon; and by that path he resolved to conduct his army, in one forced march, on the morning of the 21st, to a strong position, with the advanced guard on the heights of Mafra, and the main body about four or five miles from that place. He would thus turn the flank of the enemy's strong position, oblige them to abandon it, and intercept their line of march to Montachique; and a grand battle with them appearing to be inevitable, he would, at the same time, force them into this on a field of his own choosing, in a region of most diversified aspect, replete with natural military strength, eminently favourable for strategical manœuvres, and little less understood by him than if he had roved for a time from point to point among its fastnesses. "For he possessed as much knowledge of the ground as good maps and scientific descriptions could impart. Sir Charles Stuart—a man whose great military talents had never been allowed a field whereon to display themselves—had carefully surveyed this part of the country, when he commanded the British troops in Portugal. It had not escaped him that, upon this ground, in case of serious invasion, the kingdom must be saved or lost; and his maps and papers were in Sir Arthur's hands. The battle would thus be fought in a country of which the British commander had adequate knowledge; and he hoped to enter Lisbon with the retreating or flying enemy." He, therefore, rearranged all his army with a view to this plan of operation; and issued orders to be ready to march early in the morning.

But just at this juncture he received intelligence that Sir Harry Burrard had arrived in Maceira bay. Sir Harry had left Portsmouth with the division of Sir John Moore, had been long detained on his passage by contrary winds, had gone on board a frigate and sailed ahead of the fleet off Cape Finisterre, had proceeded first to the Douro and next to several points of communication along the coast, had ordered Sir John Moore to disembark at Mondego bay and afterwards counterordered him to steer on to Maceira bay, and had at length arrived opposite Sir Arthur Wellesley's position in full knowledge of his operations, achievements, and plans. Sir Arthur, immediately on hearing of his arrival, went on board to report to him the arrangements which he had made for the morrow. Sir Harry, without troubling himself to go ashore, or to make any lengthened inquiries, perfunctorily assumed the supreme command, annulled Sir Arthur's arrangements, and gave orders for the army to remain in the position it occupied till it should be joined by Sir John Moore's division.

He was a general of the old school, and a mere second-rate genius, who marshalled an army as he would have marshalled a procession, elegantly able to manœuvre it in a review, but totally without fire or far-sightedness to hurl it against a nimble foe in the field. A plan of operation on two lines, such as Sir Arthur had proposed by Santarem and the coast, with corps each inferior in number to the enemy, was far too bold for Sir Harry's fancy, and perhaps seemed to him as foolish as would be the splitting of a fine procession into two separate and distant lines. Even the present plan of making a prompt forced march into advantageous ground in the rear of the enemy, notwithstanding that the army was now superior in numbers, appeared to him rash and hasty, partly because the cavalry were so few and the artillery-horses so bad, but chiefly because a reinforcement of ten thousand men would arrive in two or three days, and render everything safe. Sir Arthur argued clearly and earnestly that the army as a whole was stronger than the enemy,—that the cavalry and artillery-horses had done well enough hitherto, and would do well enough again,—that the advantages to be gained by the march to Mafra were equal in effect to a very strong reinforcement,—and that the two or three days proposed to be spent in delay would suffice for seizing Lisbon and triumphantly terminating the campaign; and, as a clinching consideration, which ought to have settled all doubt, even had circumstances been far more unfavourable than the most timid mind could imagine them, he showed that, if the army did not march, it would be attacked where it lay—in a position which had been selected more for the convenience of bivouac than with reference to strength—that the French already felt too hotly pressed by the state of the country behind them to be able to delay two or three days, and would certainly be up and at the British before the end of that time, to strike them at a disadvantage,—that, therefore, the whole question resolved itself into this, to attack or to be attacked. But Sir Harry would not be convinced, would not be moved, was sternly inflexible. And Sir Arthur, leaving the old general at his ease in the ship, went ashore that night, probably with little thought about the indignity done to himself in the sudden supercession of his authority, but burdened with a heavier care than ever came upon him on any subject of his personal honour,—the care as to how, during even the few remaining hours of his command, he should work his army after his well-matured plans for working it had been smashed to pieces.

That care involved the solemn probability of being obliged to receive battle on ground which had been taken up with no view to battle, and which happened to be too extensive for the purpose, and otherwise not very suitable. But he studied the care and studied the ground, and speedily was master of both. And well that it was so—well that he did not take matters so easily as the cautious general who had superseded him; for in the course of the night a messenger knocked him up to say that the enemy seemed to be coming,—and at an hour in

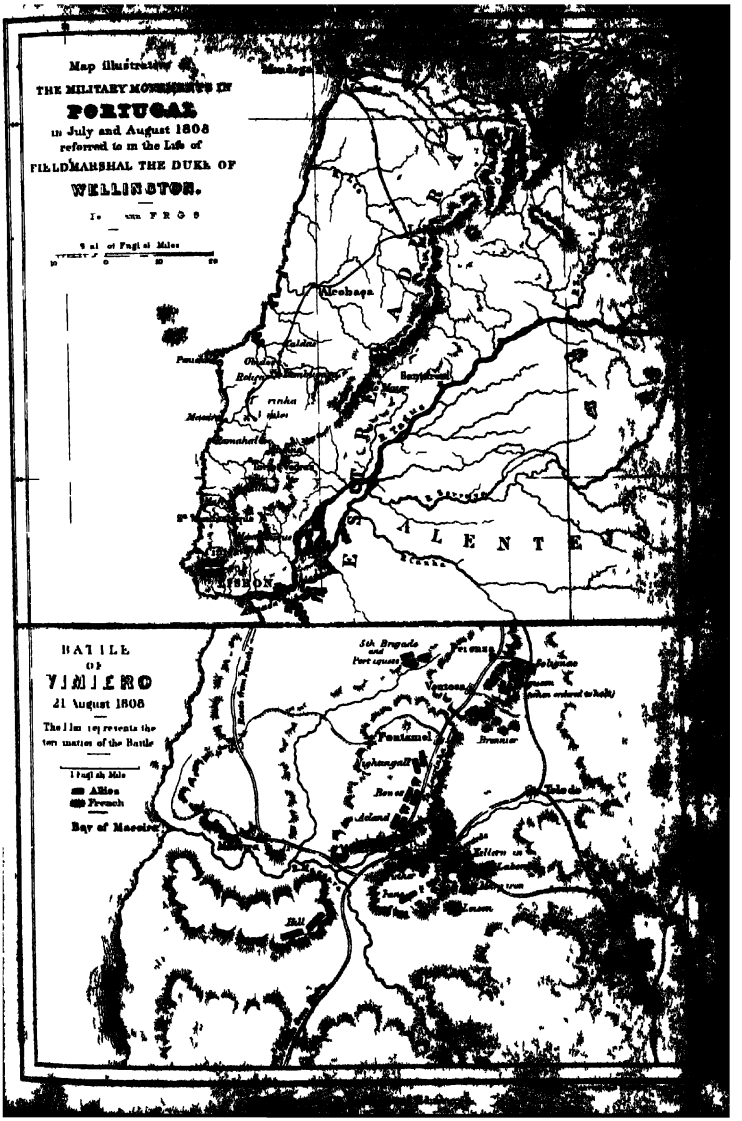
the morning when, if his own plans had been let alone, he would have been well advanced on the intended march to Mafra, he sustained the sudden shock of combat amid the rough, rude, broken heights of Vimiero. Yet about sunrise, while all his army lay ready to spring into action, chained to that spot by the iron command of the previous evening, and hindered from marching thence to baffle a foe who might every hour be expected to assail them, Sir Arthur took leisure to write to Lord Castlereagh as follows,—"Sir Harry Burrard will probably acquaint your Lordship with the reasons which have induced him to call Sir John Moore's corps to the assistance of our army, which consists of 20,000 men, including the Portuguese army, which was to join this morning notwithstanding former determinations to the contrary, and is opposed by, I am convinced, not more than 12,000 or 14,000 Frenchmen, and to halt here till Sir John's corps shall join. You will readily believe, however, that this determination is not in conformity with my opinion; and I only wish that Sir Harry had landed and seen things with his own eyes before he had made it."

CHAPTER XV.

THE BATTLE OF VIMIERO—SIR HARRY BURRARD'S INTERFERENCE WITH THE VICTORY THERE—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S CONDUCT ON THAT OCCASION—ARRIVAL OF SIR HEW DALRYMPLE, AND HIS ASSUMPTION OF THE CHIEF COMMAND—ARMISTICE WITH JUNOT—THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA.

BEFORE Sir Harry Burrard had dismissed the hero of the Portuguese campaign from his ship, while he was still repelling Sir Arthur's entreaties for permission to advance from Vimiero, the French army had left Torres Vedras, and were in full march to attack the British camp. They intended to reach Vimiero, ready for battle, at day-break; but they were so retarded by bad roads, by numerous defiles, and by the darkness of the night, that, at seven o'clock in the morning, they were about four miles from the British outposts, and in a state of much fatigue. They halted there, in a hollow, to take a little rest, and to form into close order; and all the ground between that place and the British camp was so obstructed by heights and feathered with wood that they could not be seen by any of the British picquets.

The road by which the French came from Torres Vedras and that by which the British intended to go to Mafra are divergent from each other, at a considerable mutual distance, and cannot be seen from each other except in the immediate vicinity of Vimiero. Had not Sir Arthur Wellesley's orders of the previous evening been countermanded by Sir Harry Burrard, the two armies would have passed each other five or six miles south of Vimiero, the British immediately upon the sea-board, and the French among defiles several miles in the interior. The movement, howsoever they might have discovered each other, or wheresoever they might have gone into action, would have been eminently favourable to the British. "The two armies would have gone into a position similar to that of the French and Prussians at Jena. They would have mutually turned and crossed each other in their march; and when they came to blows, Junot would have fought with his back to Oporto and his face to Lisbon, and Wellesley with his back to Lisbon and his face to Oporto. But there would have been this essential distinction between the situation of the two armies, after having thus mutually passed each other, that Junot, cut off from all his reserves and supplies at Lisbon, would have been driven, in case of disaster, to a ruinous retreat through the insurgent and hostile mountains of the north of Portugal; whereas Wellesley, backed by the sea, and having his fleet, containing powerful reinforcements, to fall back upon, would have fought in a comparatively


Map illustrating
THE MILITARY MOVEMENTS IN
PORTUGAL
in July and August 1808
referred to in the Life of
FIELDMARSHAL THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON.
Alcobaça
ALENTE
BATTLE
OF
VIMIERO
21 August 1808
Bay of Maceira

advantageous position." Add to this that, in the event of victory, Wellesley would have obtained instant possession of all the strong country around the capital and the lower Tagus, or that, if he had fully turned the flank of Torres Vedras before being discovered or overtaken, which he was almost certain to do, he might have terminated the campaign almost without firing a shot.

During the night, as we have already hinted, Sir Arthur received a report that the French were approaching,—a German officer of dragoons having galloped into the camp, with some consternation, to announce that they were within a league of Vimiero and twenty thousand strong. But he doubted the accuracy of this information, and made no further use of it than to send out some patroles, and to instruct the picquets and guards to be on the alert. "It may be remarked, in passing," says Sherer, "that no General ever received reports with such calm caution as Sir Arthur Wellesley. Suddenly awaked, he would hear an alarming account from the front with a quiet, and to many a bustling intelligent officer, a provoking coldness, and turn again to his sleep as before. Few, if any, are the instances during the war of his putting the troops under arms by night, or disappointing them unnecessarily of one hour of repose." Whenever near an enemy, indeed, the British always mounted arms an hour before day-break; and on the present occasion, they were specially ready for instant action, in consequence of having been put in order the previous evening for a night march.

The position of the British army had the village of Vimiero for its pivot, and lay east and west of that point to the total extent of from three to four miles. The village stands in a beautiful narrow valley, screened by variegated heights, and watered by the crystal stream of the Maceira rivulet, about three miles from the Atlantic. Here were the ammunition-waggons, the commissariat stores, and the bustling crowd of the camp-followers. A small plain extends north of the village; and there lay the cavalry and the Portuguese. A small, rugged, isolated, slightly elevated plateau, is situated immediately south of the village, crowned by a mill, commanding a considerable extent of ground to the south and east, but commanded at long range by hills to the west and the north-east. Anstruther's and Fane's brigades of infantry, with six guns, were posted on this plateau, the left of Anstruther's occupying a church and churchyard on a road from the village at its north-eastern extremity, and the right of Fane's overlooking the descent to the Maceira rivulet at its western extremity. A ridge of high hill commences at a ravine, or narrow part of the Maceira valley, a little north-west of the village, forms for some distance the left screen of the valley, and sweeps in a semicircle past the west side of the village and west end of the plateau, away to the vicinity of the sea-beach. Six brigades of infantry, with eight guns, were posted on this ridge, Hill's brigade being on the right, and Ferguson's on the left. Another and similar ridge commences at the ravine,

opposite the north-east end of the preceding ridge, extends away north-eastward, and is traversed by the road from Vimiero to Lourinha. This ridge is destitute of water; and the only troops posted on it were some picquets. A high bare tableau extends to the south-east, traversed by two roads to Torres Vedras, and skirted or broken by dells and ravines, densely clothed with brushwood. This also was occupied only by picquets; but it served, in the hour of need, both to hinder Junot from getting a full view of the British position, and to obstruct the advance of his attacking columns.

At sunrise on the 21st, the British saw no appearance of an enemy; at seven o'clock, they beheld a cloud of dust behind the hills toward the south-east; and at eight o'clock, they saw a body of cavalry crowning the further summit of these hills, and sending out scouts. Immediately afterwards, another body of cavalry and a mass of infantry were descried toward the east, moving along a road which crosses the country two miles from Vimiero, and seeming to threaten the left flank of the British position. The intervening ground was all so broken and wooded that not another correct view of them could be gained till they should arrive close at hand, and the British cavalry were too few to be able to furnish a safe party for reconnoitering; so that Sir Arthur Wellesley had nothing but the one distant glance to instruct him as to the probable intentions of the enemy. He did not doubt, however, that his left flank and the plateau in front of the village were the designed points of attack; and he instantly made such a great change in the disposition of his force as seemed necessary for successful resistance and for victory. He ordered off five of the six brigades from the ridge of hill to the west of the village, leaving Hill's brigade to be the only occupant of that hill, to move to the part of it abreast of the plateau, and to remain there as a reserve to the whole army. Four of the removed brigades,—Ferguson's and Nightingall's as a front line, and Bowes' and Acland's as a rear line—he ordered to take post on the south-western part of the ridge traversed by the road to Lourinha, facing to the north-east, and forming a right angle with the prolongation of Anstruther's and Fane's front on the plateau. The other brigade and the Portuguese he ordered to a remoter part of the same ridge, to cover the extreme left of the whole position, and to protect the rear. A line of skirmishers also was ordered out from the right flank of Ferguson's, Nightingall's, Bowes', and Acland's brigades, to occupy the declivity of the ridge toward the enemy. But so very critical in point of time was the whole movement, that only the front line of these brigades could form before the battle began, while part of the rear line had to engage, and was able to do good service, in the very act of moving toward its new position.

The French were formed in a division of two large brigades, under Laborde, with Brennier second in command,—a division of two large brigades, under Loison, with Solignac second in command,—a reserve division of grenadiers,

under Kellerman,—and the cavalry, under Margaron. The three divisions of infantry advanced in succession to one another; the cavalry advanced partly on the right of Brennier, and partly in the rear of Kellerman; and the artillery was distributed among the columns, to open its fire on whatever ground might be found most favourable for its practice. Junot, on approaching the British position, supposed it to present two sides of an irregular triangle, and to be mainly assailable at the apex of the plateau, and at the nearest part of the hill north-east of the village; for he could not see the passage of the five brigades across the valley, or form any notion of the great strength suddenly concentrated on the British left. He therefore ordered Laborde's division to fall asunder, and make a simultaneous attack, the one part under Laborde himself on the apex of the plateau, and the other part under Brennier on what seemed the weakest part of the hill north-east of the village. But though both forces came on like a torrent, that under Laborde appeared at once to strike against impregnable masses, and that under Brennier suddenly sank into a deep ravine, of whose existence all the French were ignorant, and seemed at once to become lost to all action. Junot, instantly on seeing these disasters, ordered forward the division of Loison, – the one part of it under Loison himself to support Laborde's attack on the plateau, and the other part under Solignac to turn the ravine into which Brennier had fallen, and to assail the extremity of the British left. What followed is succinctly and spiritedly told thus by Major Sherer:

"The principal column, led by Laborde, advanced against the position in front of the village with the fury and the loud outcries of men resolved for victory. In vain the British guns poured death into their ranks. They moved on with a steady rapidity, and crowned the summit of the plateau. Before a cool volley from the 50th, within twenty paces, their front rank fell; and as their column faltered with the shock, the firm bayonets of that brave regiment were already in the midst of them, and they were driven down with great bloodshed. The brigade of Fane, which was attacked at the same moment, bravely repulsed the assailing column. Upon this body, as it retired in confusion, the weak squadron of the 20th light dragoons, under Colonel Taylor, made a lively charge, and completed their disaster. But the few English horsemen were in turn set upon by the strong cavalry of Margaron, and cut to pieces, their gallant colonel falling slain in the mêlée. There was a fierce struggle between the grenadiers of Kellerman's column of reserve and the British 43d, in a hot skirmish among the vineyards near the church. They drove back the advanced companies of that corps; but it rallied instantly; and, throwing itself upon the head of the column in a narrow ravine, it broke and routed them with the bayonet, sustaining itself a heavy loss. The discomfiture of these attacks in the centre was complete. But no army can be destroyed, however beaten, that has got protection for its fugitives in a superior cavalry. Had two of the regiments of the dragoons then

kept idle in the barrack-yards at home been present, the march to Torres Vedras would have been made, and Lisbon been our own.

"Brennier, who was to have attacked the British left, found their position inaccessible, owing to a deep and difficult ravine at its base, which he was not aware of, and in which he got disordered and delayed. Meanwhile Solignac, with a brigade of Loison's division, turned this ravine, and fell upon the English left. He was met by the regiments under Ferguson, who bore down upon him with a close and heavy fire of musketry; and at last with the weapon of victory, the bayonet, they drove Solignac, and took six guns. Ferguson was pressing his broken columns with some corps, while two of his own regiments were halted near the captured guns. Brennier, meanwhile, came suddenly out of the ravine, which he had just cleared, and succeeded for a moment in repossessing himself of them. But the regiments did not retire far,—only to a near vantage-ground, from whence, pouring in a hot fire, they again charged, and again the guns were taken. Brennier was wounded and made prisoner. Ferguson, who had separated the two French brigades, by his able and spirited movements, would have taken more than half the brigade of Solignac, if an order to halt had not arrested him in mid-career."

A chief means of staggering Laborde's column in its advance to the plateau was the play of seven pieces of artillery with shrapnell shells, which were then for the first time put into use. The skirmishers, also, who took ground along the face of the plateau, wherever trees or hummocks could cover them, were particularly effective. The 50th regiment, likewise, though numbering on the field only 700 bayonets, performed a practice which was singularly deadly. "Colonel Walker, the commander of it, finding it unable, by a direct resistance in front, to withstand the assault of above 2,000 men in column, whom Laborde led on, most skilfully drew it up obliquely to their advance, with the left, against which they were directed, thrown back. The effect of this was to expose the flank as well as front of the French column to the British fire, almost every shot of which told on their crowded ranks, while a small number only could return the discharge, and the numerous ranks in rear were perfectly useless. When the command to charge was given, the British regiment in line came down in compact order on the French column, partly in front and partly in flank; and in the attempt to deploy and form line to withstand the levelled steel, they almost unavoidably broke and fled. This method of resisting the French attack in column was very frequently afterwards employed by Wellington, and always with the same success."

A side column of Laborde's division which bore down, past the north-east end of the plateau, and past the church and churchyard, toward the village, was repulsed by the prompt conduct of Acland's brigade, who, at the moment of the attack, were crossing the valley from the western ridge of hill to the north-eastern

one, and turned their guns against the French column. Anstruther, while fighting in the same quarter, and while vigorously charging and repelling the assailants with the bayonet, was informed by an aide-de-camp from the commander-in-chief that he would be immediately supported; but he cried,—"I require no support—I am beating the French, and I am able to beat them wherever I find them."

Ferguson's final repulse of Solignac's and Brennier's brigades, in the extreme left of the British position, adjacent to the road to Lourinha, was terrible. The French, as they advanced there, soon saw that far more combatants were waiting them than they had counted on; and they fell back, to receive an attack rather than to give one, yet kept steadily to their ranks, and maintained the firm bearing of heroes and of victors-expectant. Ferguson moved on to them at double quick pace, and gave the word to charge. "One cheer, loud, regular, and appalling," says Lord Londonderry, "warned the French of what they had to expect. But the French were men of tried valour, and they stood to the last. The onset that ensued was tremendous. The entire front rank of the enemy perished; and the men who composed it were found, at the close of the action, lying on the very spots where each during its continuance, had stood." Another description of the horrid scene, by an actor in it, who could never afterwards think of it without a shudder, says that the whole front line of one of the French regiments, three hundred in number, went down like grass before the scythe.

Sir Arthur Wellesley had directed all the British movements of the battle, and keenly watched every event. His eye, like an eagle's, had been always and everywhere on the whole field of action. It was now only twelve o'clock; the enemy was entirely beaten; all his forces were in full flight, in two great masses, completely separated from each other, and both in directions towards the Sierra de Baraguada, and quite away from Lisbon; about one half of the British had been engaged either not at all or very slightly; part who had never fired a shot were two miles nearer Torres Vedras than any of the French; and Sir Arthur instantly conceived the masterly thought of forking off his army on two great missions,—the one to chase the French over the sierra, on to the insurgent districts, and the other to make straight for the south, to seize Torres Vedras and Montachique, and to take full possession of the road to Lisbon. The best judges, in taking a full retrospective view of the circumstances, have no doubt that this able operation would have been perfectly successful,—that it would have deprived the French of all their remaining artillery, and several thousand stragglers,—that Lisbon would have fallen an easy prey to the victors,—and that Junot, after being buffeted and turned at every point through a strong hostile country, would have been glad to seek safety, with but a remnant of his army, under the cannon of Almeida. But Sir Arthur, as we have seen, was compelled to

fight the battle in circumstances far less advantageous than would have accrued from his own plans; and now that the perils of the field were past, and victory secured, was he allowed any farther to exercise his own judgment or to wield the chief command? No.

Sir Harry Burrard landed after the commencement of the battle, went up to Vimiero in the midst of it, received from Sir Arthur Wellesley such explanations respecting the state of things as could be given in a few words, and requested him to proceed with the action, as he had begun, in the full exercise of his own judgment. Sir Harry afterwards took credit to himself, and has received credit from historians, for delicacy and prudence, in abstaining then from assuming the command. But he knew neither the plan, the ground, the positions, nor the previous and passing tactics of the battle; and, though he had been a man of higher order of mind than he really was, and ever so anxious to become the hero of the hour, he could scarcely have got sufficient ideas to control the remainder of the combat except by taking them ready formed from Sir Arthur, or from some member of the staff. In fact, so complicated, rapid and critical were the evolutions, so dependent on one another, and so influenced one and all by the strong, stubborn, complex features of the ground, that he could not safely, of himself, have attempted to wield any directing power over them till they came to an issue. His presence here at all, except as a mere spectator, since he did not choose to go ashore on the previous evening, and acquaint himself personally with the relative positions of the antagonist armies, was, to say the least of it, an imprudence, tending only to distract Sir Arthur's mind from undivided attention to the progress of the action. He was responsible for the ultimate results, indeed; and on that account he certainly required to be there, and required also to prepare himself well for assuming the direction of events when the proper crisis for assuming it should come. Yet even this arose entirely from the previous imprudence of having annulled Sir Arthur's general plans, and enjoined general plans of his own, at so momentous a juncture in the campaign, and before he had yet set foot on the land. After all, however, Sir Harry was "more sinned against than sinning;" for the parties chiefly to blame were the blundering authorities at the War Office who had sent him on such a fool's errand.

When at length the battle came to a crisis, when victory once more alighted on the hero of Assye, then Sir Harry assumed the command. But, in assuming it he did no more than any civilian, if he had but been invested with the proper formal authority, could have done as well; he simply put an instant end to all action throughout the field,—simply brought all the victorious troops, at the very moment when resistance ceased and pursuit was before them, to a complete stand. Sir Arthur Wellesley, with great earnestness and strong arguments, represented to him the inestimable importance of instantly following

up the victory by driving the enemy to the mountains, and seizing the defile of Torres Vedras. But Sir Harry would not be convinced. Nearly the same reasons which made him forbid any advance movement from Vimiero before, induced him to fix the army firmly to that place still. Sir Arthur laboured to show him that circumstances now were widely altered and urgently inviting; but in vain. He writhed to see so precious an opportunity for high achievement passing away, yet knew not what more to say, and was too deeply imbued with a sense of military subordination to think for an instant of acting, as Nelson in any such a juncture would unhesitatingly have acted, in defiance of orders. But meeting an aide-de-camp from General Ferguson charged to beg permission of pursuit, and to say how very promising a pursuit would be, he took him to Sir Harry, and made his message an occasion to renew his arguments and entreaties. Sir Harry, however, continued utterly inflexible; and the brief time for profitable action speedily passed. Then Sir Arthur, turning to the officers of his staff, concealing the anguish of disappointment under an appearance of levity, and alluding to a species of game which they all knew to be abundant in the surrounding country, said, "Well, then, Gentlemen, we have now nothing to do but to go and shoot red-legged partridges."

Sir Arthur felt neither then nor afterwards any resentment for the destruction of his plans. He had mastered many difficulties, of many kinds; but had he not been a man of very eminent greatness, he might then have found a greater difficulty than them all, in mastering his own temper. He knew, though Sir Harry did not, the immense value, for himself and for Europe, of the prize which had been just within his grasp, and had been suddenly struck thence to atoms; and when he compelled himself to bear the loss with patience and calmness, he certainly displayed more real heroism than when he met and vanquished the French generals in combat. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," or of course than he who winneth a battle. Had Sir Arthur, indeed, been little more than a mass of organisms and vitality, as many a man is who holds a place of authority in the world, he would have had little credit for his coolness, and might even have been so perverse as to feel gratified with being relieved from his responsibilities. But being what he was, a cloud of intellect, electric with emotion, it was beautiful that he kept floating in the rare calm altitudes of moral feeling, and did not discharge fire-bolts and rain-torrents upon the unthinking mortals who had sent up so perilous a kite to disturb his equilibrium. In truth, his perfect good temper amid sharp provocations, like his similar property, which we formerly noticed, of untiring forbearance with stupid potentates, was, from first to last of his career, one of the grandest ingredients in his greatness. It was almost the very backbone of his moral strength. It resembled the keen strong steel of his own sword, which could take or give a staggering stroke,

without sustaining any fracture; while that of many persons in authority with whom he had to deal, resembled the subtle quicksilver, which the most feathery touch breaks into rolling globules.

Some respectable writers, it is true, have pleaded for Sir Harry Burrard that he had good military reasons, such as fully commended themselves to many officers of the highest rank, for the course which he pursued. But these reasons made miserably small allowance for the diminished numbers, the crippled condition, and the exhausted resources of the French. They made still smaller allowance for the play of genius or the dash of energy on the part of the British. They took no account of what manœuvre and strategy could accomplish over a boldly featured country. They proceeded nearly on the principle of treating the art of war, in common perhaps with every other art of mixed contrivance and effort, as little more than a matter of calculation,—to number the men, weigh the metal, and thence infer the result,—just as if a person were to note the years, tools, and blocks of two sculptors, and determine thence which of them would make the best statue. In short, Sir Harry came across our hero, and put his private temper and his official patience to the test, not properly in an individual character—for he seems himself to have been an amiable gentleman—but in the character of one of the generals of the heavy, lumbering, inefficient era of the British army,—perfectly honest, undoubtedly brave, but almost as slow and mechanical, though it may be also as deadly when once fairly put into action, as one of his own guns.

The coolness with which Sir Arthur Wellesley bore his disappointments at Vimiero, together with the comfort which he derived from the behaviour of his army, is well apparent from two letters which he wrote next day to respectively the Duke of York and Lord Castlereagh. "I cannot say too much in favour of the troops," remarks he in his letter to the Royal Duke. "Their gallantry and their discipline were equally conspicuous; and I must add, that this is the only action that I have ever been in, in which everything passed as it was directed, and no mistake was made by any of the officers charged with its conduct. I think if General Hill's brigade and the advanced guard had moved upon Torres Vedras, as soon as it was certain that the enemy's right had been defeated by our left, and our left had pursued their advantage, the enemy would have been cut off from Torres Vedras, and we should have been at Lisbon before him, if, indeed, any French army had remained in Portugal. But Sir Harry Burrard, who was at this time upon the ground, still thought it advisable not to move from Vimiero; and the enemy made good their retreat to Torres Vedras." And in his letter to Lord Castlereagh, he says, "Sir Harry did not land till late in the day in the midst of the attack, and he desired me to continue my own operations; and as far as I am personally concerned in the action, I was amply rewarded for any disappointment I might have felt in not

having had an opportunity of bringing the service to a close, by the annihilation expressed by the army that the second and more important victory might been gained by their old General. I have also the pleasure to add, that it has had more effect than all the arguments I could use to induce the General * to move on; and I believe he will march to-morrow. Indeed, if he does not, we shall be poisoned here by the stench of the dead and wounded; or we shall starve, everything in the neighbourhood being already eaten up."

The British loss, in killed, wounded and missing at the battle of Vimiero, amounted to 720 men, including 43 officers. The loss of the French comprised one general officer wounded and captured, another general officer desperately wounded, and a total of nearly 3,000 men in killed, wounded, and captured. It comprised also 13 cannons, 6 howitzers, 23 ammunition waggons, 20,000 rounds of musket ammunition, and a large quantity of powder, shells, and all sorts of stores.

The French, when in full flight from the field of Vimiero, were astonished to find that their vanquishers, who seemed to be threatening them with utter destruction, suddenly drew up from pursuit. They promptly profited by so opportune an occurrence, and re-formed their shattered columns with the utmost possible celerity. Their fine cavalry got speedily into strong array to protect their rear; twelve hundred fresh men, who were coming up too late to take part in the battle, formed a timely accession to their reduced strength; and the whole army speedily regained the high road to the south, commenced a most orderly retreat, and in good time arrived at their former strong position at Torres Vedras. At the close of the day, therefore, the relative position of the French and the British armies was the same as on the previous evening.

Next morning, the morning of the 22d, Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived at Maceira bay, landed, and took the chief command. Had he arrived thirty-six hours sooner, much evil might have been prevented. He was an officer, indeed, many degrees inferior in ability to Sir Arthur Wellesley, but at the same time many degrees superior to Sir Harry Burrard; and had he arrived in time to hinder the latter from going into command, he would not have given so severe a check to the victorious progress of the campaign. Sir Hew left Gibraltar on the 13th. He learned, the same night, from Lord Collingwood, who was off Cadiz, that Sir Arthur's corps had either landed, or was about to land, at Mondego bay. He arrived off the Tagus on the 19th, and learned there, from Sir Charles Cotton, that Sir Arthur was campaigning southward along the seaboard. He felt a delicacy to interfere with Sir Arthur's operations, in full march, at the head of only his own proper corps; and he therefore resolved to proceed to Mondego bay, to wait there the arrival of the expected reinforcements,

* This, as will afterwards be seen, refers to Sir Hew Dalrymple.

and to move down with them to a junction with Sir Arthur. But, on his way thither, on the evening of the 21st, receiving from a sloop of war a vague account of the battle of Roliça, he sent an aide-de-camp on shore for intelligence, ordering him to tell Sir Arthur, if he should chance to see him, that he was proceeding to fall in with the main body at Mondego bay, and that, though wishing to be informed of Sir Arthur's operations, he did not mean at present to interfere with his authority. The officer returned at midnight with intelligence that a battle had just been fought at Vimiero, and that Sir Harry Burrard was in command. Sir Hew had no longer need for his honourable delicacy toward Sir Arthur; and in the morning, he stood in for the shore of Maceira bay. His conduct on this occasion unhappily did not become known to Sir Arthur till after both had returned to England, else much unpleasant feeling, together with unpleasant consequences, might possibly have been prevented.

Sir Hew evidently had a considerable appreciation of Sir Arthur's high eminence of character, both as a man and as an officer. He was not at all prepared, in the bluff blunt manner of Sir Harry Burrard, to clap the heavy old-world system of warfare upon his enterprise, as he would put an extinguisher upon a candle. He knew Sir Arthur's worth, and manifestly felt his own inferiority. But, unfortunately, he resolved to make his own superior authority more than a counterweight to Sir Arthur's superior ability,—to practise consequentiality,—to show reserve and lordliness,—to impose commands without reposing confidence,—to act the magnate, and exact obedience. Had Sir Arthur been one of the common herd of men, capable of sacrificing his powers at any shrine for pay or promotion, this course of proceeding might have done; but being what he was, a man of lofty motives and the rarest honour, it was the very worst which Sir Hew could have adopted. The only effect of it could be to drive Sir Arthur to resign, or at best to restrict his services within the rigid limits of professional obligation. He could not possibly, when so treated, do anything which involved independent judgment or proper personal responsibility; for the plain reason that he would feel precluded from doing it heartily and conscientiously. His assuming such an attitude, indeed, would be called by mean persons pride, by sordid persons scheming, and by vindictive persons resentment; but it will be called by all large-minded right-hearted persons integrity and conscientiousness. At all events, it was so called, and so felt, by Sir Arthur himself. He received from Sir Hew, at their very first interview on the morning of the 22d, an instance of the kind of conduct which was to be practised toward him; and he instantly stood on his guard to repay all mightiness and mistrust with cold though polite indifference. The immediate consequences, as will be seen in our next chapter, were painful; but the ultimate ones were grand.

When Sir Hew Dalrymple reached the beach, the sailors were embarking

the wounded for Oporto,—and they had been thus employed during the whole night, wading nearly up to their waist in the sea; and when he reached Vimiero, the carts of the commissariat were still busy in conveying others of the wounded to the beach, and most of the dead still lay unburied on the field. Many things connected with the battle, and with the passing emergences of the army, seemed to demand his instant attention. Moreover, he had arrived in almost total ignorance of the details and wants of the campaign,—not having received any of the communications which Sir Arthur Wellesley had written for his use; so that he was in urgent need of a day or two's delay, to hear and digest information. Yet he saw at once the general correctness of our hero's grand idea, which Sir Harry Burrard had dashed to the ground on the evening of the 20th; and, accordingly, he gave speedy orders for marching next morning at day-break toward Lisbon, by way of Mafra. The chances for striking a decisive blow by turning the flank of the position of Torres Vedras were then much less promising than they had been two days before, when the French were much more off their guard, and the British were much more efficient in horse and stores. He might, therefore, have easily found correspondingly strong reasons or excuses, had he been so inclined, for confirming Sir Harry Burrard's order to remain at Vimiero till the arrival of Sir John Moore's corps. But he readily determined to face the increased danger, for sake of the probable advantage, and only sanctioned Sir Harry Burrard's course of proceeding so far as not to countermand Sir John Moore from coming on to Maceira bay.

His attempt to reconstruct Sir Arthur Wellesley's plan of operations would perhaps have failed, partly in consequence of the altered circumstances of the armies, and still more on account of his own defective knowledge of the country and the campaign. But it was destined not to be put to the test. Scarcely had he issued his order to prepare for marching on the morrow, when an alarm was given that the enemy were advancing to renew their attack. The army promptly took the same position as on the previous morning. The approaching party, however, proved to be a body of cavalry, under General Kellerman, with a flag of truce. Kellerman came charged with powers to propose an armistice preparatory to a convention for the evacuation of Portugal. Sir Hew Dalrymple received him with all proper attention; but had far too little knowledge of the state of things to be able to give even a general reply to his proposal, without consulting Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Arthur Wellesley. Kellerman soon suspected, from what passed among them, that the present commander-in-chief rated Junot and his army far more highly than did the hero of Roliça and Vimiero; he was an astute, far-sighted, wily diplomatist, with large experience in cabinets and camps; and, though formally there as the vanquished party offering submission, he adroitly made such use of Sir Hew's exaggerated notions as almost to gain the consideration of the vanquishing party accepting terms.

Sir Hew was pleased to conduct all the negociation himself. He felt obliged to take from Sir Arthur both a cue for general guidance, and detailed information for specific agreements; yet did not think proper to reason confidentially with him,—still less to make him the negociater. He, consequently, had only glimpses of light, with many gropings in the dark,—went in the right direction, but made many stumbles,—granted a correct basis of armistice, but made concessions, and omissions which needlessly honoured the French, disappointed the Portuguese, and exasperated the British. Sir Arthur Wellesley was of opinion, for various reasons—chiefly the destruction of the plans of operation at Vimiera, the opportunity afforded to the French to repair their disasters, and the precariousness of supplies from the British fleet during the autumnal gales—that an armistice should readily be granted; but he saw no necessity for some of the concessions in it which Sir Hew Dalrymple made, and no propriety in some of the leading phrases which he used. Sir Hew, nevertheless, when the instrument was drawn up, requested Sir Arthur to sign it on the part of the British, while Kellerman signed it on the part of the French,—for the reason that Sir Arthur held the same rank in reference to the British commander-in-chief which Kellerman held in reference to the French commander-in-chief; and Sir Arthur, quite careless about so paltry a matter of personal dignity, and regarding the act as a mere form, which did not in any degree express or compromise his private opinions, complied. He afterwards, however, had to encounter a storm of trouble for this simple deed; and even within a few days of it, he felt compelled to say, in a letter to Captain Malcolm of the fleet, "Give my best love to Cadogan, and tell him that I lament the result of our labours as much as he does, but that it is not my fault. I have only to regret that I put my name to an agreement of which I did not approve, and which I did not negociate."

The terms of the armistice were, that the two armies should be separated from each other by the river Sisandre; that neither of them should occupy Torres Vedras; that the Portuguese troops should retire behind a line from Leiria to Thomar; that the French soldiers should not, in any case, be considered prisoners of war; that they all should be sent by sea to France, with their baggage and their private property; that every person concerned in the French possession of Portugal, whether native or foreigner, should be protected in person and property, and be allowed to retire from the country, within a limited time, with all his effects; that all the artillery of the French, and all their cavalry horses, should be sent by sea to France; that, after the British forces obtaining possession of the city and port of Lisbon, the Russian fleet in the Tagus should not be disturbed while it chose to stay, nor stopped when it chose to depart, nor pursued when it had sailed, till after the time fixed in such cases by maritime law; and that, at any time, the armistice should cease to be in force forty-eight hours after either party might choose to give notice of an intention to renew



hostilities. Several of these terms, especially those relating to private property and to the Russian fleet, occasioned vast subsequent discussion, and created great difficulties in the way of concluding the convention, and great immediate inconveniences to the British army and fleet.

The British army advanced, on the 23d, to Ramahal, and on the 28th to a position on the north side of Torres Vedras. Sir John Moore's corps arrived at Maceira bay on the 25th, and spent no less than five days of incessant exertion in disembarking, the surf being all the while so tremendous as to destroy many of the boats, and constantly to swamp them all. Sir Arthur Wellesley wrote to Lord Castlereagh, on the 30th,—"In the mean time, the army has halted in its position; with the only difference, that we have a corps in Torres Vedras, instead of three miles from that town. In short, in ten days after the action of the 21st, we are not further advanced, or indeed, as I believe, so far advanced as we should and ought to have been on the night of the 21st. I assure you, my dear Lord, matters are not prospering here; and I feel an earnest desire to quit the army. I have been too successful with this army ever to serve with it in a subordinate situation, with satisfaction to the person who shall command it, and of course not to myself. However, I shall do whatever the Government may wish."

To narrate the progress of the negociations, from the forming of the armistice to the concluding of the convention, would be an insufferable infliction on the patience of the reader, and would contribute scarcely anything to the personal history of our hero. The convention was concluded on the 30th. It was popularly called at the time the Convention of Cintra, and must now be ever so called in history, from the silly circumstance that a despatch respecting it was written in Cintra; but it really was concluded by the negociators in Lisbon, and ratified by the British commander-in-chief in Torres Vedras. Most of its terms were of the same import as those of the armistice; but others defined the kinds of private property to be taken away, consigned the Russian fleet in the Tagus in deposit to Britain till after the conclusion of the war, made provision for delivering up to the British army all the forts held by the French in Portugal, specified the conditions and circumstances under which the French troops were to be conveyed to France, and made arrangements respecting the different classes of prisoners of war, particularly for the liberation of five thousand Spanish soldiers who had been detained on shipboard in the port of Lisbon.

So studiously was Sir Arthur Wellesley held aloof from Sir Hew Dalrymple's confidence that, on the 5th of September, he said, in a letter to Lord Castlereagh, "I have not seen the Convention, and I do not know what it contains." Yet, at the earliest moment, of course, he got a general knowledge of its contents from the rumour of the camp; and on the 1st of September, he wrote to Mr. Stuart, the chief British envoy to the juntas of Spain,—"As far as I have

any knowledge of them, I have many objections both to the agreement for suspending hostilities, and to the convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French. I approve, however, of the principal point in the latter, namely, to allow them to evacuate; and it is useless to trouble you with my objections to the mode in which that point has been brought about. My reasons for thinking we have done right in allowing them to evacuate are as follow:—First, Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Hew Dalrymple having determined that they would bring Sir John Moore's corps down to Lisbon, instead of placing it in a situation in which it would have the means of cutting off the enemy's retreat across the Tagus, he would have been enabled to secure himself in Elvas and Almeida, and the campaign would have been spent in the siege or blockade of those places. Admitting that the army which will evacuate Lisbon will be immediately carried to the (northern) frontiers of Spain, I conceive it better to have that army in that situation, and our army acting in Spain, in co-operation with the Spanish troops, than to have the French troops occupying strong places in Portugal, and our army occupied in the siege or blockade of them. Secondly, The Commander-in-Chief, and those who surround him, appeared very unwilling to advance towards Lisbon, even after our victory of the 21st of August, without the assistance of Sir John Moore's corps; and as the period of his arrival at Maceira, the place of disembarkation, was very uncertain, and delays at this season of the year were very dangerous, and we had already had on the 22d of August some very bad weather, of which a continuance was certainly to be expected early in this month, when the fleet of transports, with which a communication was also lately necessary to us, must have quitted the coast, I considered our only chance of reaching Lisbon at all to be by negociation. If we had not negociated, we could not have advanced before the 30th, as Sir John Moore's corps was not ready till that day. The French would at that time have fortified their positions near Lisbon, which it is probable we should not have been in a situation to attack till the end of the first week in this month. Then taking the chances of the bad weather depriving us of the communication with the fleet of transports and victuallers, and delaying and rendering more difficult and precarious our land operations, which after all would not have been effectual to cut off the retreat of the French across the Tagus into Alemtejo, I was clearly of opinion that the best thing to do was to consent to a convention and allow them to evacuate Portugal. The detail of this convention, and of the agreement for suspending hostilities, is a question of another kind, upon which it is useless that I should trouble you; and I write what I have above written only that you may be aware of the general grounds on which I acquiesced in the convention, as far as its principal point goes, some of which, I believe, induced the General himself to consent to it. I do not know what Sir Hew Dalrymple proposes to do, or is instructed to do; but if I were in his situa-

tion I would have twenty thousand men at Madrid in less than a month from this time."

Sir Arthur alludes, in this last sentence, to a part of his scheme of operations which stretched beyond the re-conquest of Portugal. All the central and southern parts of Spain, and all Spanish Estremadura, it will be remembered, were at this time free from French intrusion, yet, in common with all the other parts of Spain, were distracted by divided counsels, disjointed armies, abortive military projects, and imminent exposure to re-invasion by the French. Now had Sir Arthur been permitted to complete his plan of seizing Lisbon and capturing Junot's army by his double line of operations along the coast and down the Tagus, or had he even possessed the chief command after the obtaining of Lisbon and the forts by the clumsy means of the convention, he would, with all possible speed, have led a strong British force to Madrid. This measure, especially if it had been preceded by the forced surrender instead of the free transportation of Junot's army; must have produced a magnificent effect. The juntas, armies, and scattered efforts of Spain would instantly have found a focus; the heart of the whole Peninsula would have begun to beat high and true with British blood and British bravery; and Buonaparte, notwithstanding all his experience in audacity and conquest, would perhaps have been as much awed by the sudden appearance of the mass of British crimson at Madrid as he was, four years afterwards, by the sudden appearance of the cloud of consuming fire at Moscow. But the thought of such an achievement, as well as the precurrent thought of suddenly throwing a fowler's net over all the French in Portugal, was rendered a nullity by the prodigious blunder of displacing Sir Arthur from the chief command.

CHAPTER XVI.

ADMIRATION OF SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY BY HIS ARMY—HIS POSITION UNDER SIR HEW DALRYMPLE—HIS RETURN TO BRITAIN—THE HISTORY AND CHARACTER OF JUNOT—EXCITEMENT IN BRITAIN RESPECTING THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA—COURT OF INQUIRY INTO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE CONVENTION—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S REAPPEARANCE IN PARLIAMENT.

ALL the soldiers of Sir Arthur Wellesley's corps, who marched down from Mondego bay to Vimiero, felt disgust or regret at his being displaced from the command. They were proud of the clear, short, decisive manner in which he led them on to victory, and felt corresponding chagrin and discontent to be suddenly thrown under the leading of generals of the slow, faltering old system of warfare. They all behaved like heroes on the field of Vimiero, in the high consciousness of being still commanded by "their old General," as they loved to call Sir Arthur; but became almost as indifferent as poltroons the moment the command was assumed, and the check to action given, by Sir Harry Burrard. "Murmurs might here and there be heard," says Lord Londonderry, "all of them condemnatory of that excess of caution which had checked a victorious army in the midst of its career; whilst a thousand wishes were expressed that the new chief's arrival had been delayed till the campaign so prosperously begun had been brought to a conclusion."

The general officers, in particular, while the best judges of the injury done by the supercession of Sir Arthur, were the foremost to regret it; and, though hindered by both duty and decorum from saying anything direct on the subject, they took as effectual a way of expressing their opinion by presenting Sir Arthur, on the 3d of September, with a strong testimonial of their admiration and confidence. "Anxious," said they, "to manifest the high esteem and respect we bear towards you, and the satisfaction we must ever feel in having had the good fortune to serve under your command, we have this day directed a piece of plate, value one thousand guineas, to be prepared and presented to you. The enclosed inscription, which we have ordered to be engraved on it, expresses our feelings on this occasion." The inscription was,—"From the General Officers serving in the British army, originally landed at Figueira in Portugal, in the year 1808, to Lieut.-General the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Wellesley, K. B. &c. &c., their Commander.—Major-General Spencer, second in command, Major-Generals Hill and Ferguson, and Brigadier-Generals Bowes, Fane, and Craufurd offer this gift to their leader, in testimony of the high respect and esteem they feel for

him as a man, and the unbounded confidence they place in him as an officer." The testimonial was afterwards augmented in value by the subscriptions of Brigadier-Generals Anstruther and Acland, and the other field-officers who served at the battle of Vimiero.

Sir Arthur, in reply to the note announcing the testimonial, said, "I have had the honour of receiving your letter of this day; and I assure you that it is a source of great gratification to me to find that my conduct in the command, with which I was lately intrusted by his Majesty, has given you satisfaction. As my efforts were directed to forward the service on which we were employed, I could not fail to receive your support and assistance; and to the cordial support and friendly advice and assistance which I invariably received from you collectively and individually, I attribute the success of our endeavours to bring the army in the state in which it was formed to meet the enemy, on the days on which the gallantry of the officers and soldiers was stimulated by your example, and their discipline aided and directed by your experience and ability. Under these circumstances, my task has been comparatively light; and I imagine that its difficulty has been overrated by your partiality. But I have a pride in the reflection that, as I should not deserve, so I should not possess your regard, if I had not done my duty. And with these sentiments, and those of respect and affection for you all, I accept of that testimony of your esteem and confidence which you have been pleased to present to me."

Sir Arthur could not doubt, too, that, whatever had been the whim or the intrigue or the political crotchet which had occasioned his supercession in the chief command, he still enjoyed the confidence, and would certainly receive the approbation, of the highest authorities in the empire. And accordingly the Secretary of State wrote to him, on the 4th of September, acknowledging the receipt of his accounts of the skirmish of Obidos and the battle of Roliça, and saying, "These despatches having been laid before his Majesty, I am to convey to you his Majesty's entire satisfaction in the able, spirited, and decisive conduct you have displayed, by which so much credit has been reflected upon his Majesty's arms, and the progress of the army towards the complete reduction of the enemy was so greatly facilitated."

Sir Arthur, nevertheless, felt so depressed by the overthrow of his plans, so disgusted with the slow cold movements of his successors in authority, and especially so hampered, so shut up from activity, so restricted to the merest forms of duty by the unconfiding conduct of Sir Hew Dalrymple, that he heartily desired to get away from Portugal. He therefore wrote to the Secretary of State on the 5th of September, "I wish that you would allow me to return home, and resume the duties of my office, if I should still be in office, and it is convenient to the Government that I should retain it; or if not, that I should remain upon the staff in England; or if that should not be practicable, that I

should remain without employment. You will hear from others of the various causes which I must have for being dissatisfied, not only with the military and other public measures of the Commander-in-chief, but with his treatment of myself. I am convinced it is better for him, for the army, and for me that I should go away; and the sooner I go the better."

Sir Hew Dalrymple's haughtiness crossed Sir Arthur Wellesley's zeal at every step, in small things and in great. A curious instance of its operation occurred with reference to a proposal from the Secretary of State, that Sir Arthur should go into the Asturias, to examine the topography of that district, and form a judgment of its military strength. Sir Hew did not, as most Commanders would have done, hail the idea of employing so great a mind in so plausible an auxiliary service: but, learning that Sir Arthur felt some difficulty about it, said at once that some of the gentlemen of the Quarter Master General's department might be more usefully employed on it. Sir Arthur, of course, showed no resentment,—indeed heartily congratulated himself on being so easily let off: yet seized the opportunity to offer a word or two of explanation. Writing to the Quarter Master General on the 5th of September, he said, "I hope you will be able to make a good arrangement for the performance of the duty required from me in the Asturias, for which I deem myself incapable. If it were not so, I believe your experience of the zeal with which I served Lord Cathcart would convince you that I would not decline performing any duty which the Government would require from me. I shall not conceal from you, however, that I consider myself in a very different situation in this army from that in which Lord Cathcart placed me: and I acknowledge that I cannot venture to do many things which I did for him, because it is evident that there exists a want of confidence which never existed in respect to me in any former instance."

Yet if Sir Hew Dalrymple, or any other person, had thrown obstructions in our hero's way, only in regard to such projects as this of surveying the Asturias, he might have been readily forgiven. The project was absurd. As well almost let a great poet invent the outline of an epic, and leave a mere essayist to fill it up, as let a great strategist form a plan for the military defence of a country, and leave some other commander to carry it out. The filmy fabric and airy images of the epic can be seen by no fancy but that of the inventing poet; and the intricate cuts and escarpments of a country, suitable to the nice manœuvres and whirling operations of a critical campaign, can be seen by no eye but that of the planning strategist. Sir Arthur Wellesley was the ablest man of his day, not second to Buonaparte himself, in discerning at a glance the strong military points of any tract of land: yet was a poor topographist, and made no pretensions to a knowledge of either civil engineering or pictorial design. Hence did he say to Lord Castlereagh, in reference to the proposal about the Asturias,—"I have to mention to you that I am not a draftsman, and

but a bad hand at description. I should have no difficulty in forming an opinion, and a plan for the defence of the country, provided that I was certain that it would be executed. But it would be an idle waste of my time, and an imposition upon you, if I were to go into that country with the pretence of giving you or any general officer you should employ there, an idea of the country; and it would be vain and fruitless to form a plan for the defence of the country which would depend on the execution of another. Indeed, this last would only bring disgrace upon me, and would disappoint you."

Sir Arthur's frankness, it will be seen, lost nothing of its habitual, hearty, honest amplitude under the indignity put upon him by Sir Hew Dalrymple's mistrust. He did not, on account of anything that had happened, stand one moment aloof in moody silence, but even seized any suitable opportunity which offered to state openly, either to others or to Sir Hew himself, what he thought and felt in his new circumstances,—and did so in fine blending of dignity, politeness, and good temper. Nothing is so severe to a bad conscience as truth; and nothing so sarcastic to factitious assumption as a frank statement of realities. Sir Hew, on the 9th of September, felt urged by the necessities of his position to make a written request to Sir Arthur to go on an important mission to Madrid; and Sir Arthur, in reply, made some simple remarks on mutual confidence which were fitted to go more deeply and pungently into his heart than a thousand expostulations. "This is one of the most remarkable letters, probably, to be found among his public papers. Without the least apparent harshness, a tone which would be ill suited to their relative positions, it is fraught with the keenest satire."

"I had the honour of receiving in the night," says he, "the letter which you wrote to me yesterday. My wish is, at all times, to render myself as useful as may be in my power to the officer under whose command I may be serving; and this desire is limited only by the doubt which I may entertain of my fitness for the employment held out for my acceptance. The view which I have taken of the state of affairs in Spain has long ago suggested to me the propriety of placing in that kingdom a person of the description stated by yourself, possessing full powers, the means of exerting them in all parts of Spain, and of communicating and treating with all the local juntas of government. In order to be able to perform the important part allotted to him, this person should possess the confidence of those who employ him; and above all, in order that he may recommend, with authority, a plan to the Spaniards, he should be acquainted with those of his employers, the means by which they propose to carry them into execution, and those by which they intend to enable the Spanish nation to execute that which will be proposed to them. I certainly cannot consider myself as possessing those advantages, personally, which would qualify me for the situation you have proposed for me; and you must be the best judge whether

you have made up your own mind, and are enabled to instruct me, and are inclined to confide in me, to the extent which in my opinion will be necessary, in order to derive any general advantage from such a mission. It is true that one might be undertaken with more limited views and objects than those above adverted to, and which are discussed in the letter which I have had the honour to receive from you; and it might be confined to the mere arrangement with General Castanos, or the military committee at Madrid, of a plan for the remaining part of the campaign. This mission, however, would require a full and clear explanation of views and means; and the person who undertakes it must have the confidence of his employer, and must be certain that the plan, which he would arrange under these circumstances, would be carried into execution."

Sir Arthur clearly wrote in this strain for the mere purpose of exonerating himself, and not from any desire for the appointment, or from any hope of making a right impression on Sir Hew's reservedness. He even suspected that his letter might further embroil him with Sir Hew; and therefore, two days afterwards, he wrote as follows to Lord Castlereagh:—"I enclose copies of letters which have passed between Sir Hew Dalrymple and me, respecting an offer which he made to send me to Madrid, upon which I think it probable that he will write to you; and in my opinion, you will be a better judge on the subject by reading the letters. The object of my letter was to show Sir Hew that a mission to Madrid was at present no light matter, in whatever view it was taken; and that the officer who was to be sent there, if he was to do anything, must be instructed, and must be *trusted*. I would not trouble you with this comparatively trifling subject, only that I am convinced Sir Hew will tell you that I declined the mission to Madrid."

Thus were Sir Arthur's services lost to a mission which, in his hands, might have accomplished a considerable portion of the same grand object which had been contemplated by his own project of marching twenty thousand British soldiers to Madrid. Nor were they less lost, about the same time, to the equally important object of adjusting a proper national provisional government for Portugal, with efficient military defences, and a good civil administration. This would have required the exercise of all Sir Arthur's diplomatic wisdom, quite as much as the vanquishing of the French had required the exercise of his military skill. The Portuguese, indeed, exulted in the deliverance he had wrought for them, and were not slow to celebrate it with ringing of bells, firing of guns, burning of bonfires, public illuminations, and other noisy and showy demonstrations. But they, nevertheless, were fearfully factious and turbulent, weaving intrigues, hatching insurrections, raising riots, arraying factions, and convulsing the whole country with anarchy, almost as if all the population had become a mob, and all the kingdom a field for pillage. One strong wise mind, especially

if it had been the mind of the conqueror of Junot, would have done more at that juncture to restore good order and to produce a vigorous organization against French aggression than the largest possible military force. But Sir Arthur was hindered, if not by the superinduced authority of the new Commander-in-chief, at least by his pompous mistrust, from offering any effectual interference. The effect was nearly the same in Portugal, as if, in India, some such person as Sir Hew had first cut short our hero's victory at Argaum, next arrested all his measures for capturing Gawilghur, and then precluded him from all effective share in negociations with the Mahratta chiefs.

Sir Arthur, however, had too acute a sense of public duty, too fervid a zeal for the public welfare, to relax one hair's-breadth his concern in the events which were going on; so that, though deterred by Sir Hew's behaviour, from acting a direct or official part in the settlement of Portugal, he readily made spontaneous exertions, through whatever medium seemed to be the most efficient, for the rectifying of any important matter which he believed to be going wrong. Thus he wrote on the 9th of September to Lord Castlereagh,—"I fear that Sir Hew will make a mistake respecting the appointment of a Regency at Lisbon. My intention was to have issued a proclamation, and to have called the Regency appointed by the Prince," on the day before the flight of the royal family to Brazil, "to reassume their functions, with the exception of the members who had been confidentially employed by the French; and in the same proclamation, I should have desired the remaining true members of the Regency to fill up the vacancies by election, according to the powers given to them of electing successors to vacancies by the very act which appoints them. I should then have exerted the influence which I should have undoubtedly had at this moment over them, to induce them to elect the Bishop of Oporto and others, who it is important should belong to the Government; and thus the Government would have been legally constituted, without the unnecessary interference of a foreign power. I have discussed the whole plan more than once with Sir Hew, and I have pointed out the mode of execution, &c.; but instead of adopting it, I now hear that he is going to appoint a Regency by his own authority,—which measure will only add tenfold to the difficulties with which the new government will have to contend at its outset. I wrote to your brother, however, on this subject, to beg him to make one more effort to keep Sir Hew right; and if I can, I will see your brother to-morrow."

In the same spirit, he wrote, several days afterwards, as follows, to the Quarter Master General:—"I wish that you would speak to Sir Hew Dalrymple upon the temper in which the Spanish officers who have come from the army of Estremadura are, and upon the language of dissatisfaction which I understand they hold in every house in Lisbon. As it is no business of mine, I have not inquired much into the causes of their complaints; but if I were in Sir Hew's

situation, I would not only arm and equip completely the Spanish soldiers set free at Lisbon, but also the army in Estremadura. The way, depend upon it, that is most agreeable to as well as most for the interest of the people of England, is to conciliate the Spanish nation, and to bring the largest possible number of Spaniards into the field in the shape of an army; and I know from experience that the Government will sanction any expense incurred with these views. I enclose a letter which I received some time ago from Lord Castlereagh, in which he conveys the King's approbation of an order which I had given to General Spencer to make an advance of £100,000 to the junta of Seville; and I understand that the King likewise approved of an advance of £10,000 made by General Spencer. Under the circumstances, I conceive that Sir Hew will act upon sure grounds in incurring any expense for these people: and as they are already formed in regiments, and actually assembled under officers, and want only arms to become efficient soldiers, they are just the people to whom arms ought to be given. I hope that the opinions which have above given upon this occasion will be received as they ought to be, and that it will not be believed that I give them from any desire to interfere in what is no particular concern of mine."

Sir Arthur, also, though so painfully deprived of his due influence at Lisbon, did not relinquish an atom of his generous consideration for any persons who had rendered special services to the army during the time of his holding the chief command. Accordingly, he made a long earnest appeal to the Quarter Master General, on behalf of a zealous contractor who had incurred heavy losses in the commissariat, and an almost fraternal application to General Beresford, on the score of private friendship, for his intercession with the persons who were about to be formed into the Provisional Government of Portugal, on behalf of a Portuguese gentleman who had afforded him very signal aid in the general business of the campaign. And in the latter case, he remarked, "It is extraordinary that, after I have been the instrument of the British Government which has had the principal share in restoring the Portuguese monarchy, I should be obliged to apply to you to exert the influence which I am convinced you will have over the government that may be established in Portugal, to obtain for this gentleman the objects for which he is solicitous." Yet he said this only apologetically to his friend General Beresford, and not at all in the way of murmur against Sir Hew Dalrymple. For, on the same day, which was the last of his being under Sir Hew's command, he remarked, in a letter to Colonel Murray,—"In regard to matters personal to myself, I shall not enter into them. I wish that Sir Hew had given me credit for a sincere desire to forward his views, whatever they might be; and I think I could have been of as much use to him as I believe I have been to other officers under whose orders I have served. He is the only one of whom I have not been the right hand for some

years past; and at the same time I must say that I felt the same inclination to serve him that I had to serve the others."

Sir Arthur, however, very clearly saw, he could not but clearly see, that Sir Hew's day of power would speedily terminate; and he therefore conceived a warm interest about his successor,—not, as most persons would suppose, that he might regain the chief command for himself, but that he might obtain it for Sir John Moore,—who, in his generous estimation, was the fittest person to wield it, but who had raised an obstacle to his receiving it by some uncourtliness connected with his awkward expedition to Sweden. Hence did Sir Arthur write to Sir John a letter which has never been excelled, in the fine fragrance of noble qualities, by any communication between military rivals:—

"My dear General, I write to you on the subject to which this letter relates with the same freedom with which I hope you would write to me on any point in which you might think the public interests concerned. It appears to me to be quite impossible that we can go on as we are now constituted. The Commander-in-chief must be changed, and the country and the army naturally turn their eyes to you as their commander. I understand, however, that you have lately had some unpleasant discussions with the King's ministers, the effect of which might be to prevent the adoption of an arrangement for the command of this army, which, in my opinion, would be the best, and would enable you to render those services at this moment for which you are peculiarly qualified. I wish you would allow me to talk to you respecting the discussions to which I have adverted, in order that I may endeavour to remove any trace which they may have left on the minds of the King's ministers, having the effect which I have supposed. Although I hold a high office under Government, I am no party man, but have long been connected in friendship with many of those persons who are now at the head of affairs in England, and I think I have sufficient influence over them, that they may listen to me upon a point of this description, more particularly as I am convinced that they must be as desirous, as I can be to adopt the arrangement for the command of this army which all are agreed is the best. In these times, my dear General, a man like you should not preclude himself from rendering the services of which he is capable, by any idle point of form. Circumstances may have occurred, and might have justified the discussions to which I have referred; but none can justify the continuance of the temper in which they are carried on. And yet, till there is evidence that it is changed, it appears to be impossible for the King's ministers to employ you in the high situation for which you are the most fit; because, during the continuance of this temper of mind, there can be no cordial or confidential intercourse. In writing thus much, I have perhaps gone too far, and have taken the permission for which it was the intention of this letter to ask; but I shall send it, as it may be convenient for you to be apprized of the view which I have already taken of

these discussions, as far as I have any knowledge of them, in deciding whether you will allow me to talk to you any further about them."

Sir Arthur made formal application to the Commander-in-chief, on the 17th of September, for leave to return to Britain. He would not have taken that step so soon, had he seen any prospect of early active service with the army, or had he not received intelligence that the gentleman whom he had deputed to perform the duties of the Irish Secretaryship during his absence was dead. He went on board the Plover sloop of war, with his suite, on the morning of the 20th of September, and left the mouth of the Tagus at two o'clock on the same day. Yet, in spite of all the heart-sickness which had been inflicted on him, he retained the intensest interest in the affairs of the Peninsula, and had a settled intention to return as soon as circumstances would permit.

Junot's army were leaving Portugal at the same time as Sir Arthur, some having then sailed, and others being in the course of embarkation. Their preparations for departure, and their departure itself, were a dismal comment on the strength of French perfidy and on the weakness of Sir Hew Dalrymple's councils. They behaved, not at all as vanquished men, but as if they were pillagers by right, conquerors by stratagem, dictators in council, going away for a time, not by force, but simply of their own accord. They denied having been defeated; they affirmed that they had prescribed, as well as proposed, the convention; and Junot, in token of wielding the sovereign power, continued to the last to occupy the royal box at the opera. They made the most sweeping attempts, in many instances successfully, to carry off all sorts of moveable Portuguese property, public and private,—money, jewels, pictures, libraries, horses, carriages, and whatever else they coveted,—under pretence that all these were either their army baggage or their personal effects. The populace and they were in a hurricane of mutual wrath,—first tearing each other in the streets, and next cursing each other in the harbour; and had not the British army been there to protect the embarkation, the last divisions of the French would probably have been torn to pieces. Nothing of all this could have happened if Sir Arthur Wellesley had not been displaced from the chief command; and some part of it, no doubt, would have been prevented, had he even been permitted to exert his proper influence in the negociations.

Junot was the first of Buonaparte's great generals whom our hero vanquished; and on that account, as well as because he will not come much in our way again, we may here say a word or two respecting his rise and character. He was, all things considered, a tolerably fair specimen of the numerous French heroes of the Peninsula, rising from a low origin, fighting his way to eminence, and displaying rather the force, ferocity, and daring of a lion than any of the moral qualities or fine courage of a reflecting creature. He was the son of a corn-chandler at Orleans. He acted, for some time, as assistant to his father; but, mak-

ing himself obnoxious at home, he went to Paris in 1789, got introduced to the Jacobins, and was sent in the ranks to lend the strength of his arm to the introduction of republicanism to Nice. He attracted the attention of Buonaparte, then chêf-de-brigade, at the siege of Toulon. The Commander, inquiring, during a heavy cannonade, if any one near him could write down some sentences to his dictation, Junot sprang forward to render the desired service; and while writing on a drum-head, a shot struck the ground beside him, and covered him with dust,—at which he showed not the slightest discomposure, but jocosely remarked "that he was at that moment in want of sand." "You are a brave fellow," remarked the General; "how can I serve you?" "Give me promotion," replied Junot, "and I shall not disgrace it." He was immediately made a serjeant, and appointed the General's orderly.

Junot began at once to glory in bloodiness and boldness, and of course rose speedily to eminence in Buonaparte's service and favour. When fifteen hundred royalists, taken by the republican army at the fall of Toulon, were coolly cut down or shot in the Champ-de-Mars of that city, he exulted like a demon in the massacre, and said respecting it in a communication to the Government, "Upon the field of glory my feet were inundated by the blood of traitors. I announce to you, with a heart beating with joy, that your orders are executed, and France avenged." In 1795, when Buonaparte undertook to terminate the dispute between the Convention and the Sections, Junot assisted to sweep the crowded streets of Paris with cannon-shot. He afterwards became an aide-de-camp to Buonaparte, and followed him through Italy, Egypt, and Syria. He next was made governor of Paris, and co-operated vigorously with Fouché in the work of proscription and plunder. And he then, according to opportunity, continued variously to roll in the gore and fatten on the spoils of Buonaparte's extending conquests.

At the time of the project to seize and partition Portugal, he was the French ambassador at the court of Lisbon. How he acted on that occasion may easily be surmised. A readier tool for inflicting a tremendous wrong could not be found. An army was provided for him on the southern border of France, and instructions were sent to him to intrigue at Lisbon, to lead the army thither, to seize the royal family of Portugal, and to take possession of their kingdom. He nearly lost his master's favour by finessing so clumsily as to let the royal family escape; yet retained it, and rose in it, by manœuvring so dexterously as to capture the kingdom almost at a stroke. He first set a snare for Portugal, then made it start with terror, then seized it and plucked it,—all in a style like an ancient fowler catching and destroying a bird. But his falsehoods, his deceptions, his audacities, and his outrages were on a great scale. And the flourish with which he introduced them, the proclamation which he issued when leading his army within the Portuguese frontier, was worthy of them all. "Inhabitants

of the kingdom of Portugal," said he, "a French army is about to enter your country. It comes to emancipate you from English dominion, and makes forced marches that it may save your beautiful city of Lisbon from the fate of Copenhagen. For this time the hopes of the perfidious English Government will be disappointed. Napoleon, who fixes his eyes upon the fate of the Continent, saw what the tyrant of the seas was devouring in his heart, and will not suffer that it should fall into his power. Your Prince declares war against England; we therefore make common cause. Peaceable inhabitants of the country, fear nothing. My army is as well disciplined as it is brave. I will answer on my honour for its good conduct."

Junot was soon rewarded for his success by being made Duke of Abrantes; and he felt himself so securely and softly seated in the administration of Portugal, that he began to dream of being made its king. The general insurrection did not at first excite him; but on developing its true magnitude, it instantly provoked the most terrible manifestation of his ferocious nature. His generals went forth from him with commissions to devastate and kill; and, excepting two, they all vied with one another in efforts to slake his taste for blood. Loison, perhaps, was the worst of them; and one deed of his, in the town of Evora, may be quoted as an ample enough illustration of the atrocity of Junot's rule. In a general confusion, following the brief stand and the panic flight of a raw army of insurgents, the troops of Loison entered the town, and, though meeting only a feeble resistance, commenced an indiscriminate massacre. Neither age nor sex was spared. Armed and unarmed were alike cut down. Only two hundred and ninety of the assailants in the battle and in the town fell, while eight thousand of the assailed were either killed or wounded, and the terrible revelries of debauch, plunder, and carnage were prolonged, without an attempt to restrain them, during a whole night and part of two days.

Junot was thus as real a monster in depravity, as truculent, as faithless, as coarsely ambitious, as the swarthy chiefs with whom Sir Arthur Wellesley did battle in the East. He differed from them principally in the outward appearance of more polished manners, and in the inward power of a vastly grander strategy. Nor was he behind them in detestation of the British people, and in bombastic scorn of British valour. "Frenchmen," said he, when leading up his army to the attack at Vimiero, "there is the sea, you must drive those English into it." All his qualities for conquest or government were of a kind to be efficient only through terror and deception. At any moment when he might meet a bravery which could not be daunted and a judgment which could not be imposed upon, he was sure to become a very ordinary pretender. And when at length he was hurled from the seat of power which he had usurped, his generous victims were the only interested parties who felt patience with him, the Portuguese cursed him with execrations, and his master thought of abandoning him to

his fate. "I intended," said Buonaparte, "to send Junot to a court of war; but happily the English got the start of me, by sending their generals to one, and thus saved me from the pain of punishing an old friend." Junot, then, was a very fit commander to be confronted by Sir Arthur Wellesley; and he quailed before him, and suddenly lost all energy in his presence, as a roaring lion is said to be instantly intimidated by the steady gaze of a fearless man. But, however we may estimate his qualifications as a soldier, he evidently was far more dangerous in council than in combat; so that we can easily understand how, in his negociations with Sir Hew Dalrymple, especially being aided by the astute General Kellerman, he managed to retrieve a large portion of the advantages which had been torn from him by the victories of Roliça and Vimiero.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, on his arrival in Britain, found the public mind in no condition to bid him welcome. A violent excitement, on the subject of the Convention of Cintra, was agitating the kingdom from its core to its extremities. "The official account of the battle of Vimiero," says Southey, "reached England a fortnight before the news of the armistice and convention. Tidings came with it that the French had proposed to evacuate Portugal: and the news of Junot's unconditional surrender was looked for as what must necessarily ensue. When the terms of the convention were received, the Park and Tower guns were fired; but the public feeling was not in accord with this demonstration of joy, and never was any public feeling so unanimously and instantaneously manifested. The hopes of the nation had been raised to the highest pitch; their disappointment was in proportion, and it was expressed with a violence only to be explained by the deep and general abhorrence which the conduct of the French in Portugal had provoked. The capitulations of the Helder and of Buenos Ayres," where the British troops had been obliged to sue for terms of accommodation, "were remembered as less mortifying than the Convention of Cintra. Nothing else could be talked of; nothing else could be thought of. Men greeted each other in the streets with execrations upon those who had signed this detested convention. It kept them waking at night, or disturbed their sleep, like a misdeed or a misfortune of their own. The London newspapers joined in one cry of wonder and abhorrence; on no former occasion had they been so unanimous. The provincial papers proved that, from one end of the island to the other, the resentment of this grievous disappointment was the same. Some refused to disgrace their pages by inserting the treaty; others surrounded it with broad black lines, putting their journal in mourning for the dismal intelligence it contained; some headed the page with a representation of three gibbets, and a general suspended from each, cut in wood for the occasion.

"What could be done? There were not wanting writers who called upon Government to annul the convention. The Romans, they said, would have done so, and have delivered up the generals who signed it, bound and fettered, to

the enemy's discretion. Would it be argued, that to break the treaty would be to break our faith towards the enemy? Why, it was so framed that it could not be fulfilled without breaking our faith towards each and all of our allies! We were the allies of Portugal; and it was a breach of faith towards Portugal, to transport this army of thieves, ravishers, and murderers out of the country in which they had perpetrated their crimes, and from which they had no other possible means of escape. We were the allies of Spain; and it was a breach of faith towards Spain, if four and twenty thousand French troops, cut off from all succour and all retreat, should be conveyed, under the British flag, into their own country, with arms and baggage, that they might join the forces with which Buonaparte was preparing to march against the Spaniards. We were the allies of Sweden; and it was a breach of faith towards Sweden to carry Russian sailors through the Swedish fleet for the purpose of manning Russian ships against the Swedes. Were we then to annul this treaty with our enemies, or to betray our friends? for to this alternative our triumvirate of generals had reduced us. No law of nations could justify them in making such stipulations; no law of nations, therefore, could justify us in performing them. But the French, it was urged, had already fulfilled their part of the convention; they had evacuated the fortified towns, and admitted us into Lisbon. Thus we had already reaped the advantages, and were in honour bound to carry into effect the remainder of the treaty, which was advantageous to them. In whatever way we acted, some loss of honour was inevitable; but it was less disgraceful to break the terms than to fulfil them. Better that the French should reproach us, than that they should compliment us upon a fidelity which enabled them to injure our allies. The blow, it was affirmed, might have gone far towards deciding the fate of Europe. France had lost one army in Andalusia; and how deeply Buonaparte felt the loss was shown by the anxiety with which he concealed it from the French people. What might not have been the effect of the destruction of a second and larger army, following so close upon that of the former! How would it have encouraged the Portuguese, given new animation to the Spaniards, and raised the hope and the courage of those various states who were suffering under the tyrant's yoke!"

The public mind was in too phrenzied a condition to listen to reason, or to make any proper discrimination. The general principles of the Convention, which commended it to Sir Arthur Wellesley, and have justified it to all historians, were confounded with its objectionable provisions. The advantages of it were ignored, and the evils of it exaggerated. The change of circumstances, resulting from Sir Harry Burrard's disannulment of Sir Arthur Wellesley's plans, was forgotten. The relative positions of the three generals, their comparative deserts, and the shifting aspects of things under their respective control, were inverted or intermixed. Sir Hew Dalrymple was held to be the guiltiest,

—not however on account of any of his actual demerits, but simply because he originated and ratified the Convention. Sir Harry Burrard, though the sole author of the checks and obstructions which had arrested the progress of victory, and occasioned most of the disappointment of the people's hopes, was regarded as comparatively innocent, merely because he was less distinguished than the others, and had been so very brief a period in the chief command. Sir Arthur Wellesley was variously thought of,—yet never as the hero of all the good things in the campaign, and the zealous opponent of all the evil,—and for the most part was fiercely condemned, on the simple ground of having affixed his signature to the armistice. And the authorities of the War Office, whose supercession of Sir Arthur by Sir Harry and Sir Hew, had been the real source of all the arrestment of victory, all the reverses of the campaign, all the evils of the Convention, and all the disappointment of the nation, were allowed to escape without remark, or were deemed too high in station or too slightly culpable to merit censure; while the three generals, whom their deeds had embroiled with one another, and had variously victimized, were denounced in every form of public indignation, as prodigious culprits, richly worthy of the punishment of unprovoked and unpardonable crime.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was incomparably the greatest sufferer under this storm of injustice. He did not, indeed, suffer more than the other two generals in outward castigation; but he suffered immensely more in blows upon the heart. He had, after twelve weeks' arduous absence in his country's service, set foot again on Britain, in full right to the nation's gratitude for the victories he had achieved, and perhaps also in full expectation of some public solace for the reverses he had endured; yet he was met only, or at least chiefly, with angry criimination and fiery invective. He had left home in the possession of a high military command which, without any fault of his, had been suddenly taken from him. He had contrived a great scheme of triumph which, just when on the eve of being perfectly successful, his intrusive superiors had dashed to the ground. He had planned successively a double line of operations against Lisbon,—a grand manœuvre to cut off the French army from all their communications,—a pursuit after victory to scatter them to destruction,—and a special march to Madrid for stimulating the heart of the whole Peninsula; and he had been suddenly foiled in all these by his new superiors, and had also been deprived of his proper influence in council, yet had gone resolutely on with every effort in his power to achieve all possible success, and avert all possible evil. And then, on being driven again to Britain, instead of receiving any guerdon for his labours or any sympathy with his sufferings, he was hooted and scorned by the nation, as though his victories had been treasons, the indignities done to him malversations committed by him, and his whole behaviour a continuous public crime. If, in these circumstances, he stood firm and cool, felt no faltering of courage,

no peevishness, no resentment, who will deny that he was an eminently great man? Many men, no doubt, possess true greatness, or at least the elements of it, amid prosperity, but not one fully evinces it, or properly enjoys the benefit of it, till he is severely tested by adversity.

A general demand was made throughout the kingdom that the circumstances connected with the Convention of Cintra should be judicially investigated, and the three commanding generals of the Portuguese campaign condignly punished. The public press made appeals, public meetings adopted resolutions, and the corporate bodies of the borough towns presented addresses, all urging or echoing this demand. A deputation from the Corporation of the City of London, in particular, waited on the King on the 12th of October, to express their astonishment and grief at the Convention, their belief that all classes of their fellow-subjects regarded it with the same emotions, and their earnest request that, in justice to the outraged feelings of a brave, injured, and indignant people, whose blood and treasure had been expended, such an inquiry might be instituted into that dishonourable and unprecedented transaction, as would lead to the conviction and punishment of the persons by whose incapacity and misconduct the cause of Britain and her allies had been so shamefully sacrificed.

The King himself was dissatisfied with some parts of Sir Hew Dalrymple's conduct, and with some articles of the Convention; so that he the more readily yielded to the popular demand. Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard were recalled from Portugal; and seven general officers were appointed to act as a Court of Inquiry,—General Sir David Dundas to be president, and Generals the Earl of Moira, Lord Heathfield, and Peter Craig, and Lieutenant-Generals the Earl of Pembroke, Sir George Nugent, and Oliver Nicholls, to be members. The Court were instructed to conduct their inquiry with every degree of solemnity and publicity which usage and precedent could warrant,—to summon and examine all persons who might be supposed capable of furnishing useful testimony,—and to report to the King both their opinion of the Convention, and their judgment as to what ought to be done, in the way of change or punishment, respecting it. They sat in the Royal College at Chelsea; and they commenced their sittings on the 14th of November, and continued them till the 27th of December. Their proceedings, as published "by authority," form a large and very frothy volume. Even the parts which give only Sir Arthur Wellesley's evidence and the general results of the inquiry occupy 90 pages of Gurwood. But the cream of the whole is strictly identical with the narrative which we have given in our three preceding chapters, of the events of the campaign and the circumstances of the Convention.

The only new thing, of sufficient interest to challenge notice, was a noble interchange of courtesy, and fine mutual display of honourable feeling, which

occurred between Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Arthur Wellesley. "If there has been any error in judgment," said Sir Harry, in reference to what he did at Vimiero, "it is all my own. I decided for myself, from what I saw and heard, and take most decidedly the whole responsibility upon myself." "I trust that the Court," said Sir Arthur, "will permit me to address a few words to them upon this occasion. Although I did differ, and do still differ, in opinion with Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Burrard, respecting the measures adopted immediately after the battle of the 21st of August, I hope it will not be deemed presumptuous in me, as an inferior officer, to declare to the Court and to the public the opinion which I have always entertained, that Sir Harry Burrard decided, upon that occasion, upon fair military grounds, in the manner which appeared to him to be most conducive to the interests of the country, and that he had no motive for this decision which could be supposed personal to me, or which, as an officer, he could not avow." These words have sometimes been perversely and ungenerously quoted against Sir Arthur as an admission that, after all, Sir Harry Burrard was rightly cautious, and that he himself was wrong and rash; but they may be seen at once, by every dispassionate man, to imply nothing favourable to Sir Harry's competency or prudence,—to be only a warm declaration of gentlemanly belief, that he acted honestly on his best convictions, without any feeling inconsistent with bravery, dignity, or honour.

The members of the Court of Inquiry were, for the most part, men of the same military school, with the same class of strategic ideas, as Sir Harry Burrard; so that they could not be supposed to have any favourable predilections toward Sir Arthur Wellesley, excepting only such as might have arisen from his successes and his fame. He was also, in reference to the campaign which they were investigating, in the curious predicament of being blamed by one set of public men for timidity and excessive slowness of movement, and by another for rashness and excessive rapidity,—the former set saying that, if he had run at the French by forced marches right from his disembarkation, he would have caught them in a dispersed and unprepared condition, and might have annihilated them at a stroke,—and the latter that, if he had not been arrested in his intended career to Mafra by the arrival of Sir Harry Burrard, or been interdicted from his proposed pursuit at Vimiero by Sir Harry's interference, he would have incurred high hazard of precipitating his whole army into destruction. And when such opinions were entertained in defiance of his successes, the most bitter condemnation would probably have been pronounced against him, by the great majority of the military judges of the day, if his combats, instead of being victories, had been defeats. But the Court of Inquiry, clearly looking more to his successes than to his plans, decided that "the operations of the army under Sir Arthur Wellesley, from his landing in Mondego Bay the 1st of August, until the conclusion of the action at Vimiero the 21st of August, were highly honourable and suc-

cessful, and such as might be expected from a distinguished general at the head of a British army of 13,000 men, augmented on the 20th and 21st to 17,000, deriving only small aid from a Portuguese corps of 1,600 men, and against whom an enemy not exceeding 14,000 men in the field was opposed." This decision, together with the eliciting of the real circumstances under which he put his name to the armistice, set him right again with the nation, and evoked a return of his popularity.

As to the matters which followed the supercession of Sir Arthur in the chief command, the Court reported that they could not pronounce with confidence whether or not a pursuit after the battle of the 21st would have been efficacious, —that they did not feel competent to determine whether a forward movement then to Torres Vedras would have been expedient,—that the assumption of the chief command by two officers, within so very brief a period of each other, at so critical a juncture, amid such active operations, necessarily occasioned some momentary confusion and retardation,—that the Convention of Cintra, at least in its general principles, had not been objected to by any of the general officers of the army in Portugal,—that the members of the Court were divided in opinion as to the fitness of it, in the relative situation of the two armies,—that they all, nevertheless, declared the conduct of Sir Hew Dalrymple, Sir Harry Burrard, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, throughout the period of their respective command, to have been characterised by unquestionable zeal and firmness,—and that, on a consideration of all circumstances, they were of opinion that no further military proceeding on the subject of the convention was necessary. This report, it will be seen, amounted just to nothing. The members of the Court, therefore, were requested by the Duke of York, as Commander-in-chief, to state seriatim whether they thought that the armistice and the convention had been advisable. The Earl of Moira then disapproved the armistice, and the other six members approved it. The Earl of Moira, the Earl of Pembroke, and General Nicholls disapproved the convention, and the other four members approved it.

The King, on taking into consideration the report and opinions of the Court, together with accompanying documents, decided as follows:—"While his Majesty adopts the unanimous opinion of the Board, that no further military proceeding is necessary to be had upon the transactions referred to their investigation, his Majesty does not intend thereby to convey any expression of his Majesty's satisfaction, at the terms and conditions of the armistice or convention. When those instruments were first laid before his Majesty, the King, reserving for investigation those parts of the definitive convention in which his Majesty's immediate interests were concerned, caused it to be signified to Sir Hew Dalrymple, by his Majesty's Secretary of State, that his Majesty, nevertheless, felt himself compelled at once to express his disapprobation of those articles in which stipulations were made directly affecting the interests or feelings of the Spanish

and Portuguese nations. At the close of the inquiry, the King (abstaining from any observations upon other parts of the convention) repeats his disapprobation of those articles, his Majesty deeming it necessary that his sentiments should be clearly understood, as to the impropriety and danger of the unauthorized admission into military conventions of articles of such a description, which, especially when incautiously framed, may lead to the most injurious consequences. His Majesty cannot forbear further to observe, that Lieut. General Sir Hew Dalrymple's delaying to transmit for his information the armistice concluded on the 22d August, until the 4th September, when he, at the same time, transmitted the ratified convention, was calculated to produce great public inconvenience, and that such public inconvenience did, in fact, result therefrom."

Thus nearly all the enormous mass of accusation submitted to the inquiry of the Court evaporated during the process of investigation; and what remained of it fell entirely on Sir Hew Dalrymple. But neither he nor Sir Harry Burrard was ever again employed in any important military service. Their whole course of notoriety in military history, with the exception of some immediately preceding services on the part of Sir Hew, was comprised in the brief period of their competition with Sir Arthur Wellesley. They burst suddenly into view like two comets, rushing right toward the brightest body in our military sky, and looking as if they would dislodge him from his sphere; but they only swept round him, with such effect as momentarily to startle observers, and then disappeared suddenly and for ever, while he shone on in steady splendour, and was thenceforth acknowledged as the centre of all the revolving bodies, both regular and erratic, within our military system.

Sir Arthur, immediately after his return from Portugal, had resumed the duties of his office, as Chief Secretary for Ireland; and at the conclusion of the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry, he went to Dublin. Parliament having reassembled in January, 1809, he returned to London to attend the House of Commons: and on the 27th of January, when in his place there, he received the thanks of the House for his conduct at Roliça and Vimiero. "After the events of last year," said the Speaker to him, "it was impossible that Parliament should reassemble without directing its earliest attention to the services of the British army in Portugal; and amidst the contending opinions which have prevailed upon other questions, the public voice has been loud and general in admiration of your splendid achievements. It is your praise to have inspired your troops with unshaken confidence and unbounded ardour,—to have commanded, not the obedience alone, but the hearts and affections of your companions in arms; and having planned your operations with the skill and promptitude which have so eminently characterised all your former exertions, you have again led the armies of your country to battle with the same deliberate valour and triumphant success which have long since rendered your name illustrious in the remotest parts of this

empire. Military glory has ever been dear to this nation, and great military exploits in the field and upon the ocean have their sure reward in royal favour and the gratitude of Parliament. It is therefore with the highest satisfaction that, in this fresh instance, I now proceed to deliver to you the thanks of this House; and I do now, accordingly, by the command and in the name of the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, thank you for the distinguished valour, ability, and conduct displayed by you on the 17th and 21st of August last in Portugal; on the latter of which days you obtained at Vimiero, over the army of the enemy, a signal victory, honourable and glorious to the British arms." The thanks of the House of Lords were unanimously voted, in nearly the same terms, on the 23d of January; and were conveyed to Sir Arthur by the Lord Chancellor. Sir Arthur's replies might perhaps have been expected to take some tinge of colour or some glow of fervour from the ordeal through which he had passed since achieving the victories; but they display not a trace of either, and are strictly akin to his former effusions on similar occasions.

On the 6th of February, Sir Arthur, watching over the duties of his Irish secretaryship, obtained leave to bring in two bills,—the one to enable certain public functionaries in Ireland to frank letters, and the other to amend and consolidate the various laws relating to the Irish militia. After this, a conspicuous member of the House made a long speech respecting the chief secretaryship of Ireland being held by Sir Arthur during his absence on military duty, and concluded by moving "that the office of chief secretary for Ireland is an effective office of the highest responsibility, which cannot be held by any person absent from the realm,—and that the emoluments of that office ought not to be enjoyed by any person who is rendered unable by his situation to perform the duties thereof." Sir Arthur replied that he originally accepted the office on the clear understanding of not being incapacitated by it from assuming any military command; that, both at going to Denmark, and at going to Portugal, he had formally relinquished his claim to it, so as to leave the Government perfectly free to confer it on some other person: that at his return, on each occasion, he had found it lying vacant for him, solely in consequence of the kind wish of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to avail himself still of his services: and that, during all the periods of his absence from it, he had declined to accept any of its emoluments. This vindication was complete: and the motion on the subject was withdrawn, —the mover remarking that his only object was to prevent the present case from being made a precedent.

In February, also, Sir Arthur acted a conspicuous part before the House, in a long inquiry into the conduct of the Duke of York, as Commander-in-chief of the Forces. That inquiry had reference principally to promotion and exchanges in the army; it originated in fama, and was introduced by a formal

charge; and, though failing to destroy the fama, so that the Royal Duke felt obliged at the end of it to resign his office, it nevertheless terminated in a vote of complete acquittal, by a majority of 278 against 196. Sir Arthur Wellesley appeared in it both as a cited witness and as a voluntary speaker; and he had great influence, from his high integrity and supereminent military character, in determining the majority. He said, among other things—nobly looking at the army, not as it ought to be, but as compared to what it had been, and generously forgetting the great care and labour which its deficient state had occasioned to himself—"He felt bound in duty, as well as in justice, to speak of the condition of the army lately under his command in Portugal, whose gallant achievements had so recently received the thanks of the House. He really believed there never had been an army in a higher state of discipline, from the staff down to the meanest soldier in the ranks; and if the army had not performed the feats which it had done, and earned the reward of public thanks which it had received, he himself, and not the Commander-in-Chief, would have been to blame. Such a declaration he thought to be due from him to His Royal Highness, to whose superior military talents, and unremitting zeal and assiduity, the high state of discipline which the British army could now boast was certainly to be attributed."

CHAPTER XVII.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S POSITION WITH THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT—HIS LETTER ON THE MILITARY PROSPECTS OF THE PENINSULA—THE RE-IRRUPTION OF THE FRENCH INTO SPAIN—THE CONDITION AND OVERTHROW OF THE SPANISH FORCES—SIR JOHN MOORE'S CAMPAIGN—THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA—THE DEATH AND CHARACTER OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, whatever had been the motive for superseding him in Portugal, or however loud the temporary popular outcry against him, never for a moment lost the confidence of the chief authorities of the empire. They might blame some of their own number, but could not possibly blame him, for the feeble termination of the campaign. They knew all along that his conduct was pre-eminently brilliant; and they must have admired it quite as much under the reversal of his plans as during his career of victory. His fine temper and unflagging zeal were fully as valuable to them as his skill and energy. They, therefore, continued, as much during Sir Hew Dalrymple's command as during his own, to consult him confidentially on the highest affairs of the campaign; and, after the complete public vindication of his character by the Court of Inquiry, they waited only a fit opportunity to put him at the head of a stronger army than before, to perform new exploits in the Peninsula.

But when that opportunity arrived, the state of parties there had become immeasurably worse than when he left it; insomuch that his accepting the new commission, to confront the dangers then rampant, was grandly heroic. "An abrupt change of fortune had wholly reversed the relative positions of French and English. The successes of the summer and autumn had expelled Napoleon's forces from Portugal, and from nearly nine-tenths of the territory of Spain, the only ground still occupied by the invaders being a portion of the mountainous districts behind the Ebro. Thus, after sweeping the whole Peninsula before them by a single march, and establishing themselves at Madrid and Lisbon with less trouble than had been experienced at Brussels or Amsterdam, the French armies found themselves suddenly driven back, by a return tide of conquest, to the very foot of the Pyrenees; and now, in like manner, the English, after gaining possession of Portugal in a month's campaign, and closing round upon their enemies in Spain as if to complete the victory, were as suddenly hurled back again to the coast, while the Peninsula again passed apparently under the dominion of Napoleon, to be finally rescued by a struggle of tenfold severity."

Some notice of the French re-conquest, together with the disasters which it

inflicted on the British, is necessary to the comprehension of the circumstances in which Sir Arthur Wellesley reappeared in Portugal; and it may be appropriately introduced by a letter from Sir Arthur to Lord Castlereagh, on the military affairs of the Peninsula. This was written near Lisbon, on the 5th of September, 1808,—fifteen days before Sir Arthur set sail for Britain. It is one of the most masterly public documents ever penned,—remarkable alike for clear comprehension of obscure facts, sagacious foresight of contingent events, and the ablest military advice under very complicated probabilities,—advice which would most likely have led to highly advantageous results if it had been promptly followed, and which certainly became the index of dire disaster in so far as it was neglected or contravened:—

"I must apprize you, however, that our information here of the state of affairs in Spain is very defective; that we, or at least I, do not know what is the position, what are the numbers, what are the means, or what ought to be the objects of the French army in Spain; and I am equally ignorant of the state of the force of the Spaniards. I rather believe, however, that the French army in Spain now consists of about 40,000 men, of which number about 5,000 are cavalry, and that they are under the command of Marshal Bessières, and are stationed somewhere about Vittoria in Biscay. The probability that they will be reinforced must depend upon the state of affairs in the other parts of Europe, of which I have no knowledge whatever; but if the attention of the French Government is not called to other quarters, we must expect that the French army in Spain will be increased at an early period to a very large amount. The amount of the force with which operations can be carried on in Spain is another and a very material consideration, which bears upon the whole question; and from all that I have heard of the state of the resources in the country, I should doubt whether it would be practicable to carry on operations in Spain with a larger corps than 40,000 men. There may be other corps de reserve, and employed in operations on other lines, or on the same line, in the protection of convoys from France, &c., &c., but it is not probable that the corps in front will exceed 40,000 men. You must consider this, however, as a mere matter of opinion founded upon general information of the state of the resources in Spain, in which I may be much mistaken.

"The next point for consideration is the force of the Spaniards. I really know of nothing that they have in the shape of an army, capable of meeting the French, excepting that under General Castanos. General Cuesta has some cavalry in Castille; General Galluzzo some more in Estremadura; and Blake's army of Gallicia may in time become an efficient corps. But those armies of peasantry which in Murcia, Valencia, and Catalonia have cut up French corps, must not be reckoned upon, (at least at present,) as efficient armies to meet the French troops in the field. It is most probable that they will not, and indeed

cannot, leave their provinces; and if they could, no officer could calculate a great operation upon such a body. I doubt not that, if an accurate report could be made upon their state, they want arms, ammunition, money, clothing, and military equipments of every description; and although such a body are very formidable and efficient in their own country, and probably equal to its defence, they must not be reckoned upon out of it; and in any case, it is impossible to estimate the effect of their efforts. In some cases, equal numbers will oppose with success the French troops; in others, 1,000 Frenchmen, with cavalry and artillery, will disperse thousands of them; and no reliance can be placed on them in their present state.

"The result, then, of my information of the present state of the Spanish force to be opposed to the French is, that there are about 25,000 men under Castanos now ready, and about the same number under Blake in Gallicia, upon whom you may reckon as efficient troops. All the rest may become so, and may be useful in different ways even at present; but you must not found the arrangement for a great military operation on their utility or efficiency. I understand that Government had promised 10,000 men to Castanos, and I have no doubt whatever that a corps well equipped consisting of about 15,000 men, including a proportion of British cavalry and artillery, would be highly useful to him. This would make his army 40,000 men, of which the British corps would be the best troops that could be found anywhere: and his army, aided by the insurrection from the other provinces of Spain, would be the operating army against what I have supposed to be the French operating army. This British corps should advance from Portugal, to which kingdom it would be in the mean time a defence.

"You should leave in Portugal a British corps of 5,000 men, to be stationed at and in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, with probably a small garrison in Elvas. The object in stationing this corps in Portugal is to give strength to the government which you will establish here, and to render it independent of the factions and intrigues by which it will be assailed on all sides. You ought to send to Lisbon, in the quality of the King's ambassador, a discreet person, who could superintend the management of the affairs of this country, particularly the expenditure of the money which you must supply for its wants, and its application to the purposes for which it will be given, namely, to provide a military defence.

"The next consideration is the employment of the remainder of the army now in Portugal, amounting by estimate to about 10,000 men, with an additional corps of 10,000 men assembled and ready in England, and some cavalry. I acknowledge that I do not think the affairs in Spain are in so prosperous a state, as that you can trust in operations within that kingdom the whole disposable force which England possesses, without adopting measures of precaution which will render its retreat to the sea-coast nearly certain. Besides this, I will

not conceal from you that our people are so new in the field, that I do not know of persons capable of supplying, or, if supplied, of distributing the supplies, to an army of 40,000 men, British troops, acting together in a body. Even if plenty could be expected to exist, we should starve in the midst of it, for want of due arrangement. But the first objection is conclusive. We may depend upon it that whenever we shall assemble an army, the French will consider its defeat and destruction their first object, particularly if Buonaparte should be at the head of the French troops himself; and if the operations of our army should be near the French frontier, he will have the means of multiplying, and will multiply the numbers upon our army, in such a degree as must get the better of them. For the British army, therefore, we must have a retreat open, and that retreat must be the sea.

"Our operations carried on from Portugal and the north of Spain would, as you truly observe, involve us in a line of operations much too long. The retreat would be difficult, if not impossible. This objection, you will say, would apply equally to the corps of 15,000 men proposed to be employed with Castanos. First, I conceive that there is a great deal of difference between the risk of the loss of such a corps as this, and that of the loss of the whole of the disposable force of Great Britain. Secondly, it does not follow that, because the whole British army could not make its retreat into Portugal, a corps of 15,000 could not. Thirdly, it does not follow that this corps of 15,000 men would necessarily retreat upon Portugal. Being a part of Castanos' army, it might retire with his troops into Andalusia, leaving the frontiers of Portugal to be defended by the Portuguese and the British corps of 5,000 men, till those, or a part of them, would again be brought round to the Tagus, or could enter Portugal by Algarve. I conclude, then, that although this corps might be risked, and its retreat to the sea should be considered in some degree *en l'air*, that of the whole disposable force of Great Britain ought to be, and must be, saved.

"The only efficient plan of operations in which the British troops can be employed, consistently with this view, is upon the flank and rear of the enemy's advance towards Madrid, by an issue from the Asturias. If it be true, as is stated by the Asturian deputies in London, that their country is remarkably strong, and that it is secure from French invasion,—if it be true that the forts of Santander and Gijon, the former particularly, are secure harbours in the winter,—and if the walls can give to both or either the means of making an embarkation, even if the enemy should be able to retreat through the mountains,—the Asturias is the country we should secure immediately, in which we should assemble our disposable force as soon as possible, and issue forth into the plains either by Leon or the pass of Reynosa. The army could then have a short although probably a difficult communication with the sea, which must be carried on by mules, of which there are plenty in the country. It could co-operate with Blake's Gallician

army, and could press upon the enemy's right flank and rear, and turn his position upon the Ebro, which it is evident he intends to make his first line. To secure the Asturias, as soon as possible, you may depend upon it is your first object in Spain, and afterwards to assemble within that country your whole disposable force after marching the detachment to Castanos.

"There are some points of detail which must be attended to in these arrangements. The army now in this country might either be marched into Leon, or it might be embarked and transported to Gijon or Santander. The latter would be the quickest operation; by the adoption of the former, its artillery, in its present form, might accompany it; but it must be recollected that, if the artillery should be kept in its present form, in case of retreat it must be left behind in the plains, as I understand there is no carriage-road across the mountains of Asturias. The troops, then, now in this country ought to be embarked in the Tagus, and sent to the Asturias; and ordnance carriages ought to be sent from England without loss of time, which can be taken to pieces, and carried by hand, or when put together can be drawn by horses. The reports, which will be made by the officers sent to those countries, will state whether cavalry can pass through them; I should think they might, as I see that wherever a mule can go a horse can likewise. If so, the cavalry from England should likewise be landed in Asturias; if not, the cavalry should be landed at Corunna or Ferrol, and join the army in the plains, through the passes of Gallicia, which we know are practicable for cavalry.

"There remains now to be considered only the operations of the Sicilian corps, consisting of 10,000 men. In the present state of affairs, the Government will probably not deem it expedient to remove this corps from the Mediterranean. If the Spaniards should be able to make any head against the French on the left of their line in Catalonia, and on the lower Ebro, this corps might reinforce that part of the Spanish insurrection, keeping its retreat always open to the sea. This, however, would be very difficult, the French being in possession of Barcelona; and probably the siege of that place, aided by the insurgents of Catalonia, would be the most this corps would perform. And whether the operation should be successfully included, or the corps should be forced to re-embark in consequence of the approach of the stronger French force, it would materially aid the operations of the troops in the centre of Spain.

"The result of all these operations, which must, for the present, be distinct, would be to confine the French to their line of the Ebro for the present, and eventually to oblige them to retire upon their own frontier. Time would be gained for the further organization of the Spanish Government and force; by the judicious and effectual employment of which, the British Government would be enabled to withdraw its troops from Spain, to employ them in other parts of Europe. As for preventing the retreat of the French from Spain, it is quite out

of the question. They have possession of all the fortresses on this side of the Pyrenees, through which mountains there are not less than forty passes by which troops could march. Besides, if it were possible under these circumstances to place an army in their rear, with the object of cutting them off from France, you might depend upon it that all France would rise as one man for their relief, and the result would be the loss of the army which would be so employed."

The French army in Spain, at the date of this letter, was all stationed, exactly where Sir Arthur supposed, in and near Vittoria,—the centre of it resting on that town, and the two wings curving round from San Sebastian to Pampeluna. But it was on the eve of receiving enormous reinforcements; so that, as he conjectured, "it was increased at an early period to a very large amount." Junot's army, too, as he had foreseen, no sooner landed in France, from its evacuation of Portugal, than it marched direct to the Spanish frontier.

Buonaparte, instantly on hearing of the reverses of his troops in the Peninsula, prepared to deal one of his most tremendous blows of punishment and conquest. He doubted not that, by one of his mightiest efforts, he could suddenly strike down all opposition to his authority within the whole encircling seas of the Peninsula; and he adopted measures to inflict the sublime blow in such a fashion as should at once confound the Spaniards and Portuguese, terrify the British, rouse the French to the most enthusiastic admiration of his genius, and consolidate his power or confirm his influence over the civilized world. His eagles at that moment were flying on the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Danube, in Denmark, in Prussia, in Poland, in Italy, and in Dalmatia, over veteran legions who had won many a fight, and believed themselves invincible,—over altogether not fewer than half-a-million of well disciplined soldiers, who gloried in serving him; they were flying also in France itself, over a whole people, who were entirely subject to his sovereign will, madly fond of their country's aggrandizement, and both able and willing, if need were, to increase his armed force to a grand total of two millions of men; so that it seemed as if he required only to issue a command, in order to precipitate such an overwhelming host upon the Peninsula as should instantly make it all his own.

He began, through the medium of reports to his senate, to vindicate his despicable claim to the sovereignty of the Peninsula. He next adopted measures for recalling select portions of his veteran legions, with the view of sending them to Spain. He next called upon his senate to sanction a great levy of new troops, by a special exercise of the powers of the conscription. He next, by a short smart series of political movements, attempted to bind up the north-east of Europe to peace, and performed some diplomatic manœuvres with Britain. He then made various public demonstrations, on occasion of the march of his veteran legions through France, with the twofold purpose of flattering the soldiers and inspiriting the people. And finally he went in great pomp from Paris to the

Pyrenees to conduct in person the intended triumphant progress through the Peninsula. His addresses on these occasions were in his most characteristic style, fully indicating his habitual desires, and imaging his mind; and two or three extracts from them are well worth being quoted, in order to show the strong stern mixture of bluster, bravado, bombast, mendacity, audacious daring, dashing enterprize, rank freebootery, and intense hostility to England, with which the British antagonists of the French armies, particularly in the Peninsula, had perpetually to contend.

His right to the sovereignty of Spain was asserted on the twofold ground that that country had naturally a community of interest with France, and that the seizure of it was essential to the overthrow of British power. "Would the Emperor permit Britain to say, 'Spain is one of my provinces. My flag, driven from the Baltic, the North Sea and the Levant, and even from the shores of Persia, rules in the ports of France.' No, never! To prevent so disgraceful a consummation, two millions of gallant soldiers were ready to scale the Pyrenees, and chase the English from the Peninsula. If the French fought for the liberty of the seas, it was first necessary to wrest Spain from the tyrant of the ocean. If they fought for peace, it could not be obtained till the fomenters of war had been driven from the Spanish territory. If they fought for honour, they must inflict prompt and signal vengeance for the outrages committed against the French name in Spain. At last the English would be made to feel those evils which they had so long inflicted on others. 'They will be beaten,' said one of the addresses, 'destroyed, dispersed;' or they will fly, as they did at Toulon, at the Helder, at Dunkirk, and in Sweden,—wherever the French armies have been able to find them. 'Their expulsion from Spain would be the ruin of their cause; it would exhaust their resources, and annihilate their last hope. In this contest the wishes of all Europe would be with France!'"

In his message to the Senate, calling for a new conscription, Buonaparte said, "I am determined to prosecute the war in Spain with the utmost rigour, and to destroy the armies which England has poured into that country. The future security of my subjects, a maritime peace, and the security of commerce, depend on the success of these important operations. Frenchmen, all my undertakings have but one object,—your happiness and the permanent prosperity of your children; and if I know you aright, you will hasten to comply with this new call on your exertions, which is rendered necessary by the interests of your country."

His veteran legions he caused to be received with public honours in every town in France through which they passed; and to their advanced guard, when reviewing them in Paris, he said,—"Soldiers, after having triumphed on the banks of the Danube and the Vistula, with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you to traverse

France. Soldiers, I have need of you. The hideous presence of the Leopard* contaminates the peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphal eagles to the pillars of Hercules; there also we have injuries to avenge. Soldiers, you have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but you have not yet equalled the glory of those Romans who, in one and the same campaign, were victorious upon the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and upon the Tagus. A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labours. A real Frenchman could not, should not, rest until the seas are free and open to all. Soldiers, all that you have done, all that you will do, for the happiness of the French people and for my glory, shall be eternally engraven on my heart."

All France and most of its dependencies, all French soldiers and most French civilians, were deluded into enthusiastic belief that what Buonaparte said about Spain and Britain was true, and that his project in reference to them was right and glorious. The whole country surged with excitement, and all the roads to the Pyrenees glittered with arms; and, in order to give a finish to the scene, he appeared on the throne, on the 25th of October, amid the assembled councils of the empire, and arrogantly said,—"I have felt that, before I could be happy, I needed to be assured that France was happy. The peace of Presburg and of Tilsit, the assault of Copenhagen, the designs of England against all nations on the ocean, the revolutions of Constantinople, the insurrections of Spain and Portugal, have each exercised an influence on the affairs of the world. Russia and Denmark are sincere friends of France. The Americans have abandoned the seas rather than confess their maritime slavery. And part of my legions are marching against the armies which have been formed or disembarked in Spain. It is a particular favour of that Providence which has always watched over our arms, that passion has so blinded the English as to induce them to abandon the protection of the sea, and at length produce their army on the Continent. I set out in a few days to put myself at the head of my forces, and, with God's assistance, to crown my brother, king of Spain, in Madrid, and to plant my eagles on the towers of Lisbon."

"His vaunts and his impieties," remarks Southey, "were, of course, echoed by those whom he addressed. But their flattery was far exceeded by the language of some deputies from the new Italian departments, who had audience on the same day. 'The destinies of the whole world,' they told him, 'were confided by the Almighty to his impenetrable views, to the supreme power of his genius, to the miraculous exploits of his arms. Hence a new order of things, already written in the books of the Eternal, was prepared for their country. In the necessity in which he was to overthrow, to destroy, to disperse all enemies as the

* The British army.

wind dissipates the dust, he was not an exterminating angel,—but he was the being that extends his thoughts, and measures the face of the earth, to re-establish its happiness upon a better and surer basis. He was destined before all ages to be the man of God's right hand, the sovereign master of all things.' Language of more idolatrous adoration was never listened to by the frantic Caligula, nor uttered by the infatuated followers of Sabatai Levi. It was not, however, too gross for the tyrant to whom it was addressed; and he applauded it in his reply."

Buonaparte reached Bayonne on the 3d of November; and, after remaining there five days, till his last column had passed by, he moved on to Vittoria. The army which he had then collected for overwhelming the Peninsula, and "driving the Leopard into the sea," comprised upwards of 40,000 cavalry, "unequalled for enterprise and knowledge of war," and a grand total of nearly 320,000 soldiers. After making large allowances for the sick and the absent, and ample deductions for garrisons and for separate service in the eastern provinces, at least 180,000 were available for sweeping right on to Madrid and Salamanca and Lisbon, toward all the south and the west. Buonaparte formed an immense reserve, consisting of the imperial guard, the heavy cavalry, and a strong artillery, and arranged the rest of the army into eight separate corps, each "adapted to act with facility as a component part of a large army, and provided with light cavalry, a park and train of artillery, engineers, sappers, and miners, and a complete civil administration, to enable it to take the field as an independent force." The reserve he retained under his own immediate command; and the first corps he assigned to the command of Victor, Duke of Belluno,—the second, to the command, first of Bessières, Duke of Istria, and soon afterwards to that of Soult, Duke of Dalmatia,—the third, to the command of Moncey, Duke of Conegliano,—the fourth, to the command of Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzic,—the fifth, to the command of Mortier, Duke of Treviso,—the sixth, to the command of Ney, Duke of Elchingen,—the seventh, to the command of General St. Cyr,—and the eighth, to the command of Junot, Duke of Abrantes. Thus were fully realized two conjectures of Sir Arthur Wellesley—not apparently, at first sight, very reconcilable with each other,—that Buonaparte would assail Spain with large masses of soldiers, and that yet he would not anywhere put into collision with his antagonists there a larger corps than forty thousand men.

The Spanish forces opposed to Buonaparte comprised about 132,000 men. But so many as 57,000 of these were in reserve corps at Llanes, La Mancha, Talavera, and Segovia, most of them too distant from the Pyrenees to make any resistance to the torrent of invasion, and at the same time all too miserably equipped to promise high service in internal defence. These corps also were under the command of Cuesta, Belvidere, and other leaders, who had no unity of purpose either among themselves, or in any way which could secure efficient

co-operation. The rest of the forces were disposed in three armies, separated from one another by deep ravines, formidable rivers, and impassable mountains, commanded by proud, jealous, incompetent, independent generals, and aggregately scattered over a front of country no less than about 200 miles in extent. The army of the right, under Palafox, comprised 18,000 infantry and 500 cavalry, almost all Arragonese, and lay chiefly between Saragossa and Sanguessa. The army of the centre, under Castanos, comprised 27,000 infantry and 1,300 cavalry, together with 36 pieces of cannon, and lay chiefly at Tarazona and Agreda, directly opposite the centre of the French position. And the army of the left, under Blake, comprised about 30,000 infantry, with 26 guns and only a handful of cavalry, and lay among the rocky mountains around the sources of the Ebro.

The state of these forces was not better than Sir Arthur Wellesley conjectured it to be. Buonaparte, indeed, estimated it at nearly the same rate of efficiency which Sir Arthur did, saying that the whole of the Spanish forces were not capable of beating 25,000 French in a reasonable position. "The enthusiastic movements of the Spanish people," remarks Colonel Jones, "were not attended with those great results which had been so confidently anticipated. Innumerable volunteers continued everywhere to enrol themselves, and each province completed a considerable army; but as the different juntas appointed the officers, and tenaciously retained the command of their respective levies, no general system was followed; and the interests of a gallant and zealous people were sacrificed to petty jealousies, and the incompetency of local governors. The exertions of the commonalty merited a better fate, as the most moderate calculation will show that in the short space of four months, 170,000 combatants marched against the enemy; and when the number of recruits spread over the different provinces is taken into the account, it will be found that upwards of 200,000 individuals in that period voluntarily enrolled themselves,—a force amply sufficient to have secured the independence of Spain, had it been rendered effective by proper equipments and organization. So different, however, was the case, that at no period were more than 50,000 men fully clothed and equipped; and when formed into armies, they wanted every component part, having neither generals nor staff of experience, neither commissariat nor stores, surgeons nor medicines,—being a mere body of infantry, with a disproportionately small artillery and few cavalry, or rather a collection of individuals urged forward by the best and most patriotic motives, but utterly incapable of acting together as a machine." "If the reader," remarks Major Sherer, "will picture to himself a vast body of local militia suddenly assembled in England, with officers of unspeakably less intelligence than those of an English local militia, and quite as little experience,—with a system of movement, old, formal, cumbrous, and slow,—men half-clothed, half-armed, and commanded by proud and obsti-

nate generals of no experience,—he will see many of such armies as actually met in battle the disciplined and brave conquerors of Germany, under the guidance of leaders alike distinguished by their talents and their exploits."

A Central Government was installed at Aranjuez on the 26th of September. This ought to have concentrated the energies of the kingdom against the common enemy; the more so as it appointed a military board to regulate the operations of the armies. But it was too discordant and corrupt, too ignorant and foolish, too imbecile and timid, too vain and presumptuous to accomplish any real good. It represented nearly all the conflicting elements of the numerous local juntas, amassed without combining their respective jealousies, and acquired no power to supersede them, or even seriously to reduce their influence, in their own several spheres. Its members, in many instances, were undisguised scramblers for place and pelf, so sordidly intent on their private interests as to be incapable of any real care for the public wellbeing. It took aggregately to itself the title of Majesty, gave to its president the title of Highness, and a salary of 25,000 crowns a-year, and decreed to each of its members the title of Excellency, a salary of 5,000 crowns a-year, and the privilege of exemption from arrest. It initiated its power over the nation by making a public entry into Madrid, proclaiming a general amnesty, scattering money among the crowds of people in the streets, and granting a reduction of the duties on tobacco. It was blind to the condition of its armies, to the state of European politics, to the prowess of Buonaparte, and to the necessity for its leaning on the arms as well as on the subsidies of Britain. It had utterly exaggerated, contorted, quixotic notions of its military strength. It imagined that the French armies would flee into France the moment that its own confronted them. It superintended its generals, not to give them the sinews of war, or to work them into unity of action, or in any way to economise their forces, but only to hunt them severally on to battle. It even marred or broke their authority, at the most critical moments, by changes and supercessions, arising out of precipitate haste to beat the French. It appointed Castanos to be the president of the military board for managing the affairs of its armies, but at the same time decided that he would not need to take his seat in that capacity till the enemy should be driven across the frontiers. And it manifested a ridiculous jealousy lest a British army should penetrate to the Pyrenees, in time to share with the Spanish armies the glory of overwhelming the French. Napier's dark picture of Spain at this hour of her greatest peril is, therefore, not overcoloured:—"Disunion, cupidity, incapacity in the higher orders; the patriotic ardour visibly abating among the lower classes; the rulers grasping, improvident, and boasting; the enemy powerful; the people insubordinate; and the fighting men without arms or bread: as a whole, and in all its parts, the Government unfitted for its task, cumbrous and ostentatious, its system was neither calculated to inspire courage nor to increase enthusiasm." Who

does not see that Sir Arthur Wellesley's project of marching a British army to Madrid at that juncture, in full equipment and direct from the liberation of Portugal, would have been a master-stroke of policy? The very sight of it would have done something to restore the gasconaders to reason; and the prestige and power of it, together with the influence of Sir Arthur's calm, sagacious, weighty councils, could scarcely have failed to produce sober, united action against the French.

The French army around Vittoria, though undergoing its process of reinforcement during about six weeks before the personal arrival of Buonaparte, was instructed by him to stand entirely on the defensive till he personally arrived. His object was to let the Spaniards lull themselves to repose, amid their fancied strength and security, and then, by one stroke of his foot, to precipitate his stupendous army upon them, like an avalanche, with a suddenness and force which should not permit them one moment for either resistance or escape. But the vapouring valour and fantastic impatience of the Spanish armies provoked the French, nevertheless, into a good deal of preliminary action. Palafox and Castanos all along kept the corps on the Ebro in considerable activity, though generally on a paltry scale, and without any telling result. Blake, so early as the 18th of September, began a series of fitful dashing strokes, which were singularly characterised by a combination of the rarest courage with the most egregious folly. Castanos, on the 27th of October, drew upon himself a smart castigation at Logrono; and about the same time got into hot dissension with Palafox. Blake, on the 31st of October, having been strengthened a few days before by a small veteran corps under the Marquis de Romana, advanced with seventeen thousand of his troops to Tornosa, and suffered there a disastrous defeat.

Buonaparte, on arriving at Vittoria on the evening of the 8th of November, lost not a moment in commencing his vast operations. He did not even permit himself to enter a splendid mansion which had been prepared for his reception, but walked into the nearest inn, called for his maps, and in about two hours sent forth his orders, perfunctorily and energetically, like a message along a telegraphic wire, to set all the corps of his army in motion. The Spanish forces in consequence, though they had lain so long in array and vaunted so stoutly their valour, were all struck and sent adrift of a sudden, almost as if they had been ricks of stubble assailed by a whirlwind. On the 10th and 11th, the main body of Blake's army at Espinosa was completely overthrown by Victor and Lefebvre, the survivors of it fleeing before them in irrecoverable confusion, many to speedy death in the waters and the wildernesses, and some to their scattered homes in distant provinces. On the 13th, Blake's reserve, together with all the remnant of the main body which he could collect, amounting to a total of about seven thousand men, was driven irretrievably to pieces at Reynosa, by the advanced guard of the corps of Soult. On the 10th, the army of Estremadura,

eighteen thousand strong, under the Count de Belvidere, all recently clothed and equipped by the British government, and comprising some of the bravest regular troops in Spain,—this army, which had just advanced to Burgos, was ruinously defeated there by Soult, two thousand men of it falling in the action, and all its artillery, together with many prisoners being captured. The plains of Leon and the basin of the Douro, as far as Benevente, Tordesillas, and Toro, were now swept by ten thousand light troops, proclaiming the Emperor and levying contributions, without the slightest opposition. On the 22d, the armies of Castanos and Palafox, after a series of eccentric movements, formed a junction at Tudela, or rather came into each other's presence there, in unabated mutual dissension, and almost surrounded, at brief distance, by several corps of the French; and on the same day they were driven asunder and defeated, with a loss of five thousand killed and captured on the field, Castanos retreating in good order with twenty thousand to Calatayud, whence the Central Junta ordered him immediately on to defend Madrid, and Palafox fleeing precipitately with fifteen thousand, without either guns or tumbrels, to take refuge within the fortifications of Saragossa.

Buonaparte now sent Ney's corps to run down Castanos, Moncey's corps to reduce Saragossa, and Soult's corps to watch a British army in the north-west, of which we have afterwards to speak; and with Victor's corps and the reserve, amounting jointly to at least sixty thousand men, he himself advanced toward Madrid,—meanwhile so disposing the remaining corps that they should serve the double purpose of supporting his advance, and subduing other districts. He arrived, on the 30th, at the strong pass of the Samosierra, and found it in possession of about fifteen thousand Spanish troops, with fifteen pieces of cannon; but he easily forced it, and marched on. The troops who fled from it rallied at Talavera, and made an effort to return to the defence of the capital; but they were met and dispersed by a small squadron of cavalry; and the remnant of them, in order to counteract the bad fame of their pusillanimous behaviour, accused their chief, St. Juan, of treason, and put him to an ignominious death. Buonaparte arrived at Madrid on the 2d of December; and, after encountering a confused resistance, characterised far more by riotousness and phrenzy than by orderliness or bravery, he became complete master of it on the 4th. His forces elsewhere made equally quick work with the mastering of most towns of consequence in Spain, the capturing of almost every considerable stronghold, and the dispersing of all the remnants of the Spanish armies either to their homes or to the mountain-fastnesses; so that, in a week or two, Buonaparte was seriously opposed in the Peninsula by no arms but those of Britain, and felt inclined to regard his reconquest of it as nearly complete, and to all appearance very secure. He still, indeed, had to perform his purposed feat of "driving the Leopard into the sea;" but he regarded this as an affair much rather of his pride

and resentment than of his heroism, and unhappily found it, in the first instance, but too sadly easy.

The British army alluded to was under the command of Sir John Moore. That distinguished officer, on the 6th of October, while he was still at Lisbon, received an order from the British ministry to lead an army into Spain. His instructions were to assist the Spanish armies in expelling the French from the Peninsula, to go into junction or co-operation with them somewhere about Salamanca or Valladolid, to obey on all points the Spanish commander-in-chief, to communicate with the Spanish central government through the newly appointed British envoy, Mr. Frere, and to pay the utmost attention and deference on all occasions to that gentleman's requisitions or representations. His army was to consist of 25,000 of the British troops then in Portugal, and of 10,000 additional troops who were to be sent from Britain, under the command of Sir David Baird, to Corunna. He was ready to march on the twentieth day after receiving his instructions. He went with the main body of his army direct toward Salamanca by way of Almeida; but, learning from the Portuguese authorities that the roads on that route were impracticable for artillery, he sent his guns, his cavalry, and a small column of infantry, under the command of General Hope, up the valley of the Tagus to the vicinity of Madrid, and thence by the royal road which traverses the Guadarama mountains. This measure created a third division of his force, added 150 miles to the march of that division, imperilled it on the route in the event, which actually took place, of an irruption of the French, and considerably retarded the period when the army might take part in the impending struggle. Yet it proved to be quite unnecessary; for Sir John Moore, in the course of his progress by the direct route, found, from personal observation, that all his artillery might easily have accompanied him. So worthless was local intelligence, even on a point on which the educated Portuguese might have been presumed to be well informed!

Sir John Moore was treated coldly by the Portuguese, through all his march within their territories, but received a hearty welcome at Ciudad Rodrigo. He entered Salamanca on the 13th of November. Sir David Baird had landed some time before at Corunna, but was so long detained there by difficulties of disembarkation, difficulties of obtaining supplies, and obstructions on the part of the local authorities, that his rear-guard left it only on the same day on which Sir John Moore entered Salamanca. Both corps advanced with very little money, trusting mainly for expected magazines and means of transport to the Spanish government; and they were so often disappointed in their hopes, so often left entirely to their own slender resources, as to have the utmost difficulty to move on for want of food and conveyances. General Hope's division also very much embarrassed, and made a narrow escape from being discovered and overwhelmed by the French. The three divisions were not in position to co-operate

till the 23d of November. Thus was it painfully manifest that the whole enterprise, besides being ill provided and hurriedly commenced, had been at least two weeks too late in being undertaken.

Sir John Moore had still other and heavier embarrassments. He heard, on the 14th of November, of the overthrow of the Estremaduran army, and on the 18th, of the overthrow of Blake's army; and he then lost all hope of being able to penetrate to the Pyrenees, or to act a part in preventing a great irruption of the French over the Peninsula. He soon afterwards heard also of the overthrow of the armies of Castanos and Palafox; and then, though he had been meditating a run to Madrid, with a view of intercepting the French and driving them back, he felt obliged likewise to abandon that scheme. There was no Spanish commander-in-chief, and had been none, whose orders he could receive; nor any Spanish commander whatever, excepting only Romana at the head of but two or three ragged thousands, with whom he could hope to form a plan of co-operation. Nor was there any general Spanish government; for the miserable thing which called itself so at Aranjuez had never acquired any proper influence over the armies,—and besides was now scattered and flying toward first Badajoz and next Seville. The British envoy, too, was at once duped by the Spaniards, grossly misled respecting their prospects, and most presumptuously confident in urging these delusive prospects as the rule for the guidance of the British army. Sir John Moore, while bound by his instructions to follow the advice of the envoy, felt certain that, if he followed it, he would do no good to the Spaniards, no harm to the French, and would lead his army to destruction. He decided for himself at once and firmly that his proper course was to retreat to Portugal; yet he was so excessively urged by the envoy to advance, saw such fiery eagerness in his troops to be led to battle, and knew so well how infamously a retreat would be regarded by the unreflecting multitude at home, that he hesitated during several days what to do, and then, on getting a piece of opportune intercepted intelligence, conceived the bold idea of going north-eastward to strike a blow at the corps of Soult, which lay apart and exposed at Saldanha on the Carrion. Should this movement succeed, it would cut off all the advanced French from their communications; and whether it succeeded or not, it would serve as a powerful diversion, to revoke the French masses from the interior, and to allow the broken and scattered Spanish armies a breathing-time to collect themselves and reconsolidate.

Sir John Moore left Salamanca on the 12th of December. General Stuart, on the same day, surprised and cut off a party of French who were posted at Rueda; and he learned from the prisoners that all the French commanders supposed Sir John Moore to be then in full retreat to Lisbon. On the 18th, Sir John Moore had his head-quarters at Castro-Nuevo; and he thence sent intelligence to Romana of his intended movement against Soult, and requested his

co-operation. On the 20th, all his army, previously in divisions distant from each other, were concentrated, the infantry at Mayorga, the cavalry at Melgar Abaxo. On the 21st, Lord Paget, at the head of 400 hussars, vanquished 600 French dragoons at Sahagun, sabreing many of them on the spot, and taking 178 of them prisoners. During the 22d and the 23d Sir John Moore was obliged to halt for his supplies. On the night of the 23d, the army set out in high spirits from Sahagun, on a plan to attack Soult at Saldanha next morning; but, after proceeding only a short way, they were countermarched, sent back to their quarters, and ordered to be in readiness to retreat at day-break.

This sudden and great change sprang from intelligence just received, that Buonaparte had got notice of the movement from Salamanca toward the north-east,—that he had, in consequence, instantly and vigorously altered the whole arrangement of his force,—that one of his corps at Talavera had been ordered to march on Salamanca,—that a corps, 35,000 strong, headed by Buonaparte himself, had moved from the Escurial toward Benevente,—and that Soult's corps, reinforced by part of the corps of Junot, had been directed to advance through Leon on Astorga. The intelligence proved correct. The plan for assailing the British on three sides, and either destroying them on the spot or driving them right toward the sea, was so compact, so powerful, and so vigorous that all Sir John Moore's vigilance and energy were tasked to the uttermost to elude its direct execution. His difficulties were enormously increased by a sudden alteration in the spirit of his troops. They gave no credit to the existence of danger, continued unchangedly eager for battle, ascribed the arrest on the campaign to his pusillanimity or incompetence, and passed at once into dogged sullenness or reckless insubordination. He had but a few hours, not quite a day, till the French should be upon him; he required to struggle not only with all his new difficulties, but also with most of his former ones, aggravated and multiplied; there likewise came upon him, almost at the outset, a series of tremendous weather, alternate rains and sleets, frosts and thaws; and his retreat over the greater part of the intervening distance to the coast, for hunger, nakedness, fatigue, exposure, disorderliness, and general suffering, was one of the most disastrous ever run by a British army. Yet for several days, till he crossed the Esla and got into good position beyond that critical stream, he managed to keep all his army in fine order, and even to give severe checks to the pursuing French.

The main body of the infantry marched in two divisions on the 24th,—the one under Sir David Baird, to cross the Esla at Valencia de San Juan, and the other under General Hope, to cross it in the vicinity of Benevente. Sir John Moore himself followed General Hope, next day, with the reserve and the light brigades. And Lord Paget, with the cavalry, did not march till the 26th, and pushed back patroles to the very lines of the enemy. That nobleman, indeed,

performed a constant series of exploits through all the retreat, many of them so brilliant, and all in such high style, as continually to compel the French to be almost as much on the alert as the retreating army. On the 27th, as soon as the rear-guard had crossed the Esla to Benevente, the bridge there was destroyed. Sir John Moore, unable to obtain means of transport for the greater part of his stores, remained two days at Benevente to make requisite rearrangements; and he, at the same time, took occasion to issue severe general orders, with a view of attempting to extinguish the disastrous spirit of insubordination which already began to break out.

On the morning of the 29th, after all the infantry had departed, and while picquets of the cavalry, comprising about two hundred men, lay in front of the town to watch the fords of the Esla, six hundred of Buonaparte's imperial guards, headed by General Lefebvre Desnouttes, went dashingly through the river. "The picquets retired, steadily skirmishing, till, being joined by a small party of the third German hussars, they repeatedly charged the enemy and checked his advance. Colonel Otway commanded these picquets till General Charles Stuart took charge of them. Handsomely disputing their advances, the General slowly gave ground before the French, till he drew them well forward into the plain. The 10th hussars were formed quickly by Lord Paget, under cover of some houses near the town; and when the favourable moment arrived, they rode out smartly, and joining the picquets, the whole charged with such vigour that the imperial guards fled at speed to the fords, and re-crossed the river. They lost from fifty to sixty cut down on the field; seventy prisoners, including their General; and had seventy more wounded, who escaped. The loss of the British was fifty."

Buonaparte is said to have been on the opposite bank, witnessing the combat. He soon afterward received intelligence that the Austrians were menacing an attack on France, and suddenly quitted the army and returned to Paris. Sir John Moore, however, never learned this fact, but believed to the last that Buonaparte continued to head the pursuit. He reached Astorga on the 30th, and was there joined by Sir David Baird's division and by Romana's Spanish corps,—the latter only about five thousand strong, and literally half naked, half starved, and at the same time melting rapidly away under an epidemic of malignant typhus fever. Romana was earnestly desirous that all should make a stand at Astorga, and do battle,—or that at worst they should take ground in the passes a short distance to the west, and defend Gallicia. But Sir John Moore regarded his proposal as little better than raving, and only agreed to his going with his haggard corps to attempt what he pleased at one pass, while he himself retreated right on toward another. He at first directed his retreat toward Vigo, and sent forward orders for the transports to collect at that place; but on the 5th of January, when he was at Lugo, he got such accounts of Vigo as induced him to alter the orders, and the line of retreat, first to Ares and then to Corunna.

He arrived at the latter place on the 11th, and wrote there on the 13th to Lord Castlereagh a despatch which contains the best extant account of his retreat from Astorga, brief but very graphic, together with a general statement of his ruling motives, and which, at the same time, possesses high interest as a specimen of his diction, showing how lucidly and vigorously he could have written had he chosen to seek eminence with the pen.

"Situated as this army is at present," said he, "it is impossible for me to detail to your Lordship the events which have taken place, since I had the honour to address you from Astorga, on the 31st of December. I have therefore determined to send to England, Brigadier-General Charles Stuart, as the officer best qualified to give you every information you can want, both with respect to our actual situation, and the events which have led to it. Your Lordship knows, that had I followed my own opinion, as a military man, I should have retired with the army from Salamanca. The Spanish armies were then beaten, there was no Spanish force to which we could unite, and I was satisfied that no efforts would be made to aid us, or to favour the cause in which they were engaged. I was sensible, however, that the apathy and indifference of the Spaniards would never have been believed,—that had the British been withdrawn, the loss of the cause would have been imputed to their retreat; and it was necessary to risk this army to convince the people of England, as well as the rest of Europe, that the Spaniards had neither the power nor the inclination to make any efforts for themselves. It was for this reason that I made the march to Sahagun. As a diversion, it succeeded; I brought the whole disposable force of the French against this army, and it has been allowed to follow me, without a single movement being made to favour my retreat. The people of the Gallicias, though armed, made no attempt to stop the passage of the French through their mountains. They abandoned their dwellings at our approach, drove away their carts, oxen, and everything that could be of the smallest aid to the army. The consequence has been, that our sick has been left behind; and when our horses or mules failed, which, on such marches, and through such a country, was the case to a great extent, baggage, ammunition, stores, &c., and even money, were necessarily destroyed or abandoned.

"I am sorry to say, that the army, whose conduct I had such reason to extol on its march through Portugal, and on its arrival in Spain, has totally changed its character since it began to retreat. I can say nothing in its favour, but that when there was a prospect of fighting the enemy, the men were then orderly, and seemed pleased and determined to do their duty. In front of Villa Franca, the French came up with the reserve, with which I was covering the retreat of the army. They attacked it at Calcebelos. I retired, covered by the 95th regiment, and marched that night to Herresias, and from thence to Nogales and Lugo, where I had ordered the different divisions which preceded to halt and

collect. At Lugo the French again came up with us. They attacked our advanced posts on the 6th and 7th, and were repulsed in both attempts, with little loss on our side. I heard from the prisoners taken, that three divisions of the French army were come up, commanded by Marshal Soult; I therefore expected to be attacked on the morning of the 8th. It was my wish to come to that issue. I had perfect confidence in the valour of the troops, and it was only by crippling the enemy that we could hope either to retreat or embark unmolested. I made every preparation to receive the attack, and drew out the army in the morning to offer battle. This was not Marshal Soult's object. He either did not think himself sufficiently strong, or he wished to play a surer game, by attacking us on our march, or during our embarkation. The country was intersected, and his position too strong for me to attack with an inferior force. The want of provisions would not enable me to wait longer. I marched that night; and in two forced marches, bivouacking for six or eight hours in the rain, I reached Betanzos on the 10th instant.

"At Lugo I was sensible of the impossibility of reaching Vigo, which was at too great a distance, and offered no advantages to embark in the face of an enemy. My intention was then to have retreated to the peninsula of Betanzos, where I hoped to find a position to cover the embarkation of the army in Ares or Redes Bayes; but having sent an officer to reconnoitre it, by his report I was determined to prefer this place. I gave notice to the admiral of my intention, and begged that the transports might be brought to Corunna. Had I found them here on my arrival on the 11th, the embarkation would easily have been effected, for I had gained several marches on the French. They have now come up with us; the transports have not arrived; my position in front of this place is a very bad one; and this place, if I am forced to retire into it, is commanded within musket shot, and the harbour will be so commanded by cannon on the coast, that no ship will be able to lie in it. In short, my Lord, General Stuart will inform you how critical our situation is. It has been recommended to me to make a proposal to the enemy, to induce him to allow us to embark quietly, in which case he gets us out of the country soon, and this place, with its stores, &c. complete; that otherwise we have the power to make a long defence, which must cause the destruction of the town. I am averse to make any such proposal, and am exceedingly doubtful if it would be attended with any good effect. But whatever I resolve on this head, I hope your Lordship will rest assured, that I shall accept no terms that are in the least dishonourable to the army or to the country."

Sir John Moore made as many improvements as possible on the defences of Corunna, for holding the French at bay, and for covering his embarkation. His troops became spirited as they saw a near prospect of action; the towns-people also were eager and steady to serve him; and both worked incessantly and zeal-

ously to effect such hasty changes as he directed. The land-front of the fortress was strengthened, and the sea-front was dismantled. A large quantity of arms which had been sent from Britain for the use of the Spaniards, and had been stored up and forgotten, was distributed among the troops, as likely to be more efficient than the worn ones which they had carried through the campaign. A magazine of four thousand barrels of gunpowder, which also had lain unused three miles from the town, was exploded—with an effect like an earthquake, destroying a village in its neighbourhood, agitating the adjacent sea, and striking terror far and near into all persons who knew not what it was. All the injured horses of the army, and many others likewise which were not likely to be easily embarked or to find accommodation on ship-board, were shot. And as soon as the transports arrived in the bay—which they did on the evening of the 14th—all diligence was used to put on board the sick, the dismounted cavalry, the baggage, and whatever guns could be wanted for immediate defence. The preparations were completed on the morning of the 16th; and notice was given at mid-day that, if the French did not entangle the army by a harassing action, the embarkation would commence at night-fall, and be carried on to completion during the night.

The British army, then 14,500 strong, was in battle position on a low ridge of hills, about half a league from the town. This ground was outflanked, and commanded at long range, by a loftier ridge, which possessed greater strength, and seemed certain to be occupied by the French; yet it was the only ground near the harbour where, consistently with their numbers and circumstances, the British could safely take their stand. The French began to appear in force on the morning of the 12th; and they kept continually increasing till their numbers, under arms, amounted to about 20,000. They commenced a cannonade on the 14th, but were so smartly answered by the British artillery that they soon stopped, and drew off their guns. They commenced another, of much greater power, and with tremendous effect, about two o'clock on the 16th; and, under cover of this, they moved down, in three weighty columns, to a general attack on the British position. The first column was designed to obtain possession of the road to the town and harbour, either by forcing the British right, or by turning its flank; the second marched upon the British centre; and the third, with less earnestness than either of the others, marched upon the British left.

Sir John Moore had just rode out to visit the outposts when the French were observed to commence their movement. He spurred forward with alacrity, and was speedily near the spot, on the right wing, where there was the greatest crash of conflict. Sir David Baird, who commanded that wing, was disabled by a shattering shot upon his arm at the very moment of going into action. Sir John Moore, seeing the "business of war" there very critical, superintended it narrowly in person, conducted it through a series of rapidly shifting perils, and

then, almost at the instant of achieving security for the endangered right wing, was hurled from his horse by a cannon-shot upon his left shoulder. The chief command now devolved on General Hope—afterwards successively Sir John Hope, Lord Niddry, and fourth Earl of Hopetoun; and the best account of what followed is contained in his official report of the battle, written on the 18th, and addressed to Sir David Baird, who had been second in command throughout the campaign, and who succeeded to the honour of the first command at the death of Sir John Moore:—

"The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but, by the most determined bravery, not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh troops in support of those originally engaged. The enemy, finding himself foiled in every attempt to force the right of the position, endeavoured by numbers to turn it. A judicious and well-timed movement, which was made by Major-General Paget, with the reserve, which corps had moved out of its cantonments to support the right of the army by a vigorous attack, defeated this intention. The Major-General having pushed forward the 95th rifle corps and 1st battalion 52d regiments, drove the enemy before him, and in his rapid and judicious advance, threatened the left of the enemy's position. This circumstance, with the position of Lieutenant-General Fraser's division, calculated to give still further security to the right of the line, induced the enemy to relax his efforts in that quarter. They were, however, more forcibly directed towards the centre, where they were again successfully resisted by the brigade under Major-General Manningham, forming the left of your division, and a part of that under Major-General Leith, forming the right of the division under my orders. Upon the left the enemy at first contented himself with an attack upon our picquets, which however in general maintained their ground. Finding, however, his efforts unavailing on the right and centre, he seemed determined to render the attack upon the left more serious, and had succeeded in obtaining possession of the village through which the great road to Madrid passes, and which was situated in front of that part of the line. From this post, however, he was soon expelled with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2d battalion of the 14th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicolls. Before five in the evening we had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points, and occupied a more forward line than at the commencement of the action, whilst the enemy confined his operations to a cannonade and the fire of his light troops, with a view to draw off his other corps. At six the firing entirely ceased. The different brigades were reassembled on the ground they occupied in the morning, and the picquets and advanced posts resumed their original station.

"Notwithstanding the decided and marked superiority which at this moment the gallantry of the troops had given them over an enemy who, from his number and the commanding advantages of his position, no doubt expected an easy victory, I did not, on reviewing all circumstances, conceive that I should be warranted in departing from what I knew was the fixed and previous determination of the late commander of the forces, to withdraw the army on the evening of the 16th for the purpose of embarkation. The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit. The whole of the artillery that remained unembarked having been withdrawn, the troops followed in the order prescribed, and marched to their respective points of embarkation in the town and neighbourhood of Corunna. The picquets remained at their posts until five on the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn with similar order, and without the enemy having discovered the movement.

"By the unremitted exertions of Captains the Hon. H. Curzon, Gosselin, Boys, Rainier, Serrett, Hawkins, Digby, Carden, and Mackenzie, of the royal navy, who, in pursuance of the orders of Rear-Admiral de Courcy, were intrusted with the service of embarking the army,—and in consequence of the arrangements made by Commissioner Bowen, Captains Bowen and Shepherd, and the other agents for transports,— the whole of the army were embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled. With the exception of the brigades under Major-Generals Hill and Beresford, which were destined to remain on shore until the movements of the enemy should become manifest, the whole was afloat before day-light. The brigade of Major-General Beresford, which was alternately to form our rear-guard, occupied the land front of the town of Corunna; that under Major-General Hill was stationed in reserve on the promontory in rear of the town. The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour. But notwithstanding this circumstance, and the manifold defects of the place, there being no apprehension that the rear-guard could be forced, and the disposition of the Spaniards appearing to be good, the embarkation of Major-General Hill's brigade was commenced and completed by three in the afternoon. Major-General Beresford, with that zeal and ability which is so well-known to yourself and the whole army, having fully explained, to the satisfaction of the Spanish governor, the nature of our movement, and having made every previous arrangement, withdrew his corps from the land front of the town soon after dark, and was, with all the wounded that had not been previously moved, embarked before one this morning.

"Circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain. It is clouded by the loss of one of her best soldiers. It has been achieved at the termination of a long and

harassing service. The superior numbers and advantageous position of the enemy, not less than the actual situation of this army, did not admit of any advantage being reaped from success. It must be however to you, to the army, and to our country, the sweetest reflection that the lustre of the British arms has been maintained amidst many disadvantageous circumstances. The army which had entered Spain amidst the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources. The advance of the British corps from the Douro, afforded the best hope that the south of Spain might be relieved; but this generous effort to save the unfortunate people, also afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources, for the destruction of the only regular force in the north of Spain. You are well aware with what diligence this system has been pursued. These circumstances produced the necessity of rapid and harassing marches, which had diminished the numbers, exhausted the strength, and impaired the equipment of the army. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and those more immediately attached to a defensive position, which the imperious necessity of covering the harbour of Corunna for a time had rendered indispensable to assume, the native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous, and must have exceeded what even your own experience of that invaluable quality, so inherent in them, may have taught you to expect."

Sir John Moore's wound was dreadful. His left arm was torn off, all to the mere flesh; his collar bone was shattered; and his ribs over the heart were stripped of their integuments. Captain Hardinge instantly tried to stop the rapid effusion of blood with his sash, and Colonel Graham rode off for surgical assistance. Sir John had strength to raise himself into a sitting posture; and he sat some time looking intently, with his usual serenity, and without any indication of pain, on the evolutions of the battle. Satisfying himself that victory seemed certain, he consented to be removed to his lodgings in the town. Some of the soldiers of the 42d regiment placed him in a blanket, and bore him slowly along. His sword appeared to be incommoding him, and some one began to unbuckle it; but he calmly said, "It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me." Two surgeons, arriving in eager haste to serve him, he pleasantly desired them to go to such of the wounded as were curable, for they could be of no use to him. While his bearers moved softly along, he occasionally desired them to stop, in order that he might look back upon the battle; and he always appeared gratified to observe that the French were giving way. On entering the town, he was overtaken by Colonel Anderson, an old and attached friend, and said to him, "Anderson, don't leave me;" and after being laid in bed in his apartments, he remarked to him, "You know I have always wished to die this way." Although suffering great pain, he appeared eager

to speak again, and the first question he put was, "Are the French beaten?" On being assured of this fact by several officers who arrived in succession, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!" Then, addressing himself to one of his aides-de-camp, he continued, "You will see my friends as soon as you possibly can; tell them every thing; say to my mother ——." There his voice failed; but he resumed soon after in a still weaker tone, "Hope! Hope! I have much to say to him, but cannot get it out—I—Colonel Graham, and are all my aides-de-camp well? I have made my will, and remembered my servants?" On the appearance of Major Colborne, his principal aide-de-camp, he spoke most kindly to him, and then turning about to another, he continued: "Remember you go to ——, and tell him that it is my request, and that I expect he will befriend Major Colborne; he has long been with me, and I know him most worthy of it." After this, he inquired if General Paget was present: and on being answered in the negative, begged to be remembered to him. "I feel myself so strong," added he, "I fear I shall be long dying; I am in great pain!" He then thanked the medical men for their attention, and after speaking kindly to Captains Stanhope and Percy, he pressed to his heart the hand of the first aide-de-camp who came to his assistance, and died in a few minutes without a struggle. His remains were interred within the citadel, his own wish having always been that, if he fell in battle, his grave might be on the battle-field. The interment took place by moonlight; and as no coffin could be procured, the body was laid in the grave wrapped in his military cloak. A little poem by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, so universally known that we need not quote it, and so universally admired that we can add nothing to its reputation, describes the sad silent ceremony in terms too pathetic to prevent any other attempt at description. But afterwards, "the guns of the enemy paid Sir John's funeral honours, and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory."

Sir John Moore was scarcely if at all inferior to Sir Arthur Wellesley in military reputation. Had he not been pushed into the disasters of the Spanish campaign, had he been put into command in Portugal, and survived to carry it to some issue, he might, hypothetically speaking, have proved a tough rival of Sir Arthur for the supreme place among British commanders. He had less energy, less decision, indeed, than our hero; but he closely resembled him in most of the working qualities of a great general, and had at least a higher faith. Even the dismal events of his dying retreat did not elicit from him any misgivings of nobleness, any symptoms of incompetency, but rather proved him equal to the direst emergency, and won him the approbation of the highest judges of military merit, among both friends and foes. Sir Arthur Wellesley said he saw only one error in his campaign,—his not regarding the advance to Sahagun as a retreat. Soult described him as "taking every advantage that the country

afforded, to oppose an active and vigorous resistance." And Buonaparte said, "His talents and firmness alone saved the British army from destruction. He was a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent. He made a few mistakes, which were probably inseparable from the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and caused, perhaps, by his information having misled him." So great a contemporary of Sir Arthur Wellesley demands from us a paragraph or two of biographical notice.

Sir John Moore was the son of Dr. John Moore, a physician and a man of letters, the author of 'Zeluco.' He was born at Glasgow, on the 13th of November, 1761. He entered the army, as ensign of the 51st foot, in 1776; but saw little active service till he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the 40th, and was led out to the Mediterranean by the events of the French Revolution. After having served at Toulon, he was selected by Admiral Lord Hood, to accompany Major Kochler on a secret and confidential mission to Corsica. That commander, who had obtained possession of one of the two grand arsenals of France, finding it no longer tenable against the republican armies, determined, if possible, to annex this island to the crown of Britain; but as it was first necessary to ascertain the practicability of the scheme, he chose these two officers to confer with the celebrated Pasquale Paoli. A fleet sailed from the Hieres islands, on the 24th of January, 1795, and a body of land forces was disembarked soon after, in Corsica, under General Dundas. In the course of a few days, Colonel Moore was despatched to seize on the town of Fornelli; but, though his movement was sudden, and though his men dragged a howitzer and a six-pounder through a mountainous country, where artillery had never before travelled, he found the place too strong to be carried by a *coup-de-main*. He now, by means of a body of seamen from the navy, carried four eighteen-pounders, one large howitzer, and a ten inch mortar, to an eminence seven hundred feet above the level of the sea; and then he was in a condition to enfilade the batteries, and render all the works raised by the French untenable. He still, however, encountered the most obstinate resistance; and at last, on the evening of the 17th of February, he took the place by storm.

He was employed also to assail the fort of Calvi. He behaved there with the same gallantry as at Fornelli; and though severely wounded during the assault, he led up the grenadiers of his storming party to the breach, and entered it at their head. "Day-break," says his father, whose elegant pen delighted to write a brief public notice of the event, "was judged the proper time for making the attempt. The French at this period seem to have made it a rule to stand an assault, rather than capitulate, even after a practicable breach was made. They expected to repel the assailants on the present occasion, by throwing grenades from the parapet nearest the breach, as well as by the fire of the garrison. The officer who was to conduct the assault posted his troops at midnight, among the



Thomas Moore.

Engraved by J. Thomas from a painting by [illegible]

myrtle-bushes with which the rocks among Calvi are covered, and as near the breach as possible, without being heard by the enemy. That there might be no risk of alarming them by accidental firing, he had ordered the soldiers not to load, having previously convinced them that the point would be best effected by bayonet. A little before day-break the Commander-in-Chief arrived with the officers of his suite, and had the satisfaction to find that the garrison had not been alarmed at that quarter. False attacks had been made elsewhere to divert their attention. After a short conversation between the General and the officer who was to lead the assault, the signal was given. The troops advanced with a rapid step to the breach, and they were half-way before they were observed by the enemy. A volley of grape-shot was fired from the ramparts. The dubious light before day-break made the cannoniers take a false aim; the shot flew over the heads of the advancing party, and some of the General's attendants were wounded. In a short time, the grenadiers were descried scrambling up the rubbish, while many grenades and shells were thrown from the parapet on the assailants, who, pushing past their wounded and dying friends, continued their course to the breach. Those of the enemy who were not killed or taken prisoners fled into the town. When the General perceived the grenadiers ascending, he put spurs to his horse and rode to the bottom of the hill on which the fort stood, and, quitting his horse, mounted directly to the breach. Finding the troops in possession of the place, he flew into the arms of the officer who had led the assault. The surrounding officers shouted and threw their hats into the air for joy. The moment was worth years of common life."

In 1795, Colonel Moore returned from the Mediterranean, and went in the expedition under Sir Ralph Abercromby to the West Indies. The army arrived at Barbadoes in January 1796; and as no time was to be lost in so deadly a climate—which, within the period of three years, had devoured the greater number of 54,000 men—operations were immediately commenced. Moore acted as Brigadier-General in the reduction of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, with such rare heroism that General Abercromby, in the public despatches, noted his conduct as "the admiration of the whole army." He also performed great achievements in the reduction of the island of St. Lucia; and afterwards was appointed governor of that island, and conducted a successful contest there with several bands of armed negroes who, after the surrender, carried on a kind of guerilla warfare. Several officers having died, or become disabled by sickness, and many others having obtained leave of absence to procure a change of air, there remained scarcely enough to do the duty of the garrison. Moore was consequently obliged to issue orders that no one, except in the last necessity, should quit the island. Shortly afterwards he was attacked with the yellow fever, and on being told that if he did not go on board ship his life would be in danger, he referred the medical men who attended him to his own [illegible]

stated that he was resolved at all hazards to remain at his post; nor could they, until he had become insensible, carry the measure, so necessary for his safety, into effect. Being attacked a second time with the fever, he returned with Sir Ralph Abercromby, in the summer of 1797, to Britain.

During the rebellion in Ireland in 1798, he was again called into active service; and he mainly contributed to the overthrow of the rebels in the region of their prime strength, the county of Wexford. He now obtained the rank of Major-General. He next figured, again under Sir Ralph Abercromby, in the expedition to the Holder, acting a distinguished part in it, but standing quite free from the disgrace in which it terminated. He then, early in 1800, and still under his friend Abercromby, went to Egypt. The French attacked the first division of the troops that landed, with great courage and effect; their position on a commanding eminence was admirable; but no sooner had his boat approached the land than the Major-General leaped on shore, and, placing himself at the head of his brigade, rushed up the fortified eminence, in his usual manner, with the bayonet. His intrepidity proved irresistible; for the French retired towards Alexandria, and Moore, next day, received the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief. In the subsequent action of the 21st of March, during which the British troops were attacked with great impetuosity, and the Commander-in-Chief killed, Moore distinguished himself again, while leading on the reserve, against which the principal attack of the enemy was directed. According to the official letter of Lieutenant-General Hutchinson, the troops commanded by him "conducted themselves with unexampled spirit, resisted the impetuosity of the French infantry, and repulsed several charges of cavalry. Major-General Moore," adds he, "was wounded at their head, though not dangerously. I regret, however, the temporary absence from the army of this highly valuable and meritorious officer, whose counsel and co-operation would be so highly necessary to me at this moment." He recovered, however, in time to assist at the siege of Cairo, and at that of the castle of Marabout; and after Alexandria had been reduced, and the French had submitted, he was appointed to escort the capitulating army to the place of embarkation.

General Moore was now in high fame; and in reward of his services in Egypt, was made a Knight of the Bath. He returned from Egypt to Britain, and spent some time in the bosom of his family. He was next employed on the staff of the army, in the Kentish district, and commanded a camp at Shorn Cliffe, a few miles from Dover. In 1805, having attained the rank of lieutenant-general, and obtained the colonelcy of the 52d regiment of foot, he was despatched once more to the Mediterranean as second in command, under General Fox, of the forces in the Mediterranean. He succeeded the latter officer in 1807; and, early in the following year, he was sent, at the head of 10,000 men, to aid the king of Sweden. But he found that monarch impractica-

ble, received from him only such proposals of co-operation as were utterly absurd, and at length incurred his resentment, was put under arrest, and felt obliged, on extricating himself from this, to return forthwith to Britain. The remainder of his history has been anticipated in our previous pages.

On the 25th of January, 1809, the Earl of Liverpool, as secretary of state for the home-department, while moving the thanks of the House to those officers who had gained the battle of Corunna, paid a high eulogium to the memory of Sir John Moore, "whose whole life," he said, "had been devoted to the service of his country, for there was scarcely any action of importance during the two last wars, in which he had not participated." In the course of the same night, Lord Castlereagh, in his official capacity, as minister-at-war, expressed his sorrow at the "loss of one of the ablest generals; possessing in an eminent degree every valuable quality that can dignify the man, and enhance the superiority of the soldier; at once in the prime of life, and the prime of professional desert; giving in the evidence of his past life the best assurance of what might be expected from his zeal, intrepidity, and talents." He concluded with the following motion: "That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, requesting that a monument be erected in the cathedral of St. Paul, to the memory of the late Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, Knight of the Bath, who, after an honourable and meritorious life, fell by a cannon-ball, in the action near Corunna, on the 16th of January, 1809, after having, by his judicious dispositions, skill, and gallantry, repulsed an enemy of superior force, and secured to the troops under his command a safe and unmolested embarkation."

The Commander-in-Chief also, in general orders, dated Horse-Guards, February 1st, 1809, paid the following tribute to his memory: "The benefits derived to an army from the example of a distinguished commander, do not terminate at his death. His virtues live in the recollection of his associates, and his fame remains the strongest incentive to great and glorious actions. In this view the Commander-in-Chief, amidst the deep and universal regret which the death of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore has occasioned, recalls to the troops the military career of that illustrious officer for their instruction and imitation. Sir John Moore from his youth embraced the profession with the feelings and sentiments of a soldier; he felt that a perfect knowledge and an exact performance of the humble but important duties of a subaltern officer, are the best foundations for subsequent military fame; and his ardent mind, while it looked forward to those brilliant achievements for which it was formed, applied itself, with energy and exemplary assiduity, to the duties of that station. In the school of regimental duty, he obtained that correct knowledge of his profession so essential to the proper direction of the gallant spirit of the soldier; and he was enabled to establish a characteristic order and regularity of conduct, because the troops found in their leader a striking example of the discipline

which he enforced on others. Having risen to command, he signalized his name in the West Indies, in Holland, and in Egypt. The unremitting attention with which he devoted himself to the duties of every branch of his profession, obtained him the confidence of Sir Ralph Abercromby, and he became the companion in arms of that illustrious officer, who fell at the head of his victorious troops, in an action which maintained our national superiority over the arms of France. Thus Sir John Moore at an early period obtained, with general approbation, that conspicuous station in which he gloriously terminated his useful and honourable life. In a military character, obtained amidst the dangers of climate, the privations incident to service, and the sufferings of repeated wounds, it is difficult to select any one point as a preferable subject for praise. It exhibits, however, one feature so particularly characteristic of the man, and so important to the best interests of the service, that the Commander-in-Chief is pleased to mark it with his peculiar approbation. The life of Sir John Moore was spent among the troops. During the season of repose, his time was devoted to the care and instruction of the officer and soldier; in war he courted service in every quarter of the globe. Regardless of personal considerations, he esteemed that to which his country called him, the post of honour; and by his undaunted spirit and unconquerable perseverance, he pointed the way to victory. His country, the object of his latest solicitude, will rear a monument to his lamented memory, and the Commander-in-Chief feels he is paying the best tribute to his fame by thus holding him forth as an example to the army."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FEELINGS IN FRANCE AND IN BRITAIN RESPECTING SIR JOHN MOORE'S DISASTERS—THE RALLYING OF THE SPANIARDS—SIR JOHN CRADOCK'S PROCEEDINGS IN PORTUGAL—THE EXPEDITION TO CADIZ—THE STATE OF THE FORCES IN PORTUGAL—VICTOR'S SUCCESSES IN ESTREMADURA—SOULT'S INVASION OF PORTUGAL.

THE French authorities circulated very exaggerated accounts of the disasters of Sir John Moore's retreat. "Three regiments," they said, "had been entirely destroyed in the battle of Corunna; and Sir John Moore killed in attempting to charge at their head, with the vain hope of restoring the fortune of the day. The English had lost everything which constitutes an army,—artillery, horses, baggage, ammunition, magazines, and military chest. Of eighty pieces of cannon they had landed, they had re-embarked no more than twelve. Two hundred thousand weight of gunpowder, sixteen thousand muskets, and two millions of treasure (about £83,000 sterling,) had fallen into the hands of the pursuers; and treasure yet more considerable had been thrown down the precipices along the road between Astorga and Corunna, where the peasantry and the soldiers were now collecting it. Five thousand horses had been counted which they had slaughtered upon the way; five hundred were taken at Corunna: and the carcasses of twelve hundred were infecting the streets when the conquerors entered the town. The English would have occupied Ferrol and seized the squadron there, had it not been for the precipitancy of their retreat, and for the result of the battle to which they had been driven at last. Thus, then, had terminated their expedition into Spain! Thus, after having fomented the war in that unhappy country, had they abandoned it to its fate! In another season of the year, not a man of them would have escaped; now, the facility of breaking up the bridges, the rapidity of the winter torrents, the shortness of the days, and the length of the nights had favoured their retreat."

Many of the native opponents of the British government, also, held similar language. "The dismal news," said they, "has arrived at last. The truth of Buonaparte's menacing bulletins was established to its utmost latitude. The threat of throwing the English into the sea was almost literally fulfilled. The Spanish junta and their allies after six months' trifling, blundering, and vapouring, were now overthrown. The spirit of patriotism, in Spain and in Portugal, was extinct. The triumph of France, the defeat and dispersion of all the Spanish armies, the retreat and discomfiture of the British forces, were the

concluding results of the campaign of 1808, the fifth year of the war against Buonaparte, that most unjust and unnecessary war into which England, in violation of her own treaty with France, had rushed with equal eagerness and phrenzy."

The appearance of the wretched remains of Sir John Moore's army, also, tended greatly to countenance and increase the clamour. "The inhabitants of the towns along the Channel," remarks Alison, "had seen the successive expeditions which composed that army embark in all the pride of military display, with drums beating and colours flying, amidst the cheers and tears of a countless host of spectators. When, therefore, they beheld the same regiments return, now reduced to half their numbers, with haggard countenances, ragged accoutrements, and worn-out clothing, they were struck with astonishment and horror. This was soon increased and turned into well-founded alarm, by a malignant fever which the troops brought back with them, the result of fatigue, confinement on ship-board, and mental depression, and by the dismal and often exaggerated accounts which were spread by the survivors of the hardships and miseries they had undergone. These gloomy narratives riveted every mind by a painful but enchaining interest: they speedily made their way into the public newspapers, and were devoured with unceasing interest by the whole people. The fate of these gallant men became a general subject of commiseration; and the old cry, raised for factious purposes, began to resound through the land, that England could never contend on the Continent with France, and that the only rational policy for the prosecution of the war was to withdraw entirely behind our wooden walls."

Sir John Moore's campaign, however, was really very far from discreditable to the British arms. The loss of men during the retreat, indeed, was frightful, —perhaps not short of eight thousand; but that also of the pursuing French was great. The loss of the British in the battle of Corunna was only about eight hundred; while that of the French was about three thousand. Destitution of stores, of baggage, and of money was far more an original want of the army than a want resulting from the disasters of the retreat; and a similar destitution on the part of the French, in spite of all that fell into their hands in the pursuit, was sufficiently great to render a small supply which they obtained on the surrender of Corunna exceedingly welcome. The alleged particulars about the eighty pieces of cannon, the five thousand horses upon the way, and the facility of breaking up the bridges, were sheer fiction. The political blunders of the campaign,—the too late commencement of it, the connecting of it with the authority of a Spanish Commander-in-Chief who had no existence, the subjecting of it to the control of the Spanish junta and of the British envoy, the placing it at the mercy of the Spanish authorities for its magazines and means of carriage, and the countermanding of a far-advanced preparation to send to it a large rein-

forcement from Britain, were the true causes of all its disasters; and all these causes were incomparably more powerful, because more subtle and more unopposable, than any kind of hostilities in the field. Yet Sir John Moore managed very considerably to counteract them, and managed at the same time to baffle the overpowering numbers of the French nearly as well as if all the disadvantages had been theirs, and as if corresponding advantages had been his. Only think of the British brigades, without proper means of subsistence or movement, being suddenly set upon and, through no fault of theirs, almost surrounded by the fierce, triumphant, well-provided hosts of Buonaparte, with no alternative but to run to the sea; and then say if it was not a high achievement of both tactics and bravery that they did not all surrender or perish?

The British ministry either were aware of this at once, or became aware of it very soon. They felt nothing daunted by the results of the campaign. They had fears, indeed; yet not for the army, not for the contest; but only for the effects of their own errors, and for the violence of public excitement. They also hesitated for a little whether to relax their efforts in the Peninsula; yet not from any doubt respecting its properties as a battlefield against Buonaparte; but only from the policy of appeasing clamour and of making a diversion by thrusting at him through Holland and the north. They soon saw, however, that such policy would be unwise. They happily saw also that they could not do better than endeavour to return to the point at which the career of British victory had been stopped by the landing of Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Hew Dalrymple on the shores of Portugal. Could they only produce a state of matters similar to what existed then, simply with the infusion of more of the British element, they hoped that the termination would yet be glorious. "The Government of the day, originally receiving its impulse from public feeling, had gradually acquired independent convictions in this mighty question, and was now prepared to maintain the interests of the nation against the clamours of the nation itself. Accordingly, at the commencement of the year 1809, when the prospects of Spanish independence were at their very gloomiest point, the British cabinet proposed and concluded a comprehensive treaty of alliance with the Provisional Administration of Spain; and it was now resolved that the contest in the Peninsula should be continued on a scale more effectual than before, and that the principal, instead of the secondary, part should be borne by England." But, in order to show the circumstances in which this resolution was adopted and carried out, we must take a view of the results, throughout Spain and Portugal, of Buonaparte's re-irruption.

The French in Spain, at the moment, appeared to be perfectly triumphant. Buonaparte, before taking his departure for France, adopted measures which seemed to give both firm re-establishment to his brother Joseph on the throne, and complete security that all the remains of the insurrection should be crushed.

Madrid lay abjectly under Buonaparte's feet. Most of the authorities throughout the country had tendered their allegiance. All the districts between Aranjuez and the northern frontier had ceased to make any show of resistance. The imperial guards were stationed round Vittoria with the double view of keeping these districts in subjection, and of being ready to march, at a moment's notice, into France on any other service. The reserve of heavy cavalry was distributed in divisions through such parts of Spain as seemed most likely to require their presence. The corps of Moncey, Mortier, and St. Cyr, and part of the corps of Junot, were quartered in Arragon and Catalonia. A division of the second corps under General Bonnet, and a division of the sixth corps under General Dessolles, were stationed, the former in the Montagna St. Andero, and the latter in Madrid. Lefebvre's corps was quartered in the valley of the Tagus. Victor's corps was quartered in La Mancha, with its second division under General Lapisse detached to Salamanca. Ney's corps, wanting one of its divisions, was appointed to hold Gallicia. And Soult's corps, also wanting one of its divisions, but continuing still to comprise part of Junot's, was ordered to march on from Gallicia to invade Portugal. "Thus, Madrid being still the centre of operations," remarks Napier, "the French were so distributed that, by a concentric movement on that capital, they could crush every insurrection within the circle of their positions; and the great masses being kept upon the principal roads diverging from Madrid to the extremities of the Peninsula, intercepted all communication between the provinces; while the second corps, (Soult's,) thrust out, as it were, beyond the circumference, and destined to sweep round from point to point, was sure of finding a supporting army, and a good line of retreat, at every route leading from Madrid to the yet unsubdued provinces of the Peninsula."

The French, however, were very far from being as successful or secure as they appeared to be. The charm by which they had hitherto conquered in Europe, the reputed invincibility of their armies, was broken. Their power over Spain was as yet the power of mere physical coercion. Buonaparte's departure from Madrid to chase Sir John Moore, and still more his departure from the Peninsula to watch the Austrians, served as a signal to rally the Spaniards. All Catalonia continued so sternly in arms as to give ample employment to the three corps of Moncey, Mortier, and St. Cyr. Valencia, Andalusia, and the valley of the Tagus were boldly rallying. Even Gallicia, in the face of two corps, was showing fight. All the provinces were resistive in heart; none were willing to give subsistence, still less active support, to the French forces; and some of the mountainous ones which could make no muster in the front of these forces, were rapidly becoming strong again in the subtle art, which had anciently and ever distinguished them, of hanging most mischievously on the flanks and rear. And the French began at once, or rather went on from the instant of their first entering the Peninsula, to enfeeble their own cause by oppressing the Spaniards,

living at free quarters, levying wanton contributions, and perpetrating all the other wrongs of unprincipled conquerors. The intruded king, Joseph Buonaparte, too, was neither a martial man to command the respect of the soldiers, nor a large-minded man to conciliate the nobility, nor a showy man to dazzle or captivate the mob, but a mere actionless spiritless voluptuary. And the very marshals and generals soon began to cherish hot mutual jealousies, and fierce, plotting, intriguing, separate ambition which, together with the caprices of the court, first marred and eventually precluded all systematic co-operation. "The French army, no longer a compact body, terrible alike for its massive strength and its flexible activity, became a collection of independent bands, each formidable in itself, but, from the disunion of the generals, slow to combine for any great object, and plainly discovering, by irregularities and insubordination, that they knew when a warrior and when a voluptuous monarch was at their head."

The persistency of the Spaniards, especially as seen in connexion with their folly, vanity, vapouring, and dissentiousness, was wonderful. "The panic which the appearance of the French everywhere excited," remarks Southey, "extended nowhere beyond their immediate presence. In all places which were not actually occupied by the enemy, the local authorities acted as if no enemy had been at hand, and their own government had been as efficient as it was legitimate. The enlisting went on, and promises of speedy triumph and sure deliverance were held forth with a confidence which no reverses could shake. The fugitives from the different armies no sooner reached their own homes than they were again enrolled to be embodied and exposed again to privations and sufferings such as those from which they had so hardly escaped. Before their strength was recruited, they were sent off to form new armies, neither better disciplined, better commanded, nor better provided than those which had been routed and dispersed. They went hungered, half naked, and cursing their fortune, without confidence in their officers, each other, or themselves, yet believing fully that the deliverance of Spain would be effected, with a faith which seemed to require, and perhaps very generally expected, miracles for its fulfilment." And when they could not rally in sufficient numbers to form new armies or to make a stand upon the plains, they ensconced themselves like bandits among the mountain-fastnesses, watching with eagle eye every opportunity to dart down upon straggling parties, unwary bands, or weak convoys of the foe. This mode of warfare, as we have hinted, has always characterised the mountaineers of the Peninsula. "In vain," says Alison, in describing it,—"In vain are their armies defeated and dispersed, their fortresses taken, their plains overrun, their capital subdued. Singly or in small bodies they renew the conflict; they rally and reunite as rapidly as they disperse; the numerous mountain-chains which intersect their country afford a refuge for their broken bands; their cities make a desperate though insulated

defence; and from the wreck of all regular or organised opposition emerges the redoubtable guerilla warfare."

The Spanish generals and rulers, indeed, learned no wisdom from their reverses. They continued as foolish, vain, headstrong, jealous, and ambitious as ever. Many of them also displayed the strangest mixture of selfishness and patriotism; and some of the most prominent underwent the most rapid changes of scene and condition, from a battle-field to a solitude, from a place of power to a place of ignominy, or the reverse. Yet several of the generals attempted great things. Venegas scoured the country round Tarancon and Aranjuez, but was overthrown by Victor, with the total loss or dispersion of his army, at Ucles. The Marquis of Palacio advanced to Vilharta, but was soon compelled to fall back. The Duke of Infantado moved on Toledo, and intended to seize Aranjuez and Madrid, to break down the bridges, and to hold the line of the Tagus; but, after reaching Carascosa, commenced a most disastrous retreat to Mudela, in the course of which he lost all his artillery and most of his men. Palafox maintained Saragossa amid one of the most wonderful sieges of modern times, full of romance and of romantic tragedy; yet sank in the end into a dissolute condition which mournfully tarnished all his bravery. Blake, Reding and other leaders performed feats in Arragon and Catalonia which, together with the grand resistance of Saragossa, occupy a very large space in every full history of the Peninsular war. Castanos, once the most honoured of them all, was victimized by an abominable intrigue on the part of a man whose name has just, by a singular caprice of fortune, in the beginning of the year 1853, been thrown again into public notice, the Count de Montijo. Cuesta, as we shall afterwards see, made a great and permanent rally, followed by the deeds of a standing army, against the corps of Victor. The Marquis de Romana, also, who was far the truest, far the noblest of the Spanish generals, began to acquire new strength almost immediately after crossing the path of Sir John Moore's retreat, and continued to endure privations and achieve deeds most honourable to his patience and heroism.

The other efforts of the Spanish patriots were too diffused, too fitful, too identical with guerilla practice to admit of being recounted. "The theatre," to adopt the words of Mr. Maxwell, "was so extensive that the scene of action would be found on every line that radiated from the capital, until its point had reached the centre of the Pyrenees, or was lost in the waters of the sea. The actors were equally numerous,—with rare exceptions, nameless men. Priest and physician, the noble and his serf, the peasant hitherto distinguished from his fellows by some personal deformity or the exercise of an unusual trade, all were in turns upon the stage, all wielding the populace as they pleased,—to-day the leader of a host, to-morrow the tenant of a dungeon. The careers of such men were necessarily ephemeral; for the nation did not betray its feelings by one

bold burst of general resistance, but in feverish demonstrations, blazing forth at one time with bright but evanescent spirit, and then, as if exhausted by the exertion, calming down to a degree of passive submissiveness which puzzled the generals of Napoleon as to what quarter they were to find an enemy on whom they could employ their respective *corps-d'armée*. Such was the general character of the war,—such the usual course of events; and the history of one province might almost pass as the history of another."

The Portuguese presented a much more diversified front. They were far more slow in assuming an appearance of vigour; but they at last assumed it firmly and steadily. They enjoyed the presence of a British force and the immediate support of the British government; and though not making as good use of these as they might have done, they nevertheless used both them and their own resources sufficiently well to retain possession of the larger portion of their country, and to give the French tough battle for the rest. Yet they continued for a time turbulent among themselves, and actionless against the enemy; they suffered severe permanent injury from faction and faithlessness; and they were in a large degree helped by the British rather as independent actors than as co-operators. A faction headed by the Bishop of Oporto, who wished to hold the power of the government in their own hands, and to place the seat of it in the city of Oporto, first obstructed the general settlement of the kingdom at the time of its evacuation by the French, and afterwards maintained intestine agitation in the north. A French faction in Lisbon, also, was strong and mischievous enough to disturb the peace of that city. The Regency, on the whole, and in the course of time, acquired sufficient power to be able to give considerable unity and vigour to the patriotic efforts of the nation; yet it owed much of its success to the presence and support of the British forces. The events of Portugal and of the parts of Spain adjacent to it were altogether, for several months, very fitful and chequered,—gloomy for a time, though ultimately promising, and for this reason, as well as because they linked immediately on to the commencing events of Sir Arthur Wellesley's second and great career in the Peninsula, we must notice them more circumstantially than we have done the general events of Spain.

Great changes came over the British forces in Portugal successively by reinforcements from Britain, by the recall of Sir Hew Dalrymple, by the expedition of Sir John Moore, by the recall of Sir Harry Burrard, and by the appointment of Sir John Cradock, (afterwards Lord Howden,) to the chief command. Some effect resulted also from a project of Sir Robert Wilson. That officer had acquired distinction in Germany and in Egypt. He was a man of high enterprise; and though only a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army of Sir Hew Dalrymple, was estimated rather by his talent than by his rank. Having been entrusted with the superintendence of the embarkation of part of Junot's evacu-

ating army at Oporto, and having by great exertion saved them from the fury of the populace of that city, he readily and energetically adopted a proposal of the Bishop's faction to raise and discipline a native force, under the name of the Lusitanian Legion. The scheme was entirely approved by Sir Hew Dalrymple. Two thousand men immediately enlisted, and ten thousand could readily have been obtained. The legion did well, gave an inspiriting example of alertness in learning the best military discipline, and proved of considerable service in the war; but was disliked for some time by the Regency, on account of having originated with the Bishop of Oporto's faction.

Sir John Cradock, on the 5th of December, 1808, on his way out to Lisbon, touched at Corunna. He took thence a mass of treasure intended for the use of Sir John Moore's army, and transferred it to Oporto and Lisbon, in the belief that that army was then retreating upon Portugal; and when at Oporto, he ordered two British regiments which had been stationed in that city to march to Almeida, in order that they might there support Sir John Moore or assist to check the French; and while giving full sanction to the Lusitanian Legion to act as an independent force, he advised Sir Robert Wilson to station it in the province of Tras os Montes. Sir Robert, however, preferred to take it along with the two British regiments to Almeida. The total number of British troops at that time in Portugal, including the sick, did not amount to ten thousand. They composed thirteen battalions,—of which six were in Lisbon, two at Abrantes, one in Elvas, and four in the north. The regular Portuguese troops amounted to about twenty thousand, but were only half armed, and had no proper discipline and no efficient officers. The irregular forces of the militia and the ordenança, indeed, made an imposing display of numbers, yet had very little military strength, and partook many of the characters of a violent lawless rabble.

Portugal at that juncture was in imminent peril. The corps of Soult and Ney, if they should defeat Sir John Moore, as they then seemed very likely to do, were menacing it on the north; and the corps of Lefebvre, with express instruction to march on Lisbon down the valley of the Tagus, had already crossed that river at Almaraz, and were not far from the frontier, menacing Badajoz. Sir John Cradock required, with his feeble force, both to support Sir John Moore, and to defend the line of the Tagus. He required, also, both to perform these hard duties, and to maintain such positions as should enable him to embark all his troops, all the followers of the British army in Portugal, and all distinguished natives who might choose to leave Portugal along with them, at any moment when he might be pressed by an overwhelming French force. Three of the four battalions in the north were immediately ordered to join Sir John Moore by way of Salamanca; and two of those in the south, together with a demi-brigade of artillery, were sent toward him from Abrantes, by way of

Castello-Branco and Ciudad Rodrigo. Sir John Cradock, having only seven battalions left for all other duties, was surely in severe difficulty now; he surely felt bound, as well by his circumstances as by his instructions, to hold firmly by Portugal, or to leave it only by embarkation; yet with a prodigious folly, which abundantly illustrates the sources of disaster among the Peninsular patriots, and abundantly illustrates also the perplexities of the vast work on which Sir Arthur Wellesley soon afterwards entered, Sir John was, at that moment, earnestly entreated by the Central Junta of Spain, by the British envoy to that body, by the Junta of Badajoz, and by the Regency of Portugal to march into the plains of Andalusia, where scarcely a Spaniard was then in arms. But as some counterbalance to this folly, Sir John thenceforth enjoyed the judicious aid, in personal council and in remonstrance with the Regency, of Mr. Villiers, (afterwards Lord Clarendon,) who arrived on the 19th of December, in the capacity of ambassador and general political agent from Britain.

Toward the end of December, the communication with Sir John Moore was suddenly interrupted, and the defence of the line of the Tagus became increasingly urgent. The battalions from the south, on their way toward Sir John Moore, were halted at Castello-Branco. General Richard Stuart, who commanded these battalions, was ordered first to watch incursions of the French in his vicinity, and next to destroy the bridges of Vilha Velha and Abrantes, and retire upon Lisbon. A promise was obtained from the Regency that all the Portuguese troops in Alemtejo should be concentrated at Campo Mayor and Portalegro. Sir John Cradock selected a strong position at Saccavem, in the northern vicinity of Lisbon, for the concentration of his own troops, and for making a last stand as long as possible against the French. And Brigadier-General Cameron was sent to the north with instructions to collect the convalescents of Sir John Moore's army, to unite them to the troops at Almeida, to attempt to lead the whole into junction with Sir John Moore, or, if that attempt should be imprudent or unsuccessful, to bring them to Saccavem, and in either case to send the sick and the stores at Almeida to Oporto.

The populace of Lisbon, supposing that the British were making preparations to embark, became violently excited against them, and burst into acts of outrage; so that while the French were menacing the rear of Saccavem, a furious mob stood arrayed in front. But at that juncture, when the spark of British martial interest in Portugal which afterwards blazed over the whole Peninsula seemed just about to be extinguished,—when a French corps of thirty thousand men were within ten marches of Lisbon, with apparently full power to execute firmly and permanently the threat of Buonaparte to plant his eagles upon its towers,—a breathing-time was suddenly given to Portugal, and an order of countermarch issued to the invading corps, by the result of Sir John Moore's sudden advance toward Sahagun.

Sir John Cradock now explained his motives to the Portuguese, made as good a disposition of his force as its slender strength would permit for the general protection of Portugal, and commenced a strenuous effort to arouse both the Regency and the people to a due sense of their dangers and their duties. General Stuart's small brigade, strengthened by two German battalions, was stationed at Santarem. The fortieth regiment was kept in garrison at Elvas. The native troops were assembled at Vilha Velha, Abrantes, and Thomar. General Cameron, in the north, made his effort to join Sir John Moore through the Tras os Montes; but, getting intelligence on the 9th of January of the retreat to Corunna, he wheeled round with the view of marching back to Almeida. He learned, however, that General Lapisse was already at Zamora, advancing on Portugal; and he therefore retired to Lamego, and wrote thence to Sir Robert Wilson, whom he had left at Almeida, advising him also to retreat to Lamego. But Sir Robert, in a spirit of high heroism, in defiance of all danger, and exulting in the perfect freedom of an independent command, chose rather to advance,—or at least chose to pass over to the Spanish frontier, among the southern hill-screens of the basin of the Douro, and there make a series of bold demonstrations. "Being reinforced by some Spanish troops, Portuguese volunteers, and straggling convalescents belonging to Moore's army, he proceeded to put in practice all the arts of an able partisan,—issuing proclamations, enticing the French to desert, spreading false reports of his numbers, and by petty enterprises and great activity, arousing a spirit of resistance throughout the Ciudad Rodrigo country." The Spanish junta highly appreciated his services, gave him the rank of Brigadier-General, and placed at his disposal the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the troops in the surrounding province.

Sir John Cradock attempted again to send a reinforcement of about two thousand men to Sir John Moore, by embarking them at Lisbon, on the 12th of January, for the port of Vigo: but before they left the Tagus, intelligence was obtained of the intention to take flight to sea at Corunna, so that they almost immediately disembarked. And two days afterward, he received advices from the British ministry—the first he received from the time of assuming the command—which showed that, with the same extraordinary fickleness which had characterised their previous decisions in reference to the Peninsula, they had become less concerned about the defence of Portugal than about obtaining possession of Cadiz. Their idea was that Andalusia would become the last retreat of the Spaniards,—that Sir John Moore's army, if beaten in the north of Spain, might be transferred to the south,—and that the possession of Cadiz would be necessary for giving it a secure base of operations.

General Sherbrooke was ordered, in December 1808, to embark at Portsmouth with four thousand men for Cadiz. But—fickleness in council being high in the ascendant—he was first directed to touch at Lisbon on his way to Cadiz,

next commanded to make for Corunna, to receive instructions from Sir John Moore, and finally directed to act upon his first orders. He sailed, with five thousand men, on the 14th of January. Sir John Cradock was made acquainted with his mission, and at the same time was instructed to comply with any requisition for troops, in aid of that mission, which might be made by the Spanish junta. He was instructed also, in the event of being unable with the rest of his troops to retain hold of Portugal, to go with them to Cadiz. And so marvellously inadvertent were the British ministry to the real state of affairs that, though Sir John Cradock had, in his official despatches, repeatedly complained of his inability to procure horses for his artillery, he was enjoined to furnish horses for the artillery of General Sherbrooke. Sir John's authority of chief command, however, was not only continued in Portugal but extended to the south of Spain; and that circumstance proved eventually the means of reclaiming matters into full condition for Sir Arthur Wellesley's return to Portugal.

Mr. Frere, the British envoy to the Spanish junta, was instructed by the British ministry to negociate with that body for the admission of General Sherbrooke's corps to Cadiz. Sir George Smith, who had recently been a local envoy in the south of Spain, was at the same time sent with a direct application to the governor of Cadiz, to the same effect, but without any instruction to communicate with Mr. Frere; and he acted so precipitately as far to outrun the latter. Sir John Cradock, at the requisition of Sir George Smith, sent to Cadiz the 40th regiment from Elvas by the way of Seville, and three thousand of his best troops from Lisbon by sea. General Mackenzie, who received the command of this expedition, arrived at Cadiz on the 5th of February. The Spanish junta had then considered the overtures of Mr. Frere, and weighing them against the separate, local, rapid negociations of Sir George Smith, either felt, or affected to feel, suspicion of foul play on the part of Britain. They therefore prohibited the troops from entering Cadiz. Many idle proposals were made, and much intricate discussion carried on, respecting some other destination for the troops; and Mr. Frere at last—with an absurdity close akin to that of his expostulations with Sir John Moore at Salamanca—advised that they should proceed immediately to Catalonia. But the farce was suddenly stopped by an unexpected despatch from Sir John Cradock, recalling the troops to Portugal. A despatch about the same time overtook General Sherbrooke at the mouth of Cadiz harbour annulling his orders to Cadiz, and instructing him to land at Lisbon. "Thus ended a transaction," remarks Napier, "clearly indicating an unsettled policy, shallow combinations, and a bad choice of agents on the part of the English cabinet, and a most unwise and unworthy disposition in the Spanish junta."

Sir John Cradock, in the absence of his best troops, suffered unmannerly treatment from the Regency and gross insult from the populace. General Cameron's small brigade, comprising about two thousand men, arrived at Lisbon,

in the beginning of February, from the north; but they were utterly worn with fatigue, and could not compensate for the regiments who had gone to Cadiz. Sir Robert Wilson sent his guns to Abrantes; but, partly from his love of adventure, partly from a supposition that Sir John Cradock wished him to defend the frontier, he remained with his infantry, strengthened by some more volunteers and by a Spanish detachment, in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo. Sir John Cradock's entire force at this time, including convalescents and fifteen hundred stragglers from Sir John Moore's army, was about eight thousand men; and after necessary deductions for local duties, not more than five thousand, and these not in the best condition, could be brought into the field. The French, relieved from the British army at Corunna, were once more advancing toward the Portuguese frontiers; the mobs of Lisbon, unrepressed by the Regency, or almost directly countenanced by them, were increasing in turbulence; and so small a force as five thousand men could neither make a stand against a strong French corps, nor hope to retreat safely before it through the mobs to the harbour. Sir John Cradock, therefore, resolved to withdraw from Saccavem and from Lisbon, and to concentrate his whole force in a strong position at Passa D'Arcos, near the mouth of the river.

But his preparations to change his position—being manifestly designed to secure facility of embarkation—provoked a prodigious increase of the Portuguese acrimony. Both people and rulers were fired with indignation. The former burst into tumult; and the latter made no attempt to restrain them. "Mobs, armed with English pikes and muskets," says Napier, "collected night and day in the streets and on the high roads, and, under the pretext of seeking for and killing Frenchmen, attacked indiscriminately all foreigners, even those in the British service and wearing the British uniform. The guards, who endeavoured to protect the victims of this ferocity, were insulted. Couriers, passing with despatches, were intercepted and deprived of their papers; English officers were outraged in the streets; and such was the audacity of the people that the artillery was placed in the squares, in expectation of an affray. In fine, the state of Lisbon was similar to what it had been at the period of Junot's convention; and if the British had abandoned the country at this time, they would have been assailed with as much obloquy by the Portuguese." Oporto was in a worse condition than even Lisbon; and the whole country from the Minho to the Tagus was in horrible confusion. "The native soldiers were scattered, without regard to military system, and, being unpaid, lived at free quarters. The peasantry of the country assembling in bands, and the populace of the town in mobs, intercepted the communications, appointed or displaced the generals at their pleasure, and massacred all persons of whom they were suspicious. The ammunition which had been supplied from England was wasted by constant firing in token of insubordination. And as if the very genius of



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confusion was abroad, some of the British troops, principally malingerers from Sir John Moore's army," men who, under pretence of sickness, had shrunk from duty in the field, "added their quota of misconduct to increase the general distress."

At this juncture, when destruction to Portugal seemed to be alike certain from without and from within, the British ministry debated for a little about abandoning that country,—indeed, did resolve to abandon it,—and then suddenly determined to reinforce their army in it, and to take much firmer hold on it than ever. The Regency had wisely offered to place the Portuguese army under the command of a British general, to be modelled by him on the discipline of the British army, and to be officered with British officers, and maintained with British pay. They had requested also that the general should be Sir Arthur Wellesley. The British ministry both accepted their offer and approved their request. Sir Arthur Wellesley, however, declined the appointment; and then a number of generals of high character—among others, the Earl of Moira, (afterwards Marquis of Hastings,)—used influence to obtain it. Major-General Beresford was the successful candidate; and though he owed his success, not to superior merit, but to strong parliamentary interest, he "possessed some few qualifications that eminently fitted him for the stubborn labours of military reform."

General Beresford, in his new post, had the rank of marshal. He arrived at Lisbon in the beginning of March. He lost not an hour in idleness; but fixing his head-quarters at Thomar, and convoking the Portuguese troops in masses, he went at once and vigorously into his important work. His labours at first were not without considerable obstructions; but they soon began to produce results which were of material value to the liberation of the Peninsula. "He had," says Major Sherer, "to encounter many prejudices and great difficulties, not so much with the men as with the officers and the Government. But he was of a stern character, and not without a great deal of good judgment in all matters of discipline and command; so that he finally and fully triumphed over all obstacles. Moreover, from the very hour that Sir Arthur Wellesley took the chief command in Portugal, he had the firm and wise support of a mind that deeply appreciated the importance of his labours. English officers were introduced into the Portuguese regiments as instructors; and after a time all the corps were really, although not avowedly, under British commanders,—a measure of necessity to the wellbeing of the army, and heartily consented to by many native Portuguese colonels, who were glad to hold the nominal honour of command, while they suffered their English major to conduct all the details of regimental economy and field exercise, without venturing or even desiring to interfere. The privates became greatly attached to their English officers, because they found them considerate, patient, and firm, full of integrity in all matters

concerning the pecuniary interests of the soldier, full of care in all that concerned his comfort, full of intelligence in all that concerned his instruction, full of zeal for his honour, and always setting a brave example in the field."

About the middle of March, the state of the military force in Portugal, as well also as the state of social order, was very greatly improved. The British force in the kingdom had been increased by the return of General Mackenzie's brigade and the arrival of General Sherbrooke's corps to about sixteen thousand men. The regular Portuguese army, to the amount of between ten and twelve thousand, was undergoing Marshal Beresford's lessons around Thomar. Several Portuguese regiments were extended, on the Tagus line of the frontier, from Salvatierra to Alcantara. Sir Robert Wilson, at the head of about three thousand men, in the strong Spanish frontier fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo, continued to protect the parts of Portugal around Almeida. General Vittoria was at the head of two regular battalions in Upper Beira. Colonel Trant commanded a small, active volunteer corps in the vicinity of Coimbra. The Bishop of Oporto was attempting to organize a vast, tumultuous, zealous multitude for the defence of Oporto. General Freire was at the head of some regular troops, and of a multitude of armed peasantry, in the province of Entre Douro e Minho. General Silveira commanded four or five thousand men in Tras os Montes, and was in communication with the Marquis de Romana, at the head of about eight thousand, at Monterey. And the whole body of the Portuguese peasantry throughout the kingdom, who when enrolled and armed in their respective districts constituted the ordenança, a force of kindred character to the French national guard, were becoming wishful or even clamorous to be embodied in masses for the defence of their country. Sir John Cradock now ceased to be annoyed by the populace; and stationing two thousand of his men to maintain the tranquillity of Lisbon, he kept the rest in camp at Saccavem and Lumiar.

But the increase in the outward danger of Portugal, at this moment, was at least quite as great as the increase in its inward strength. One powerful French corps, as we shall afterwards see, was already within its northern frontier, and another was closely menacing it along the east. The plan of invasion was so grand and comprehensive, that, if it had been executed with only half of the spirit with which it had been devised, it must have proved as completely and rapidly successful as the re-invasion of Spain. Soult, at the head of his whole force from Corunna, was to advance through Oporto to Lisbon. Lapisse, at the head of 9,000 men, was to engage the attention of the protecting forces on the north-east frontier, to keep open the communication between Soult's field of operation and Spanish Estremadura, and, if possible, by a coup-de-main, to get possession of Ciudad Rodrigo. And Victor, at the head of 25,000 men, was to press close on the south-east frontier, to menace Badajoz and the line of the

Tagus, and, at the moment of Soult's near approach to the capital, to push forward a column to his immediate support.

Lapisse made two feeble attempts on Ciudad Rodrigo, but was easily repulsed. He tried also to outmanœuvre Sir Robert Wilson in the surrounding country, but had no success. He endeavoured to effect something against the people by a system of terror, but only provoked them into enraged resistance. And at last he abandoned the district, or felt himself obliged to flee from it, leaving the corps of Soult unflanked by any friendly party in the north, proceeding with all speed to effect a junction with Victor in Estremadura, and tracking the line of his flight with devastation and murder.

Victor, about the middle of March, moved down from La Mancha to the Tagus, between Talavera and Almaraz. Cuesta was in such a strong position in the vicinity of the latter place, as to command complete possession of Estremadura; but, through mistaken views and irresolute councils, was induced to evacuate it, and to move southward to successively Truxillo, Miajadas, and Medellin. He was hotly followed by Victor, but gave him several severe checks by the way, and was able to maintain among his own troops perfect order and high expectations. At length, on the 28th of March, on an open plain, in the vicinity of Medellin, without any kind of cover, as if scornful of any advantage except high bare personal courage, he offered Victor a general battle. He had just received a small reinforcement under the Duke of Albuquerque, but in all other respects was in the same circumstances as during the whole of his retreat, except in being on very unfavourable battle-ground; and he seems to have determined for action by a sudden impulse, in a mere whim of bravery, so rash and explosive as to forbid either the slightest discoursing with his own mind or any consultation with his staff. He was in a romance of heroism,—perhaps in the fittest mood for evoking a storm of sympathetic bravery from his volatile army; and to make everything consistent, he formed his battle-array without the prosaic appendage of a reserve.

Victor was in perfect readiness, watching an opportunity to strike an efficient blow, anxious to wipe away the disgrace of the checks in the pursuit, and resolved to obtain not only victory but vengeance, even to the extent of exterminating butchery. He formed his army in a curved line between the Guadiana on its right and a cultivated ravine on its left; and placed in front of it a series of six batteries, of four guns each. "The batteries opened on the Spanish infantry, who were ordered by Cuesta to charge with the bayonet and take them. The order was bravely obeyed. Two regiments of French dragoons charged the foot, and were repulsed with loss. The German division, which was in the centre of the French line, formed itself into a square, and resisted with such difficulty the resolute attack of the Spaniards that Cuesta was in full hope of a complete victory, and Victor not without apprehension of a defeat, till part of his reserve

succeeded in enabling his infantry to keep their ground. The Spaniards on the left had taken the first battery; a strong body of horse, protected by a column of infantry, advanced to recover it; and at that moment the whole of the Spanish cavalry on the left took panic, and, without facing the foe, without attempting to make the slightest stand, fled in the greatest disorder from the field, most of them to the distance of many leagues. Instances of such scandalous panic were but too frequent in the Spanish armies during the war; but in no instance was it more fatal or more unaccountable than in this; for the day was going on well, the infantry were in good heart, the advantage was on their side, and the regiments which at that crisis disgraced themselves and betrayed their country, had displayed both skill and courage during the retreat from the Tagus. Cuesta, who was at the other end of the wing when he saw this shameful abandonment, clapped spurs to his horse in the hope of rallying them; his staff followed; but in vain. The enemy, quick in seizing opportunity, turned the left, which was thus exposed; and as there was no second line or reserve, defeat then became inevitable."

The right wing was yet unbroken, was even pushing its way to victory, and might easily have retired in columns; but it was allowed to remain in position through want of concord or proper understanding on the part of the generals, till it was first decimated by the play of the whole artillery, and next driven into total dispersion by overpowering charges of cavalry. "The enemy, now forming a chain of cavalry all round the routed army, executed their orders which were to give no quarter. They had suffered enough in the action to make them obey the atrocious command with good will. They had themselves 4,000 men killed and wounded,—nearly a fifth of their whole force. Their official statement of the Spanish loss made it 7,000 killed; other accounts carried it to 12,000. Cuesta could only state that it was very great, and ascertain 170 officers of infantry, and 10 of cavalry were killed, wounded, or missing. Weariness rather than compunction, on the part of the French, at length put a stop to the carnage; and the account of prisoners is variously stated from 3,000 to 7,000, but it is certain that not 2,000 ever reached Madrid. A wounded Spanish officer was brought into the room where Victor was at supper, and the French Marshal said to him, 'If my orders had been obeyed, sir, you would not have been here.' These orders had been obeyed too well. The dragoons that night in the French camp were rubbing their sword arms with soap and spirits, to recover the muscles from the strains of that day's slaughter."

Cuesta himself was wounded, and made a narrow escape from being captured. He displayed astonishing spirit to retrieve the disasters of his apparently ruinous defeat. Though totally deprived of his army, though quite unable to make an attempt to rally any part of them near the battle-field, he nevertheless succeeded, in an incredibly short time, in re-assembling many of them at Llerena, and in

adding to these many new recruits; insomuch that, before the French could collect themselves for a new effort, by recovering the effects of an accident which had happened to their ammunition waggons, he was already close on their skirts in sufficient strength, both to debar them from marching into Andalusia, and to prevent them from making an immediate demonstration against either Badajos or Portugal. He was both a disgrace and an honour to the patriotic cause; and soon become both a plague and a pleasure to Sir Arthur Wellesley. Southey justly says respecting him, "This brave old man was cautious when he ought to have been bold, and rash in enterprize when he ought to have been cautious. Sometimes as facile and vacillating as he was obstinate and impracticable at others, no man was more unfit to command an army in critical times; and yet the honest originality of his character, his fearless and buoyant spirit which nothing could cast down, his energy which neither age nor infirmity had abated, and the warmth of his heart as well as his temper, had won for him in no common degree the attachment, not of the soldiers alone, but of those even who perceived and lamented his errors.'

Soult—whose progress from Corunna we must now trace—was sufficiently "stunned by Sir John Moore's dying blows" to be unable for some days to make any considerable exertion. He did not obtain possession of Corunna till the 19th of January. He proceeded thence to Ferrol, the strongest fortress in Gallicia, which in fair play would have given a long and doubtful employment to his arms, but was yielded to him by treachery on the 26th. He then marched to St. Jago de Compostella, and halted there six days to refresh his army, and repair their equipments. His force now comprised 19,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry, and 58 pieces of artillery. He put himself again in motion on the 1st of February, and arrived at Tuy, on the banks of the Minho, about 20 miles above its mouth, on the 10th. The Minho from Melgaço to the sea, a distance of about 40 miles, is the boundary between Spain and Portugal. It was then broad, strong, in continuous flood, without any means of regular passage, and well watched on the Portuguese side by powerful masses of the ordenanga, the soldier-peasantry. Soult made strenuous but vain attempts to obtain a footing for his advance-guard on its further bank; and then felt compelled to retrograde about 70 miles north-eastward into the interior of Gallicia, in order to get across the river by a bridge at Orense.

He left his heavy artillery at Tuy; he found the roads to Orense in most wretched condition; he was met in several places by warm opposition,—in one, by a gallant body of about 10,000 armed peasantry; and he altogether underwent such severe fatigue that he could not move forward from Orense till the 4th of March. He soon overtook the rear-guard of Romana, who was withdrawing before him in the vicinity of Monterey; and he cut down 1,200 of Romana's men on the spot, and took about as many more prisoners. Romana did not

make any further attempt to cover the Portuguese frontier, but moved away to the valley of the Syl, in the direction of the Asturias. Silveira, now unsupported by Romana, fell back to a strong position behind the fortified town of Chaves; yet, though closely pursued all the way by the French, maintained good order and repeatedly engaged them in skirmishing. Three thousand of his men, contrary to his orders, threw themselves into Chaves, and made an useless attempt to hold it against the invaders. Soult got possession of it on the 13th, made it a depot of his army, and halted in it till the 17th.

The country through which he had now to pass is one of the most defensible in Europe, abounding in narrow, steep, romantic defiles which a small band of resolute men could easily hold against multitudes The inhabitants also are a bold and brawny race; and at that time were fired with as fierce a hostility to the French as any of the other peasantry of the Peninsula. But they wanted leaders; they had little or no personal skill of war; they were either not mustered at all, or mustered only in the open valleys and plains, to act together in great masses; and they could do no more in their strong mountain fastnesses and gorges than employ their physical strength, in the rudest methods, unaided by either skill or combination. Even Silveira went off to a flank country from Chaves, and made no attempt to hold these strong passes in the enemy's front. Yet the mountain peasantry, few, scattered, and uncountenanced, prowled about these passes in the indomitable spirit of hungry bears. They molested the French at every step, cut off stragglers, fired upon regiments from the heights and covers of the crags, gave a thousand evidences that nothing but organization was wanting to destroy the invaders among the fastnesses, or to send them back whence they came. "Sometimes a handful of Portuguese stood their ground with a spirit like that of their ancestors; and sometimes an individual would rush upon certain death so he could make sure of one Frenchman, knowing that if his countrymen would act upon the same principle of life for life, the kingdom would soon be delivered from its unprovoked invaders."

On the 20th, Soult came in sight of Braga. This town was the head-quarters of General Freire. About 2,000 regular troops and about 20,000 of the ordenança were nominally under that officer's command. But only about 5,000 of the latter were armed with muskets; all the rest had only pikes, pruning-hooks, clubs, or any other rude weapons they could find; and they joined with the rest of the male population to form rather a confused rabble than any semblance of an army. Freire, judging any attempt to maintain Braga preposterous, made hurried arrangements to withdraw them to Oporto, in order that they might combine their strength with the multitude there to offer a hopeful resistance. His tumultuary soldiers, however, thought themselves quite a match for the French, suspected him at once of treachery, mutinied against him, murdered him in the open street, and compelled General Eben, a Hanoverian

officer, who had been in the British service, and had assisted in organising the Lusitanian Legion at Oporto, to lead them out against the invaders. General Eben made the best disposition of them which he could; but they sustained a fearful overthrow. The French drove them into precipitate flight, slew upwards of 3,000 of them on the spot, took all their artillery, and gave scarcely any quarter in the pursuit. The inhabitants of Braga were universally terror-struck; and, taking instantly to flight with only such light articles of property as they could easily carry away, left to the victors a totally deserted town.

Soult met some further resistance at the river Ave, and appeared before Oporto on the 27th. The means of defence there were very considerable. The Bishop, while Soult was still remote, had made a most urgent application to the Regency for military assistance; and the Regency had proposed that Sir John Cradock should march to Oporto at the head of all the Portuguese troops under Marshal Beresford, and of part of his own British troops. But Sir John, thinking Lisbon to be in as much danger from Victor as Oporto was from Soult, resolved to maintain the position which he had already assumed; and Marshal Beresford thought that the troops which he had just begun to train were not in a condition to be trusted in Oporto. The Bishop, however, when thus left entirely to his own resources, felt no faltering of courage. The materials he had to work with, both in men and in muniments, were extremely rude; but he employed them so adroitly and diligently as soon to produce great appearances of strength. The inhabitants amounted to only about 80,000, and were aided by very few trained soldiers; they also were tumultuous, suspicious, factious, and headstrong; they did not even scruple to victimize some of the best individuals of their own number, who might have been good leaders of less excitable multitudes; yet they heartily hated the French, enthusiastically expected to beat them, and enrolled themselves, to the number of nearly 40,000, to defend the city. A series of field-works, three miles in extent, was constructed on the exposed side of the city, and armed with about 200 pieces of cannon. The batteries, however, were not sheltered with parapets; such houses and trees as might afford cover to the enemy were not taken down; and the works altogether were both too extensive and too weak.

Soult, on the evening of the 28th, made a feigned attack on the weakest part of the line, with the view of inducing the Portuguese to station there their principal masses; but resolved to make his true attack, next day, on the strongest part, in order to force his way right through the town to seize the bridge of boats, which formed the only communication across the river. The Portuguese were alarmed about midnight by a thunder-storm. They mistook the sound of it for a general onset of the French. They instantly ran all to the defences; and thence till day-break they maintained a continuous burst of effort and blaze of fire-arms; so that when the day dawned, they were worn with exertion, and

became heart-sick to discover how idly they had expended their powder. The French were perfectly fresh, perfectly cool, and greatly delighted with the night's folly. They rose early from their position, and moved on against the intrenchments in three steady columns. They met considerable resistance, yet soon carried all the redoubts at the point of the bayonet, killed many of the stanchest of the defenders, drove nearly all the rest into headlong panic and breathless flight, and got possession of the camp and of victory.

But an appalling slaughter afterwards went on in the city. Two battalions who had advanced from the centre burst the barricades at the entrance of the streets, fought fiercely forward to the bridge, and precipitated there such a scene of horrid bloodshed as has been surpassed only at the most awful crises of the most tragic series of public events. "More than four thousand persons, old and young, and of both sexes," says Napier, "were seen pressing forward with wild tumult, some already on the bridge, others striving to gain it, and all in a state of phrenzy. The batteries on the opposite bank opened their fire when the French appeared, and at that moment a troop of Portuguese cavalry flying from the fight came down one of the streets, and remorseless in their fears, bore, at full gallop, into the midst of the miserable helpless crowd, and trampled a bloody pathway to the river. Suddenly the nearest boats, unable to sustain the increasing weight, sunk, and the foremost wretches still tumbling into the river, as they were pressed from behind, perished, until the heaped bodies rising above the surface of the water filled all the space left by the sinking of the boats. The first of the French that arrived, amazed at this fearful spectacle, forgot the battle, and hastened to save those who still struggled for life; and while some were thus nobly employed, others by the help of planks, getting on to the firmer parts of the bridge, crossed the river and carried the batteries on the heights of Villa Nova. The passage was thus secured. But this terrible destruction did not complete the measure of the city's calamities. Two hundred men, who occupied the Bishop's palace, fired from the windows and maintained that post until the French, gathering round them in strength, burst the doors and put all to the sword. Every street and house now rang with the noise of the combatants and the shrieks of distress; for the French soldiers, exasperated by long hardships, and prone like all soldiers to ferocity and violence during an assault, became frantic with fury, when, in one of the principal squares, they found several of their comrades who had been made prisoners, fast and upright, and living, but with their eyes bursted, their tongues torn out, and their other members mutilated and gashed. Those that beheld the sight spared none who fell in their way. It was in vain that Soult strove with all his power to stop the slaughter; it was in vain that hundreds of officers and soldiers opposed, at the risk of their lives, the vengeance of their comrades, and by their generous exertions preserved vast numbers that would otherwise have fallen victims to the anger and brutality

of the moment. The frightful scene of rape, pillage, and murder closed not for many hours; and what with those who fell in battle, those who were drowned, and those sacrificed to revenge, it is said that ten thousand Portuguese died in that unhappy day! The loss of the French did not exceed five hundred men."

Soult was thus master of the second city of Portugal, a seat of great commerce, a place of great opulence, the capital of the northern provinces of the kingdom, the rival and in some respects the equal of Lisbon. He found in it an immense amount of warlike stores and magazines. He encountered not the slightest opposition after the capture was achieved; and was instantly stronger in Oporto than Junot, during most of the time of the former French occupancy, had been in Lisbon. Yet powerful hostility to him had arisen throughout all the country which he had apparently subdued. His progress from St Jago de Compostella to Oporto had, in fact, been similar to the progress of a fleet through the waves, ploughing deep furrows of subjugation, which now are perfect and the next moment are obliterated. Vigo, which he had made a place of arms, and the depot of his military chest, guarded by a garrison of 1,300 of his men, had, with all its munitions and money, been captured by the Spaniards. Tuy had struggled hard against a beleaguering multitude to escape a similar fate. Chaves, with its magazines, its hospital, and its strong garrison, had been seized by Silveira. That general had also marched to Braga,—had deflected thence, on hearing of the fall of Oporto,—had crossed over to the valley of the Tamega, on the mutual border of Tras os Montes and Entre Douro e Minho,—and had there seized the important bridge, town, and defile of Amarante, which command the direct or principal line of communication from Oporto to all the north-west of the Peninsula.

Soult, therefore, felt compelled to send back strong detachments to recover his recaptured conquests, to maintain a mastery over the districts he had traversed, and to keep open his communication with the corps of Ney and with the roads to France. He succeeded but partially in these objects; yet, feeling perfectly secure in the possession of Oporto and in the command of the Douro, he, at the same time, sent forward other detachments to subdue the tract between the Douro and the Vouga. And there his conquests stopped. He could not venture further, till he should become assured of the co-operation of Victor, and obtain clear intelligence of the strength and intentions of the British. Besides, he was engaged in an absorbing intrigue, a dazzling day-dream, which, in spite of his veteran soldiership, bewildered him into temporary neglect of military operations. A small French party in the northern provinces, together with polished desperadoes, volatile sycophants, political weather-vanes, and sordid worshippers of the rising sun, amounting altogether to about thirty thousand persons, subscribed an address to him, praying him to assume the sovereignty of their country; and, intoxicated at once with the incense which

they burnt to him, or already envying the three relatives of Buonaparte who had ascended thrones, and accepting the address of the few Portuguese flatterers as a justification of his wishes, he set about preparing proclamations, to announce himself King of Portugal and Algarves. And curious as was this day-dream, he was still more curiously awaked from it, by detecting among his officers an intrigue, or rather conspiracy, of an entirely opposite nature. These officers were disgusted with the insatiableness of Buonaparte's ambition, with the heartlessness and ferocity of his marshals, with the atrocities perpetrated in the course of their invasions, and with the severe, constant, needless privations which they themselves had been made to endure; and they seized the juncture of their corps d'armée's separation from the rest of the Emperor's forces, and of its isolation among a hostile people, to propagate secretly among the troops a scheme for renouncing Buonaparte's authority, proclaiming the restoration of the French republic, arresting Soult and such of his staff as might adhere to him, and putting an instant end to the invasion of Portugal. Soult's detection of this plot, however, did not occur till after Sir Arthur Wellesley's arrival at Lisbon.

Sir John Cradock, though incessantly importuned to advance to Oporto, continued for some time firmly to refuse. The Portuguese between the Douro and the Tagus once more became indignant against the British, and began very generally to raise a cry of treason. Even the troops under Marshal Beresford became violently disaffected; some of them denouncing vengeance against "a thousand traitors in Lisbon," and others, at a distance from the central authority, leaving their posts, and marching to join Colonel Trant on the Vouga. Sir John Cradock, however concerned he might be at such appalling anarchy, still thought that to move against Soult would only be to let in Victor. But at length, on the arrival of about 5,000 additional British soldiers and 300 artillery horses under General Hill, and at the solicitation of Marshal Beresford, who felt extreme uneasiness respecting the fidelity of the Portuguese troops, he determined to advance. Vigorous preparations were then commenced for driving back the French from the Vouga, and attempting to recover Oporto. Sir John Cradock established magazines at Abrantes, Santarem, and Peniché, and pushed the main part of his army forward to Leiria; Marshal Beresford got his battalions again into proper subordination, and became ready to march from Thomar Colonel Trant acquired an increase of force on the Vouga; and Sir Robert Wilson and Silveira were in readiness for action within the basin of the Douro. At that juncture, Sir John Cradock saw new difficulties,—paucity of cavalry, insufficiency of provisions, danger to Lisbon; and he once more determined to stand still. But at that juncture, also, Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived, and set everything right.

Sir John was superseded in the chief command by Sir Arthur quite as unexpectedly as Sir Arthur had been superseded by Sir Harry Burrard and Sir

Hew Dalrymple. But there were, in this case, two important differences,—first, due regard was had to the exigences of the public service,—and next, in the same act, Sir John was appointed to another though inferior chief command, the command of Gibraltar. He was an officer of high merit; insomuch that his displacement, while not dishonouring to himself, was highly honouring to Sir Arthur Wellesley. He served with great distinction in most of the same wars as Sir John Moore,—in the West Indies, in Ireland, and in Egypt. He received high honours from the Grand Sultan at the close of the Egyptian campaign. He was afterwards for some time Commander-in-Chief in India; and, after leaving Gibraltar, was made Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. He became an Irish peer in 1819, and a British one in 1831; and he died in July 1839, at the age of eighty years.

CHAPTER XIX.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S RETURN TO PORTUGAL—PUBLIC REJOICINGS ON ACCOUNT OF IT—HIS PREPARATIONS FOR ADVANCING AGAINST SOULT—HIS PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES AGAINST VICTOR—HIS PROCEEDINGS AT COIMBRA—CONSPIRACY IN THE FRENCH ARMY—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S GENERAL ORDERS—THE COMPOSITION OF HIS ARMY.

WHEN the British ministry were in doubt what course to pursue with regard to the continuation of the war in the Peninsula, they requested the advice of Sir Arthur Wellesley. They particularly wished to know whether he thought Portugal could be defended, and with what means, if Spain should fall. Sir John Moore had said that it could not be defended,—had regarded retreat into it from Spain as equivalent only to leisurely embarkation. But Sir Arthur Wellesley, ever from the time of his studying the country around Torres Vedras, had firmly opined that a tract there, of sufficient extent for the uses of the Portuguese government, might be steadily maintained against a very powerful force; and he was now called upon to explain his opinion, together with the amount of benefit which the supposed defence would produce, and the extent and kind of military provision which it would require. His reply was written in London on the 9th of March; and though partly anticipated by the measure respecting the Portuguese army which we have already related, it is so remarkable a document that we must quote it entire:—

"I have always been of opinion, that Portugal might be defended, whatever might be the result of the contest in Spain; and that, in the meantime, the measures adopted for the defence of Portugal would be highly useful to the Spaniards, in their contest with the French. My opinion was, that the Portuguese military establishments, upon the footing of 40,000 militia and 30,000 regular troops, ought to be revived; and that, in addition to these troops, his Majesty ought to employ an army in Portugal amounting to about 20,000 British troops, including about 4,000 cavalry. My opinion was, that even if Spain should have been conquered, the French would not have been able to overrun Portugal with a smaller force than 100,000 men; and that, as long as the contest should continue in Spain, this force, if it could be put in a state of activity, would be highly useful to the Spaniards, and might eventually have decided the contest.

"It is obvious, however, that the military establishments of Portugal could not be revived without very extensive pecuniary assistance and political support

from this country; and the only mode in which it appeared to be safe, or even practicable, to give this assistance and support, or to interfere at all in a military way in the concerns of Portugal, was to trust the King's ambassador at Lisbon to give or withhold such sums as he might think necessary for the support of military establishments only, and to instruct him to see that the revenues of Portugal, whatever they might be, were in the first instance applied to the same objects. By the operation of these powers and instructions, it is probable that he would have had a complete control over the measures of the Portuguese government; and we might have expected by this time to have in the field an efficient Portuguese army. As it was not possible, however, to adopt these measures at that time, and as the attention of the Government has necessarily been drawn to other objects, it is probable that the military establishments of Portugal have made but little progress; and in considering the extent of the British force required for the defence of that country, and the other measures to be adopted, the small extent of the Portuguese force, and the probability of an early attack by the enemy, must be considered on the one hand, and, on the other, the continuance of the contest in Spain, and the probability that a very large French force will not be disposable in a very short period of time for the attack upon Portugal.

"I would still recommend the adoption of the political measures above suggested, with a view to the revival of the military establishments in Portugal. It is probable that the expense of these measures will not in this year exceed a million sterling. But if they should succeed, and the contest should continue in Spain and in Portugal, the benefit which will accrue from them will be more than adequate to the expense incurred.

"The British force employed in Portugal should, in this view of the question, not be less than 30,000 men, of which number 4,000 or 5,000 should be cavalry, and there should be a large body of artillery. The extent of force in cavalry and artillery, above required, is because the Portuguese military establishments must necessarily be deficient in these two branches; and British or German cavalry and artillery must be employed with the Portuguese infantry. The whole of the army in Portugal, Portuguese as well as British, should be placed under the command of British officers. The staff of the army, the commissariat in particular, must be British; and these departments must be extensive in proportion to the strength of the whole army which will act in Portugal, to the number of detached posts which it will be necessary to occupy and in a view to the difficulties of providing and distributing the supplies in that country. In regard to the detail of these measures, I recommend that the British army in Portugal should be reinforced as soon as possible with some companies of British riflemen, with 3,000 British or German cavalry; that the complement of ordnance with that army should be made thirty pieces of cannon, of which two brigades should

be nine pounders; that these pieces of ordnance should be completely horsed; that twenty pieces of brass (twelve pounders) ordnance, upon travelling carriages, should be sent to Portugal, with a view to the occupation of certain positions in the country; that a corps of engineers for an army of 60,000 men should be sent there, and a corps of artillery for sixty pieces of cannon.

"I understand that the British army now in Portugal consists of 20,000 men, including cavalry. It should be made up 20,000 infantry, at least, as soon as possible, by additions of riflemen and other good infantry, which by this time may have been refitted after the campaign in Spain. The reinforcements may follow, as the troops shall recover from their fatigues. The first measures to be adopted are to complete the army in Portugal with its cavalry and artillery, and to horse the ordnance as it ought to be. As soon as this shall be done, the general and staff officers should go out: as it may be depended upon, that as soon as the newspapers shall have announced the departure of officers for Portugal, the French armies in Spain will receive orders to make their movements towards Portugal, so as to anticipate our measures for its defence. We ought, therefore, to have everything on the spot, or nearly so, before any alarm is created at home respecting our intentions. Besides the articles above enumerated, 30,000 stands of arms, clothing, and shoes, for the Portuguese army should be sent to Lisbon as soon as possible."

Sir Arthur Wellesley, in less than four weeks after writing this letter, was reappointed to the chief command in Portugal. The reinforcements placed at his disposal, comprising those who had already sailed, amounted to about 13,000 men. But so doubtful were the ministry respecting the state of things in Portugal, so undecided as yet to act a thoroughly grand part in the Peninsula, so dependent for future contingencies on the genius of the great man whom they were just sending out, that they instructed him, in the event of finding Lisbon at his arrival evacuated by the British troops, to make for Cadiz,—in the event of landing at Lisbon, and driving the French back into Spain, to restrict himself to the defence of the Portuguese frontier,—and, in any event, to be largely guided by his own discretion.

He delayed not his departure one moment after he had received his instructions. He cleared himself of all incumbrances, so as to go with thoroughly undistracted mind to his work, by resigning his seat in parliament and his office of Chief Secretary in Ireland. And on the 13th of April, while lying weather-bound at Portsmouth, he wrote to the Chevalier de Souza Coultinho, the Portuguese ambassador at London, who had expressed delight at his appointment, and made some suggestions for his guidance,—"I only hope that I may arrive in Portugal in time to be of any service, and you may depend on my making every exertion which zeal for the Portuguese nation and for the honour of his Majesty's arms can induce me to make. I shall pay attention to the different subjects to which

you have referred in your letter; and shall do everything in my power to satisfy the government and people of Portugal in respect to them, and to conciliate their good will on all others."

The Surveillante frigate, in which Sir Arthur sailed, left Portsmouth on the 16th of April. She was very nearly lost next night, in very bad weather, at the back of the Isle of Wight. Sir Arthur proved as brave in the sea-storm as he had ever been in the battle-field. Being told at one moment that the ship would probably sink within five minutes, he displayed such perfect self-possession as astonished even the officers of his suite. His passage, however, proved a quick one; for the ship, outriding all dangers, anchored in the Tagus on the afternoon of the 22d.

Sir Arthur's arrival acted like magic on at once the army, the government, and the people. Dissatisfaction, jealousies and despondency were instantly extinguished. Joy and confidence sprang up in all hearts. The troops, both British and Portuguese, anticipated immediate activity and speedy triumph. The government displayed open gladness and unanimous gratulation. The populace, in all the towns which were still free from French invasion, indulged in shouts, fetes, and public illuminations. The Lisbonese, in particular, who had recently been so turbulent, so ferocious, so hostile to the British, were now in transports of delight. "All day long," says Lord Londonderry, "the streets were crowded with men and women congratulating one another on the happy event; and at night the city was illuminated, even in the most obscure and meanest of its lanes and alleys. In the theatres, pieces were hastily got up, somewhat after the fashion of the masks anciently exhibited among ourselves, in which Victory was made to crown the representative of the hero with laurels, and to address him in language as far removed from the terms of ordinary conversation as might be expected from an allegorical personage."

Sir Arthur, however, had no time to amuse himself with the rejoicings. He could not even accept an invitation of the public authorities to an entertainment. He, of course, made all due acknowledgments and rendered all possible courtesies; but he would not permit himself to be diverted for a moment from the urgent and momentous calls of his proper business. He began immediately to take measures for assuming the command of the army. He took these promptly, comprehensively, cautiously, and delicately,—promptly, on account of the critical condition of public affairs,—comprehensively, so as to conciliate all classes of powerful interested parties into unity of action,—cautiously, with the view of avoiding errors or oversights in the plan of operations,—and delicately, so as not to wound the feelings or imperil the reputation of any persons whose dignity or ease or self-love was likely to be affected by the change in the command. He could not at once go into personal communication with Sir John Cradock and Marshal Beresford, because he expected to be detained a few days at Lisbon by cares about the

arrival of his reinforcements, by arrangements respecting his staff, his commissariat, and his means of transport, and by considerations as to the defence of Lisbon, the defence of the Tagus, and the defence of the eastern frontier, in the event of his marching against Soult. But on the 23d, the day after his arrival, he both indirectly through Mr. Villiers, and directly in letters from himself, conveyed to them an earnest wish that, if suitable to their convenience, they would come as soon as possible and confer with him in Lisbon.

His letter to Sir John Cradock was highly characteristic:—"Mr. Villiers will have informed you of my arrival here yesterday, and of the concurrence of my opinion with that which you appear to entertain in respect to the farther movement to the northward. I conclude you will have determined to halt the army at Leiria. I think that, before any farther steps are taken in respect to Soult, it would be desirable to consider the situation of Victor, how far he is enabled to make an attack upon Portugal, and the means of defence of the eastern frontier, while the British army shall be to the northward, and eventually the means of the defence of Lisbon and the Tagus, in case this attack should be made upon the country. All these subjects must have been considered by you, and I fear in no very satisfactory point of view, as you appear to have moved to the northward unwillingly; and I should be glad to talk them over with you, in order to be able to consider some of them, and make various arrangements which can be made only here. I have asked Beresford also to come, if he should not deem his absence from the Portuguese troops in their present state likely to be disadvantageous to the Portuguese service, and I have desired him to let you know whether he will come or not. It might possibly also be more agreeable and convenient to you to see me here than with the army: and if this should be the case, it would be a most desirable arrangement to meet you here. I beg, however, that you will consider this proposition only in a view to your own convenience and wishes. If you should come down, I should be much obliged to you if you would bring with you the Adjutant and Quarter Master Generals, the Chief Engineer, the commanding Officer of artillery, and the Commissary-General."

Sir Arthur did not really need any consultation with Sir John. He speedily, by the force of his own sagacity, penetrated all the obscurities and intricacies of the existing condition of Portugal. His mind could not long be in suspense as to a perfectly clear and quite decided course of action. On the 24th, he wrote both to Mr. Frere and to Lord Castlereagh, explaining fully his conception of the state of things,—announcing his intention to move against Soult, as soon as he should be able to make some arrangement on which he could depend for the defence of the Tagus, either by frustrating or by impeding Victor's progress, in the event of invasion by that marshal during the operations in the north,—and saying, at the same time, that he would have preferred first to attack Victor in

concert with Cuesta, had not Soult been in possession of the favourite town of Oporto, and of a district of country very fertile in resources, and had not as much time been required for concocting a scheme of joint operation with Cuesta as might be sufficient for striking a decisive blow at Soult. On the 25th, he sent a despatch to Leiria, assuming the command of the army, and putting all on the alert. And on the 27th, he wrote a letter to Lord Castlereagh, stating that he had determined to go forthwith to the north,—a letter to General Sherbrooke, then second in command, instructing him to march the army in six divisions, to a concentration at Coimbra,—and a letter to the Junta of Spanish Estremadura, replying to an appeal which they had made on the previous day for his immediate services within the Spanish frontier.

He did not diminish one atom his estimate of the danger from Victor,—did not obliterate one jot of his concern to protect Portugal from him,—but both made sufficient provision to hold him in check, and determined to return with all possible speed to the south in order to combat him; yet resolved for the present to gather up all his energy for one swift strong cast against Soult. "I assure you," said he to the Junta of Spanish Estremadura, "that I am not insensible to the dangers which threaten the southern provinces of Spain and the kingdom of Portugal. With every disposition to meet and avert those dangers, I am concerned that I have it not in my power to do all that I wish; and particularly as the security of the kingdom of Portugal being the principal object intrusted to me, I cannot divert from it the forces which are necessary for the accomplishment of all the other objects which you have recommended to my attention. You must be aware that the forces of this kingdom are but in their infancy in respect to organization, discipline, and equipment; and it is not with troops in this state that any reasonable expectation can be formed of success against the veteran and disciplined troops of France, notwithstanding that I have every confidence in the valour, the zeal, and the loyalty of the troops of Portugal. The safety of Portugal must therefore depend upon the exertions of the troops of his Majesty; and I cannot venture to employ their services out of this kingdom, although ultimately for its advantage and safety as well as for the general advantage, till the enemy who has invaded Portugal shall have been removed."

The arrangement for the temporary defence of the Tagus and the eastern frontier was comprehensive. Eight thousand regular Portuguese troops, three battalions of British infantry from Leiria, and two battalions of infantry and two regiments of cavalry just disembarked, were immediately directed upon Abrantes and Santarem. Colonel Mayne, at the head of a militia regiment, and of the Lusitanian Legion, which had remained near Castello Branco after the retreat of Lapisse to the south, was instructed to take post at Alcantara, to hold the bridge there, a very noble piece of art, as long as he could against superior numbers, and then, if in risk of being overpowered, to blow it up.

Flying bridges which had been recently reconstructed at Vilha Velha and Abrantes were removed. And a detachment of the garrison of Elvas was directed to take the field, in co-operation with a detachment of the garrison of Badajoz, as a corps of observation. General Mackenzie was put in command of all the troops on the Tagus; and as it did not at all seem likely that he would be molested by Victor, he was instructed to turn the services of his British officers to active account in maturing the discipline of the Portuguese regulars.

Sir Arthur also wrote to Mr. Frere, to Cuesta, and to the Central Junta on the subject of the common danger from Victor, explaining to them his plans, soliciting their support to his arrangement for the defence of the Tagus, and exhorting them to stand strictly on the defensive till his return from the north, not to risk the loss of their soldiers or their fastnesses by any avoidable passage of arms. "In the mean time," said he, "I cannot sufficiently recommend a strict defensive position in all quarters. In the present situation of affairs, we have every reason to hope that, in a short time, we shall be able to co-operate in a vigorous attack upon the only remaining force of the enemy; in which attack we have every reasonable prospect of success, if we do not lose any of the valuable positions which we still possess, or the men who defend them, in fruitless attacks of the enemy in the plains. It cannot be a matter of much importance whether they possess, for a short time longer, more or less of the plains of La Mancha, provided the Spanish troops do not incur the risk of sustaining a fresh defeat by the superior cavalry of the enemy, and, by diminishing the strength and efficiency of the corps destined to defend the passes of the Sierra Morena, risk the loss of those important positions, and of all that remains that is valuable. I do not conceive that the enemy are now in a situation to undertake any thing of importance, particularly till they hear of Marshal Soult; and if this be true, there is every prospect of ultimate success if we should wait till all can join in the attack of Marshal Victor." Thus early and earnestly did Sir Arthur endeavour to correct the grand strategic error of the Spaniards, which had already produced so many and so great disasters, their unreflecting eagerness for combat. And he, at the same time, broke through the mischievous pomposity of their character, and put himself on easy terms with the stiff, self-opinionated, old Cuesta. "I have written to your Excellency a long letter in English," said he, "understanding that you have under your command officers in your confidence who can explain it to you, in which I have taken the liberty of giving my opinions with great freedom. I hope that your Excellency will receive them, as they are intended, as a mark of my sincere desire to be of use to you, as far as in my power at present; which I hope and believe, from the situation of the enemy, I shall have still better opportunity of proving to you before much time shall elapse."

Sir Arthur had thus all the high hope of success, first against Soult and next

against Victor, which could arise from clear views and firm decision. The one half of success in almost any enterprize springs from the patient, prudent performance of every condition on which it appears to depend; and all the other half, in many cases, no less certainly springs from warmly expecting or firmly determining to achieve it. Our hero always exemplified both of these. And in following out, in his own mind, in the present instance, the results of success, he early discovered that, if his discretionary power were not enlarged, he would be suddenly compelled to cut them short. Hence did he write to the Secretary of State, in anticipation of turning Soult to flight,—"I shall then turn my attention entirely to Victor; and I think it probable that Cuesta and I shall be more than a match for the French army on the Guadiana, and that we shall force them to retreat. The tenor of my instructions will then become important; and unless they are altered, I shall be obliged to halt at the moment I shall have removed from the Portuguese frontier the danger by which it is threatened,—possibly at that time at which the continuance of my advance might be most important to the cause of the Spaniards. I wish the King's ministers to consider this point, and to give me a latitude to continue my operations in Spain, if I should consider them important to the Spanish cause, and consistent with the safety of Portugal."

In the same minute, comprehensive, unwearying manner in which Sir Arthur, before leaving Mondego Bay, took care of everything which could affect the campaign against Junot, in that same manner did he, before leaving Lisbon, arrange for everything which could affect the campaign against Soult and Victor. Nothing was too mean to escape his attention, nothing too mighty to fatigue his mind. Stores, magazines, equipments, land-transport, sea-transport, harbour-management, co-operation of the fleet, postal-communication, the supplies of the military chest, and some other matters of merely civil aspect, which most great generals intrust wholly to their subordinates, were all superintended by himself. Evils and deficiencies, also, which did not at all exist in the French corps, such as bad commissariat agency, and the want of proper mining machinery, he examined and rectified in the best way he could.

One great evil he had again to contend with, though in a far less degree than before, was a bad supply of horses,—bad both in number and in quality. He had, immediately after his arrival, to send back transport-ships to Cork for 800 light dragoon horses and 300 commissariat horses; and was obliged to request that a troop of soldiers might be detached from one of the depots at home to take care of them on the passage. And on the 29th of April, he wrote again to Lord Castlereagh, informing him that he had "received a very bad report indeed of the state of the artillery horses lately arrived from England with the heavy dragoons, being very old, diseased, and out of condition," and begging that a troop of horse artillery, fit for service, might be sent out.

Sir Arthur attached great importance to facility of communication among the divisions and supports of the army, and to facility of obtaining early authentic intelligence of the movements of the enemy. He found few means in existence in Portugal for either. But he had been obliged to create means for them in India; he had there matured such means as, without either oppression or espionage, had very well served his purpose; and he endeavoured, speedily and vigorously, to organize similar ones in the Peninsula. Officers were employed, immediately after his arrival at Lisbon, to convey information all along the frontiers; a daily post was established, a few days afterward, between every two principal towns or stations within the sphere of the army's influence; a regular weekly packet communication was commenced with Britain; and a special body was organized in connexion with the Quarter-Master-General's department, comprising the three functions of post-office, general army communications, and a corps of guides. The result, however, though quite good in regard to the army itself, proved far from efficient in regard to intelligence of the enemy. Buonaparte, writing to his brother Joseph, respecting a paucity of extraneous intelligence, previous to his own re-irruption into the Peninsula, said, "Do in Spain as is done elsewhere. Send out parties; let them carry off sometimes the priest, sometimes the alcalde, the chief of a convent, the postmaster, but above all the letters. All posts and letters must be intercepted. The single motive of procuring intelligence is sufficient to authorize the employment of a detachment of five thousand strong, in entering every large town, taking all the letters from the post, seizing the richest citizens, with their letters, papers, and gazettes. In an inhabited country, the general that is not well instructed, must be ignorant of his trade." But Sir Arthur Wellesley could neither stoop to such violence, nor find an efficient substitute for it; so that, as we shall afterwards see, he was more than once put as completely on his mettle by the deficiency of his intelligence as by the best tactics of the enemy.

The amount, as well as variety, of Sir Arthur's correspondence, at all active periods of his campaigning, was astonishing. The more he was in the field, or the more among the business scenes of preparation for entering it, the more also was he at the desk. We remarked this at the hottest of his campaign against the Mahrattas; we remarked it also at his start into his first Portuguese campaign; and we have to remark it again amid the bustle of his multitudinous preparations at Lisbon. He here wrote letters so rapidly and despatched them so instantaneously that there was not time to take copies. This interesting fact might not have become known had he not been drawn out to write as follows, a few days afterward, from Coimbra, to Mr. Villiers:—"I am obliged to you for your offer to procure me assistance to copy my despatches; but I have plenty of that description. The fact is that, excepting upon very important occasions, I write my despatches without making a draft; and those which I sent to you were so

written before I set out in the morning, and I had not time to get them copied before they were sent, which is the reason why I asked you to return me copies of them."

Sir Arthur left Lisbon on the 29th of April, to take his place at the head of the army. He continued at every town through which he passed, at every spot where a halt was made, to write despatches on one or more of the numerous affairs of the campaign. He was at Leiria on the 30th of April, at Pombal on the 1st of May, and at Coimbra from the 2d till the 8th of May. The army arrived at Coimbra, in five divisions, according to the orders sent to General Sherbrooke, from the 30th of April till the 4th of May.

Our hero's progress from Lisbon to Coimbra was triumphal. Congratulations and rejoicings, shouts of welcome and public illuminations, greeted him in all the towns through which he passed. The demonstrations were particularly grand at Coimbra. The British victor was received there as if returning from a course of the most brilliant conquest, or as if he were conferring boons on every family. "Popularity like this," remarks one of his biographers, "is to the ear of a leader as the music of a coming triumph; nor is any heart so calm and governed as to remain untroubled by those throbs which are the presages of victory!" Yet, narrates another, "amidst shouts of exultation, the blaze of illuminations, addresses and congratulation from the higher and more wealthy classes, he continued, unmoved, to issue his cautious and well-digested orders, and give, as he had done at Lisbon, his undivided thoughts to the objects of the expedition." "Affairs," remarks Lord Londonderry, "were in too critical a posture to authorize waste of time, even in the agreeable occupation of giving and receiving compliments; and Sir Arthur was not a man to gratify his own vanity at the expense of the public good. He accordingly cut short many of the dispositions which the Portuguese authorities had made for the purpose of manifesting their good will, and set himself, on the very day of his arrival, to the task of arranging and distributing his army for immediate operations."

One of Sir Arthur's numerous acts during his seven days' stay at Coimbra was to acknowledge receipt of a most important commission from the Regency of Portugal,—a commission constituting him Marshal-General of the Portuguese armies. This measure, while leaving the disciplinary training and the internal management of these armies still in the hands of Marshal Beresford, conferred on Sir Arthur the fullest authority to move them in any direction, and employ them in any operations, at any time, and to any extent, he might think proper. The announcement of it was made by Don Miguel de Pereira Forjaz, whose character for a time was misunderstood by our diplomatic agents, but whom the British conqueror eventually found to be the ablest man in the Peninsula. "I beg," said Sir Arthur to him, "that you will do me the favour to present to the Regency my best acknowledgments for the great honour which they have con-

ferred upon me, which I hope I shall merit by the zeal with which I shall endeavour to promote the interests, and to provide for the security, of the kingdom of Portugal." The commission was confirmed about two months afterward by the Prince Regent of Portugal.

Sir Arthur, on leaving England, had promised to Mr. Huskisson, then Secretary to the Treasury, to let him know as early as possible the state of the money concerns of the army; and he fulfilled his promise at Coimbra. "Instead of £400,000 which you and I expected from the accounts that I should have found in Portugal," said he, "I have found not quite £100,000, and this sum was in Spanish coins, which could not have been circulated in Portugal, excepting at a considerable loss, and without revealing to the dealers in money at Lisbon the fact of our want of money, which would have raised the expense of drawing bills excessively. I have therefore sent the Spanish gold to Cadiz to be exchanged for dollars; and I am now here with the whole army, about to proceed to the attack of Soult, with only £10,000, and with monstrous demands upon us." He then roughly estimated the expenses of the army in Portugal at £200,000 a-month,—showed how the several proportions of that sum ought to be distributed by the deputy paymaster-general, the ambassador, and the commissary-general, —recommended the occasional transmission of a large amount of specie from Britain, in order to command and keep down the expense of drawing bills in all the money markets,—and said, "You may depend upon it that I shall keep the expenses as low as possible. I have already made arrangements for sending home a quantity of transport and victualling tonnage; and as soon as I can look a little more about me, and if I should have some good fortune, I intend to send home the whole."

Another affair which engaged Sir Arthur's attention at Coimbra, and which had also engaged it at Lisbon, was the conspiracy which we formerly mentioned as existing in Soult's army. Let us give a fuller account of this affair. The disaffection connected with it was of long continuance and very extensive diffusion. The conspiracy in Soult's army was only the offshoot of a general conspiracy throughout the armies of France. The participators in this were bound together in a secret society, called the Philadelphes, not very dissimilar in system to that of the monastic orders. Their founder was an officer, a native of the Jura, who, incurring the suspicion of Buonaparte, was slain in the night after the battle of Wagram, not by any foeman, but by a hired assassin. They did not, in general, dislike Buonaparte personally; many of them even continued enthusiastically to admire him as a soldier, while they earnestly desired his downfall as a ruler; yet all were disgusted with both the cruelty of his wars and the pomposity of his administration, and felt eager to seek relief in the restoration of republicanism. The disaffection was strongly stimulated by the re-irruption into the Peninsula; and the conspirators acquired increasing influence in all

the invading corps. They wished to break off the war, to elect a chief, to march in strength into France, and to proclaim the Republic in a progress from the Pyrenees to Paris. Their eyes were turned first to Ney for their leader, and afterwards to St. Cyr.

The conspirators in Soult's corps do not seem, at its entering Portugal, to have been either numerous or influential. But, when in Oporto, they made a sudden discovery of the fact of Buonaparte's entanglement in a new war with Austria,—a fact which Soult had laboured carefully to conceal; and they felt excited by that discovery, happening as it did amidst circumstances seemingly so favourable to their purpose, to strike a grand blow against the Emperor's power. They plotted largely and successfully without for a moment provoking suspicion. Their leader was Sieur D'Argenton, who had been Soult's aide-de-camp, and was then Adjutant-Major. "He was worthy," says Southey, "to have fallen on better times; for he was a man of kind and generous affections, at once firm of purpose and gentle of heart. When the French entered Oporto, no individual exerted himself more strenuously in repressing the excesses of the troops; and many families in those dreadful days were beholden to him, not only for their lives and properties, but for preservation from evils more dreadful than ruin and death." He perhaps had excellent meaning also—might even think himself philanthropic—in the working of his conspiracy; but he sought his object through means of deceit, treachery, and bloodshed, and must therefore take his place in the ranks of infamy.

In the month of April, some days before the arrival of Sir Arthur Wellesley at Lisbon, D'Argenton sent two emissaries to Marshal Beresford's head-quarters at Thomar, with a proposal to make an important secret communication to a confidential British officer who might be appointed by the Marshal to meet him near the advanced posts of Soult's army. Major Douglas, then acting as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Portuguese army, and afterwards Major-General Sir James Douglas, was appointed. The interview was to take place by night on the lake of Ovar; but the boats passed each other in the dark; and Douglas, on returning to the landing-place on the south side, found D'Argenton so keenly in earnest as to be there waiting for him. The promised communication was given, to the effect that great dissatisfaction with the measures of Buonaparte prevailed throughout the French army, and particularly in the corps of Soult, which had suffered, and was still suffering, extreme distress,—that the dissatisfaction had long existed, had been specially provoked by the conscription, and had, of late, been greatly increased by the invasion of Spain and the seizure of the Spanish King,—and that, if the British and Portuguese troops would so press Soult as to oblige him to concentrate his army in situations chosen rather for defence than for subsistence, a large proportion of his officers were determined to revolt, and to seize both him and such of his generals as were particularly attached to

the interests of Buonaparte. D'Argenton expressed great respect for Soult, but nevertheless described him as dangerous, so that prompt measures would be requisite for dealing with him; and he readily agreed to wait in person upon Marshal Beresford, saying at the same time that he was too strongly supported in the French army to see any cause for fear.

D'Argenton accordingly went to Thomar; and being there when the news arrived of Sir Arthur Wellesley's arrival in the country, he went also to Lisbon. Sir Arthur had a long interview with him, but not till arrangements had already been made for doing the chief thing which he desiderated,—striking a speedy blow at Soult. D'Argenton urged co-operation with the conspirators, and begged to have British passports for himself and two other leaders of the conspiracy to France, in order that they might there communicate with various general officers belonging to their secret society, so as, if possible, to produce an explosion throughout the French corps in France itself simultaneously with the explosion at Oporto. Sir Arthur expressed good will toward the conspiracy, and gave an order for the desired passports, but would not for the present promise any particular course of action, or even allow the passports to be regarded as more than a matter of private accommodation. And next day he wrote two letters on the subject to Lord Castlereagh, giving in the first of them a full account of the interview, and adding,—"Your Lordship will observe that I have not thought it proper to discourage the disposition which appears to prevail among the French officers; at the same time that I have taken care not only not to pledge myself to any particular line of conduct, but that those concerned should understand that I do not consider myself pledged by anything that has passed. The successful revolt of a French army might be attended by the most extensive and important consequences; whereas their defeat or, what is a more improbable event, their surrender would affect only local interests and objects, excepting either of those events would add to the reputation of his Majesty's arms. In the consideration and decision of this question, much must depend upon the minute circumstances attending the situation in which each of the armies shall be placed at the moment; but I consider it my duty to give the earliest intelligence to his Majesty's ministers in order, if possible, that I may have the advantage of their opinion, and his Majesty's commands, before I shall have to decide upon the line which I shall adopt." In the second letter, he expressed full belief in the existence of the conspiracy, with doubt as to the success of it, and added,—"If this army should revolt, or indeed at all events, I anxiously recommend to you to set all your emissaries to work in France. I have no doubt of the detestation of Buonaparte by the people of that country. There is a very clever fellow in communication with Mr. ——, who ought to be useful to you."

On the 7th of May, in the vicinity of Coimbra, Sir Arthur had another

interview with D'Argenton. They met at midnight, on the road between Fornos and Martede, and watched each other's countenance by the light of a fire. D'Argenton was conducted through bye-paths, and not allowed to see any of the troops or preparations at Coimbra, in order that he might not have an opportunity of making himself a spy; but he, nevertheless, gave Sir Arthur a good deal of information respecting Soult's strength, position, and plans. He also said that another conspiracy had arisen in Soult's army, including even the best partisans of Buonaparte, who, if Soult should declare himself King of Portugal, had determined to seize him as a traitor, and to lead his army into France. D'Argenton then made two propositions to Sir Arthur,—the one, that he should attack Soult's army immediately, taking care to cut off their retreat into Spain,—the other that, if he would not make the attack immediately, he should prevail upon the inhabitants of some of the Portuguese towns to petition Soult to declare himself King of Portugal, and that he should even himself advise Soult to take that step, as the most likely to secure the peace of the Peninsula. "In answer to these propositions," said Sir Arthur to Lord Castlereagh, "I told D'Argenton, as to the first, that I should certainly operate upon Soult as soon as I should be ready. In regard to the second, I told him that I could not take any measures to induce the people of Portugal to act as he proposed, without incurring the risk of leading them to believe that I was unworthy of their confidence."

D'Argenton, immediately on his return to Oporto, was arrested. He had been denounced, during his absence, by a general officer whom he had too hastily made a confident in the conspiracy; and being now found with the British passports in his possession, was summarily held guilty. He did not deny what he had done, but frankly avowed his interviews with Sir Arthur Wellesley, and boldly said that, in forty-eight hours, with thirty thousand men, the British commander would open the campaign upon the Vouga. Soult knew not till now of the existence of the conspiracy, suspected not that the British army was so near or in such great strength, and had been indulging on till this moment, in his dream of personal aggrandizement. The danger which burst upon him seemed as mysterious as it was sudden. He offered to pardon D'Argenton, and even to reward him, on condition that he would reveal all his accomplices in the conspiracy, and tell everything he knew respecting the circumstances and plans of the British army. D'Argenton readily enough gave all the information he possessed on the latter subject,—proving that he would have behaved as a most mischievous spy, if Sir Arthur Wellesley's precautions had not denied him the opportunity; but he was quite immoveable on the subject of the conspiracy. He even magnified its importance, waxed warm on the strength of it, and addressed Soult respecting it in a tone of mingled expostulation and defiance. "Acknowledge," said he, "the injustice of the war in which you are engaged,

make common cause with the British, march in concert with them to France, and you will find at the foot of the Pyrenees a British expedition of sixty thousand men, together with emissaries to the armies of Italy and Germany, prepared to co-operate with you for recovering the liberties of Europe." This startling appeal proved the means of saving D'Argenton's life. He was thrown into confinement till Soult should have time to investigate his astounding insinuations; and he managed to escape during the confusion of the immediately succeeding crash of battle. Thus ended the whole affair. Nothing came of even the general conspiracy. It burnt for a while like a smouldering fire, and did not become extinct till after Massena's famous retreat in 1810; yet never burst into flame, and was succeeded, throughout all the French army, by firm, constant, almost idolatrous devotion to the person and cause of Buonaparte.

Sir Arthur Wellesley does not figure well in this story of D'Argenton. His fine honour and lofty integrity are not here in their glory. Some scintillations of them indeed are apparent: but the customary blaze of them, steady and luminous, banishing all dark policy, and permitting no cause for imputation or suspicion, is grievously awanting. Why did he give any sanction whatever to D'Argenton's treachery? Why, especially, did he play fast and loose with it, neither accepting it nor rejecting it, leaving it so be used or not as he might afterwards see cause? Why, too, did he solicit D'Argenton to come to him the second time? For the interview at Coimbra, though we formerly omitted to say so, was of his own seeking. And why did he there hear with patience, and afterwards commit patiently to writing, the infamous proposal which solicited the aid of his own personal agency to the betrayal of Soult? Why also did he sanction a government system of "emissaries" in France, by recommending the "working" of it, and mentioning "a very clever fellow" to aid it? Some generals, very far inferior to him in aggregate excellence of character, would have hesitated to do such things as these; and he himself, had they been done against him instead of by him—had they been done by any French marshal with a traitor from the British camp—would probably not have thought them within the rules of honourable play. To say that they were against all the current of his usual conduct is no excuse; for a wrong thing is not rendered right by being seldom done. To say that they sprang from his warm zeal for his country's service, and for what he believed to be the general good of Europe, sounds better; yet even this is rather apology than vindication, and has the disadvantage also of injuring his general character for the sake of helping these particular acts,—suggesting, what is not true, that his public zeal was of a nature to [illegible] down his prudence. We choose rather to think that—as many a man as good as he, though not so great, has occasionally done—he for once got into a [illegible], to the temporary neglect of his principles. And we think this the more [illegible] that he eventually pushed his error to the extraordinary length of re-

commending that D'Argenton's treachery should be rewarded with a British pension. "I trust," said he to Lord Castlereagh, "that your Lordship will think that he has some claim upon the bounty of Government, and that you will give him such an allowance as may enable him to live decently in England."

In other respects, however, our hero was entirely in his element, quite himself, and grandly consistent at Coimbra. Besides planning his operations against Soult,—laying a train which he intended to explode in that marshal's utter discomfiture,—he commenced there that special improvement in the organization of his army which rendered it incomparably more efficient than any other which had ever served beneath the British flag. He resumed for its benefit the practice which he had found so serviceable in India of embodying the results of his observation, experience, and reflexion on particular subjects in public memorandums. And he began to issue a course of general orders which speedily accumulated into a comprehensive, searching, salutary code of military law. This code now fills a printed volume of upwards of 500 pages, and, along with his despatches, the one as pedestal and the other as pillar, forms a stupendous monument of his supereminent abilities as a military leader.

An instructive instance of the salutary strictness of his rule, together with the minuteness of its supervision, over even the highest of his officers, occurred also at Coimbra; and though of no interest in itself, it may be advantageously quoted as an illustration. Writing to Marshal Beresford, respecting the Portuguese troops who were mustered at Coimbra along with the British, he said,—"You have omitted to leave me a statement of the rations of your troops, or an account of the period to which they are victualled. You have also omitted to tell me where the interpreters attached to the brigades are to get horses and mules. Your troops made but a bad figure this morning at the review; the battalions very weak, not more than 300 men, the body of men very bad, and the officers worse than anything I have seen. Mr. Rawlins has informed me that you have taken away forty mules which he had got from the magistrates here. We must keep clear of each other in our requisitions, otherwise all will sink."

Two memorandums were framed at Coimbra, for regulating the supplies of bread and other sustenance to the army during its expedition against Soult; and these defined the arrangements of the commissariat, the duties of its officers, the places for magazines, the modes of carriage, and the order of distribution with as much comprehensiveness and precision as if the writer had spent many years in the active capacity of commissary-general to a large army in the north of Portugal. Several general orders, intended to be of permanent obligation, were at the same time issued on the subject of the commissariat; and some of these may be here quoted, to show the standing economy of the army in the vital matter of the distribution of bread. "An Assistant-Commissary, with the

number of clerks, will be attached to each brigade of infantry, to each regiment of cavalry, to the artillery, and to head quarters, to whom applications must be made for provisions and supplies of all kinds required for the brigade, corps, or department, to which they will be attached. No requisition must be made upon the country, excepting by the Commissary-General, his deputy, or assistants; unless in cases of necessity, in which small bodies of troops may be on the march unattended by the Commissary; which cases of necessity must always be clearly made out to the satisfaction of the Commander of the Forces. Whenever an order is given for troops to march on the following day, the Commissaries attached to those troops are to issue to them one day's meat, which is to be cooked on that night for the following day; so that the troops on their arrival at their new ground, having carried their provisions for the day, will be sure to have them. The Commissary-General will take care that the Assistant-Commissaries attached to brigades of infantry and regiments of cavalry have with them each three days' bread, and three days' meat, for the troops to which they are attached respectively."

One of the most instructive general orders issued at Coimbra relates to the column of march. This is interesting both in itself, and for sake of comparison with the marching order of Wellesley's Indian army, as described in our sixth chapter. "Upon all occasions, when the army will march, it will be in one or more columns, on one or different roads, with a view to take up a position, or by separate battalions, brigades, or divisions, with a view to occupy certain cantonments. In the first case, the reserve artillery and stores, drawn or carried by horses or mules, are to follow the troops; then the baggage of regiments and individuals of each column is to follow, arranged in the order in which the troops or individual will stand in the column; and lastly, the artillery and commissariat stores in carts, drawn by bullocks. In the other cases, when battalions or larger divisions are to take up cantonments, the baggage of each division going to a separate cantonment is to follow that division, and is to be arranged in the order in which each corps or individual will stand in the order of march of the division to which he may belong. On all occasions, the leaders of columns, whether composed of the whole army or of smaller divisions, will halt once in every hour and a half, for five minutes to allow the men to fall out; and commanding officers of companies will be held responsible if any man falls out of the ranks at any time during the march, excepting during these halts, or is absent from his company at the end of it, upon any occasion, excepting sick and consequent inability to keep up. When circumstances will oblige battalions in rear of any column to halt, the head of such column must not be halted without the special orders of the officer commanding the column, who will judge of the necessity of halting according to the length of the interval which will thereby be occasioned in his column, the necessity there is that the column should be

well closed up, and the probability that, from the nature of the impediments of the road, the head of the column will soon be halted, and give time to the rear to close up."

Four more of the general orders issued at Coimbra, but all shorter than the preceding ones, may be selected to illustrate the commencing as well as permanent character of our hero's martial government. One of these relates to the general orders themselves:—"General orders will be issued at the Adjutant-General's office at ten o'clock precisely every morning. The officers in the department and majors of brigade to be responsible that the adjutants have them by twelve o'clock." Another relates to the moving of head quarters:—"Whenever the head quarters of the army are to move, all persons concerned are to send an officer to the commandant for instructions relative to the moving of their baggage, &c., and for which a proper guard will be allotted by the Adjutant-General. Officers belonging to head quarters will give strict injunctions to their servants in charge of their baggage to have it ready at the place and time that shall be fixed by the commandant; and they must be warned that all orders issued by him are to be implicitly obeyed, as he is answerable to the Commander of the Forces for the regular march of the baggage of head quarters, and conduct of those who accompany it." Another relates to forage, with special reference to the accustoming of newly arrived British horses to eat such forage as could most readily be obtained:—"Those horses of the dragoons and artillery which will eat the corn and forage of the country are to be fed with that description of forage only. The commanding officers of dragoons and artillery will give directions that all their horses may be accustomed to the corn and forage of the country, by being fed at first in the proportions of half English and half Portuguese corn, then two-thirds Portuguese and one-third English, and lastly wholly of Portuguese. The Commissary-General will make his issues accordingly to cavalry and artillery." And the fourth relates to convoys,—merely applicable itself to the circumstances of the expedition against Oporto, yet framed on a general principle which applied to all the subsequent movements of the army:—"Whenever stores or provisions are dispatched from Lisbon, the Quarter-Master-General is to be informed thereof, of the number of waggons and other means of conveyance on which they are laden, and of the route which they are directed to take, specifying by what stages. The Town Major is likewise to give notice of this dispatch to the officer at Rio Mayor: this officer is to relieve the escort and send it back to Lisbon, and is to report the arrival and the probable departure of the convoy to the Quarter-Master-General and the officer commanding at the next station. The officers stationed at Leiria and Coimbra are to do the same respectively. Non-commissioned officers in charge of convoys will be held responsible for the conduct of the soldiers under their command, on the march with convoys, and returning to their cantonments."

The composition of our hero's army of the Peninsula—first properly formed at Coimbra, and afterwards matured into the finest working condition during the six following campaigns—is a matter of both great and various interest. A brief account of it here, in the three parts of head-quarters, field-divisions, and attached materiel, may throw important light on many parts of our subsequent narrative; and this, with a few alterations, chiefly in language and arrangement, we shall take from Colonel Gurwood's preface to his collection of the Duke of Wellington's general orders.

The head-quarters comprised the personal staff of the Commander-in-Chief, the adjutant-general's department, the quarter-master-general's department, the staff attached to the head-quarters, the corps attached to the head-quarters, and the civil departments attached to the head-quarters. The personal staff of the Commander-in-Chief comprised the commandant at head-quarters, who at the same time was an assistant in the adjutant-general's department, the military secretary, and the aides-de-camp. The adjutant-general's department comprised the adjutant-general, the deputy-adjutant-general, assistant-adjutant-generals, and deputy-assistant-adjutant-generals; and was charged with the maintenance of the army's organization in duties, returns, correspondence, discipline, general orders, and all similar matters. The quarter-master-general's department comprised the quarter-master-general, the deputy-quarter-master-general, assistant-quarter-master-generals, and deputy-assistant-quarter-master-generals; and was charged with the embarkation, the disembarkation, the equipping, the quartering, the hutting, the encamping, the route-marching, and the station-positioning of the bodies of troops to which its officers were respectively attached, under the authority and on the responsibility of the commanders of these bodies. The staff attached to the head-quarters comprised a surgeon, a chaplain, and four assistants in the departments of respectively the quarter-master-general, the commissary-general, the provost-marshal, and the baggage-master, to perform such duties of these departments as belonged distinctively or exclusively to the head-quarters.

The corps attached to the head-quarters comprised the officer commanding the royal artillery, with the staff of his corps, having a general superintendence of the artillery and ammunition attached to the corps and divisions, as also of the battering train, reserve artillery, and ammunition; the commanding royal engineer, with the staff and other officers belonging to his corps, having a general superintendence over the officers of engineers, the corps of sappers and miners, pontoons, and the engineers' park, consisting of materiel for sieges, intrenching tools, &c.; the officer commanding the corps of guides, being an assistant in the quarter-master-general's department, in charge also of the post office and of the general communications of the army; the officer commanding the staff corps of cavalry, being in charge of the police of the army, and of other

duties of a confidential nature; and the provost-marshal and his assistants, having charge of all prisoners of war, deserters from the enemy, and all prisoners tried, or to be tried, by a general court martial, &c., and having the authority of inflicting summary punishment for all offences whatever committed under their observation. And the civil departments attached to the head-quarters were the medical department, comprising the inspector of hospitals, the deputy-inspectors of hospitals, physicians, surgeons, assistant-surgeons, apothecaries, dispensers, and hospital-assistants; the purveyor's department, comprising a general purveyor, with deputies and assistants, in charge of the hospitals, and hospital materiel, of the arms, accoutrements, clothing, and necessaries of the men in hospital, and of the burial expenses of the men who died in hospital; the paymaster-general's department, comprising paymaster-general, assistants, &c.; the commissariat department, divided into the two branches of stores and accounts, and comprising commissary-general, deputy-commissary-generals, assistants, deputy-assistants, and different grades of commissariat clerks; the storekeeper-general's department, comprising the storekeeper-general and his assistants, charged with the care of the army's tents, field-equipments, and heavy baggage; and the department of the comptroller of the army accounts, comprising the comptroller, with inspectors and examiners, to whom all accountants, excepting those of the commissariat, rendered their accounts.

The field divisions of the army were varied in number by the will of the Commander-in-Chief, according to its strength and operations. Each division was commanded by a lieutenant-general or a major-general, with an attached staff comprising two aides-de-camp, an assistant-adjutant-general, a deputy-assistant-adjutant-general, an assistant-quarter-master-general, a deputy-assistant-quarter-master-general, one or two officers of the royal engineers, a surgeon, a chaplain, an assistant-commissary-general with deputy-assistants and clerks, an assistant-provost-marshal, a baggage-master, and a storekeeper of ordnance. Two or more brigades, each consisting of two, three, or four battalions, were contained in a division. Each brigade was commanded by a major-general, a brigadier-general, or a staff-colonel, with an attached staff comprising an aide-de-camp, a major of brigade, and a deputy-assistant-commissary-general with assistants and clerks. But, in the presence of an enemy, the light companies of each brigade were formed separately, under the command either of a field officer or of a senior captain.

A brigade of artillery was attached to each division of infantry; and the commander of it, while under the immediate orders of the general of the division, was also under the superior authority of the commanding officer of artillery at head-quarters. A corps for any special service, separate from the immediate control of the Commander-in-Chief, was formed of two or more divisions of infantry, strengthened usually by one or more brigades of artillery additional to

those belonging to these divisions, and by as many cavalry as were likely to be required for its particular duties; and was put under the command of a general of high rank, with a staff so increased and ramified as to correspond to the extended nature of his responsibilities. The cavalry was also composed of divisions, each division consisting of two or more brigades, and each brigade of two or more regiments of heavy or light cavalry. To each brigade of hussars or light cavalry, a troop of horse artillery was usually attached, when in the advance of the army or before the enemy, under the immediate orders of the general commanding the brigade. The general officer commanding the cavalry had a staff attached to him similar to that of the superior general officer commanding a corps.

The materiel attached to the army, independent of the army in divisions, comprised the battering train, under the orders of the officer commanding the royal artillery; the pontoon train, under the orders of the commander of the royal engineers; the engineer's park, materiel for sieges, &c.; the waggon train, under the orders of the quarter-master-general attached to the hospitals, commissariat, &c., or to divisions, as circumstances might require; the ordnance stores train; the commissariat waggon train; and the other transport of the army. In the principal towns through which the army passed an hospital station was usually formed, to which, besides the necessary medical and hospital staff, there was generally a depôt staff, comprising a captain as commandant, a subaltern as adjutant, an assistant-commissary-general, and an assistant-provost-marshal; particularly when the station was a town of consideration and the seat of a magazine, on the line of the resources and place of embarkation or disembarkation of the army. The stations were necessarily changed according to the line of operations of the army with its communications and resources. The port of embarkation or disembarkation and the chief depôt of the army were generally under the command of a superior officer, with officers of the adjutant-general's and quarter-master-general's departments attached to him; exclusive of the garrison staff of town-major, town-adjutant, provost-marshal, &c., and of the commandant of the depôt of convalescents, drafts, &c., to whom a local staff of adjutant, paymaster, and quarter-master was attached. Officers of the quarter-master-general's department, and officers of the royal engineers and royal staff corps, were employed on topographical surveys, reports of roads, bridges, and resources of the country. Regimental officers also were employed by the generals commanding divisions as officers in observation beyond the outposts of their respective divisions, to obtain information with respect to the movements of the enemy in front, and for the purpose of reporting upon the resources, roads, rivers, bridges, and other military features of the country unoccupied between the outposts of the two armies.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CAPTURE OF AMARANTE BY THE FRENCH—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S ADVANCE FROM COIMBRA—THE AFFAIRS OF THE LAKE OF OVAR, ALBERGARIA, AND GRIJO—THE PASSAGE OF THE DOURO, AND THE BATTLE OF OPORTO—THE RETREAT OF SOULT TOWARD AMARANTE—THE PROCEEDINGS OF SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY IN OPORTO.

THE bridge of Amarante was of immense consequence to Soult. He could not sink so deep into his schemes of ambition as, for a moment, to neglect it. The possession of it was necessary, not only for maintaining his proper communications with the north of Spain and with France, but also for driving back the armed Portuguese from the vicinity of Oporto, and for reopening communications with Lapisse and Victor. He therefore used prompt and powerful measures to regain it.

Silveira, who had captured Amarante, had also advanced to Penafiel, intending to march into Oporto in the event of Soult moving toward Lisbon. Laborde was sent against him, at the head of both his own division and Loison's, with promise also of speedy support from the division of Lahoussaye. He reached Penafiel on the 15th of April. Silveira gallantly withstood him two days, till he learned that more troops were approaching; and then he retired hurriedly before him, quickening his pace into a flight, and purposing to pass through Amarante without striking one blow for its defence, and to run right toward the fastnesses of the mountains. But on his crossing the river, into the suburb on the further side, a British officer in command of a battalion of his army, Colonel Patrick, stopped short at the bridge, beat back the foremost of the hotly pursuing French, and made a firm stand for maintaining possession of the town. Silveira caught the contagion of his heroism, rallied the fleeing army, and returned to take up strong high ground on the further bank of the river.

A series of fearful struggles now went on, day by day, during no less than two weeks, for the mastery of the bridge. Colonel Patrick was slain on an early day, but had previously inspirited the Portuguese so well by his bravery that, though retiring from Amarante to the further end of the bridge, they continued to fight on with desperation after he fell. A battery of ten guns commanded the bridge, three rows of pallisades barred it, and an ingeniously constructed mine, connected by a firing-cord with a chamber behind the entrenchments, was ready at any moment to blow it up. The Portuguese, from their high position, readily saw everything which passed on the Amarante bank of the

river, and were able at will to reinforce their own advanced guard. Laborde felt utterly baffled. He forced the first barricade; but with such appalling loss, that he could not attempt to force the second. He endeavoured to construct a bridge on tressels half a mile below, but was compelled by the strength of the current and the difficulties of the situation to desist. He could not find a practicable ford; and the bridges at all the other passes over the Tamega had been destroyed.

Captain Bouchard, of the engineers, was sent by Soult to give Laborde the benefit of his advice; and he devised a plan of forcing the barricades, so singularly bold that all Laborde's generals opposed it. But it was transmitted to Oporto, and approved; and on the night of the 2d of May, it was carried into execution. The drift of it was to blow down the barricades by surprise, by means of four barrels of gunpowder rolled stealthily to them in the dark. The troops were placed in readiness to rush along the bridge in the event of success. "To call off the attention of the Portuguese guard, some twenty men were stationed to keep up a fire upon the entrenchments, so directed as not to endanger the sappers who had volunteered for the real service of the hour. It was a service so hopeful and hazardous as to excite the liveliest solicitude for its success. The first barrel was covered with a grey cloak, that it might neither be heard nor seen; and the man who undertook to deposit it in its place wore a cloak of the same colour. The clear moonlight was favourable to the adventure, by the blackness of the shadow which the parapet on one side produced. In that line of darkness the sapper crept along at full length, pushing the barrel before him with his head, and guiding it with his hands. His instructions were to stop if he heard the slightest movement on the Portuguese side; and a string was fastened to one of his feet, by which the French were enabled to know how far he had advanced, and to communicate with him. Having placed the barrel, and uncovered that part where it was to be kindled, he returned with the same caution. Four barrels, one after the other, were thus arranged without alarming the Portuguese. The fourth adventurer had not the same command of himself as his predecessors had evinced. Possessed either with fear or with premature exultation, as soon as he had deposited the barrel in its place, instead of making his way back slowly and silently along the line of the shadow, he rose and ran along the middle of the bridge in the moonlight. He was seen, fired at, and shot in the thigh. But the Portuguese did not take the alarm as they ought to have done. They kept up a fire on the entrance of the bridge, and made no attempt to discover for what purpose their entrenchments had been approached so closely.

"Four hours had elapsed before the four barrels were placed. By that time it was midnight; and in another hour, when the Portuguese had ceased their fire, a fifth volunteer proceeded in the same manner, with a saucisson fastened

to his body. This he fixed in its place, and returned safely. By two o'clock this part of the business was completed, and Laborde was informed that all was ready. Between three and four, a fog rose from the river and filled the valley, so that the houses on the opposite bank could scarcely be discerned through it. This was favourable for the assailants. The saucisson was fired; and the explosion, as Bouchard had expected, threw down the barricades and destroyed also the apparatus for communicating with the mine. The French rushed forward. Some threw water into the mine; others cleared the way. The fog increased the confusion into which the Portuguese were thrown by being thus surprised; they made so little resistance that the French lost only nine men; and Silveira, saving only four pieces of artillery, but preserving order enough soon to restore the spirits of his countrymen, retired upon Entre Ambos os Rios."

Part of the strong force which achieved this victory at Amarante went on in pursuit of Silveira; part went northward to suppress insurrection on the Lima; part returned to Oporto; and part was stationed between Oporto and Amarante. Soult, though unaware as yet of Sir Arthur Wellesley's near approach, despaired of being able to advance directly upon Lisbon, and resolved to attempt a detour toward it by way of Salamanca and Placentia, so as to effect the threefold object of escaping the Portuguese armies, receiving reinforcements in Spain, and effecting a junction or co-operation with Victor. He, accordingly, sent General Mermet to the Vouga, to assist the retreat of General Franceschi, who was in command of the advanced posts there; and at the same time made arrangements for all the detached parties of his troops, as well as the main body, to move across the Tamega at Amarante. His army, at that moment, lay so far outstretched from wing to wing, with only the boat-bridge at Oporto to connect its parts, that three days would have been requisite to unite it on its centre, and five days to concentrate it on either extremity. And just then Soult both got sudden intelligence of Sir Arthur Wellesley's proximity, and made sudden discovery of D'Argenton's conspiracy. "All the perils of his position broke at once upon his view,—treason in his camp, which he could not probe, a powerful enemy close in his front, the insurgents again active in his rear, and the French troops scattered from the Vouga to the Tamega, and from the Douro to the Lima, and commanded by officers whose fidelity was necessarily suspected, while the extent of the conspiracy was unknown." But Soult, being one of the bravest and adroitest of military commanders, was only roused into energy by the magnitude of his danger. He accelerated the arrangements for moving to the east, made all possible preparations for a very early departure, sent on the greater part of his guns and stores toward Amarante, destroyed as many of his muniments as he could not readily remove, and made strong dispositions to receive his detachments from the Vouga, to close the passage of the Douro against the British, and to effect a cool, calm, orderly evacuation of Oporto.

Sir Arthur Wellesley's plan of operating against Soult was matured very soon after his arrival at Coimbra. The left wing of the French was then believed to be westward of the Tamega, and cut off by Silveira from communication with Tras os Montes; and the right wing was known to rest on the Vouga, in the vicinity of Albergaria Nova, and to lie backward thence along the road to Oporto. Sir Robert Wilson, at the head of a considerable new Portuguese force, was at Viseu; and Colonel Trant, at the head of his old Portuguese force, continued to watch the French outposts on the Vouga. Marshal Beresford, with six thousand of his trained Portuguese soldiers, and some small select bodies of British, was to march in such a direction as to turn the enemy's left,—uniting Sir Robert Wilson's corps to his own at Viseu, crossing the Douro at Lamego, and joining Silveira at Amarante,—and at the same time, was to send downward from Lamego all boats which could be found, for aiding the passage of the river at Oporto. This movement, it was expected, would be done in four or five days, with the effect of completely preventing the retreat of the French into Spain. The main body of the army was to march, under the commander-in-chief himself, right toward Oporto,—to divide into two columns, the lesser to sail up the lake of Ovar, the greater to march through Albergaria Nova, and the two to reunite before reaching the Douro, in order to make the strongest possible attack upon Oporto. This movement, it was thought, would not occupy more than two days, and might probably crush the whole of the French right wing between the Vouga and the Douro, and possibly, with the aid of Beresford's movement, drive all the rest of Soult's corps to surrender.

But on the 4th of May intelligence arrived of the loss of Amarante. This necessarily caused some change in the plan of operations. Soult could not now be hemmed in on the left, or prevented from retreating into Spain. Yet he might still be severely crippled,—might be deprived of many of his men and muniments,—insomuch as to hinder him from giving any further annoyance to Portugal. The plan of attacking him, therefore, was altered only so far as to avoid the Tamega; and was not at all altered as to time. And four days afterward, when the operations were in progress, a letter arrived from Mr Frere, announcing the march of a French corps from Arragon, probably directed to the relief of Ney or of Soult. But, said Sir Arthur Wellesley in reply, "I do not think that the intelligence which you have communicated to me, even if it were confirmed, should induce me to alter my plan till the enemy's force from Arragon should be nearer to us. In respect to Soult I shall omit nothing that I can do to destroy him; but as he has lately forced the important point of the bridge of Amarante, and has since taken possession of Villa Real, I am afraid that it is not in my power, with the force which I have at my disposal, to prevent him from retreating into Spain. The question will then remain for consideration whether it is best for Portugal and the general cause that I should turn my

attention to Victor's corps, and remain upon the defensive in the north of Portugal, or that I should follow Soult, or attack Ney in Gallicia, and have the east of Portugal on the defensive." But though thus leaving himself perfectly open to reason upon every new piece of intelligence, he found occasion, as we shall afterwards see, to follow strictly out his original plan.

Marshal Beresford's corps, in addition to his six thousand Portuguese soldiers, comprised two British battalions, five companies of riflemen, and a squadron of heavy cavalry. The rest of the army at Coimbra consisted of about 14,500 infantry, 1,500 cavalry, and 24 guns, six of which were only three-pounders. It was formed into three divisions of infantry, under Generals Paget, Sherbrooke, and Hill, and one division of cavalry under General Payne; and it had Brigadier-General Stuart (afterwards Marquis of Londonderry) for adjutant-general, and Colonel Murray of the third guards for quarter-master-general. Marshal Beresford marched from Coimbra on the 5th of May. The advanced-guard of the main army marched on the 7th, but halted during the 8th in order to allow time for Beresford to carry his operations sufficiently forward to afford support to the attack on Oporto. And the whole of the main army was on the line of the Vouga on the evening of the 9th,—General Hill's division ready to embark on the lake of Ovar, and the rest ready to assail Franceschi at Albergaria Nova.

Beresford, on arriving at Lamego, found that the troops of Loison's division, then constituting the extreme left wing of Soult's army, were in the vicinity, working their way toward the east, and trampling down the partisans of Silveira; and on the 10th of May, he checked them, chastised them, and drove them precipitately back toward Villa Real and Amarante. Sir Arthur Wellesley, getting intelligence of his proceedings, and writing to him on the 11th, said, "If the French should weaken their corps about Amarante and Villa Real, so as to give you any reason to hope that you can do anything against them, then I wish you to attack them, and take any opportunity of getting possession of either of these points. But remember that you are Commander-in-chief of an army, and must not be beaten; therefore do not undertake anything with your troops, if you have not some strong hopes of success."

General Hill's passage up the lake of Ovar was effected without difficulty. That lake extends twenty miles parallel to the coast and near it, from Aveiro to Ovar. It flanked, and outflanked, all the ground occupied by the divisions of Franceschi and Mermet. It was unguarded; and all the many fishing-boats upon it were at Aveiro, which was in possession of Colonel Trant's troops. Sir Arthur Wellesley learned particulars respecting it at Coimbra, and resolved to make it a ready means of turning Franceschi's and Mermet's flank. General Hill approached it cautiously, under cloud of night. The fishermen at first held his corps with astonishment; but, soon comprehending his object, they ran heartily to their boats, took on board as many of his men as they could possibly

accommodate, amounting to about one half of his division, and vied with one another in alacrity to convey them to Ovar. They then returned with all possible speed for the rest, and landed them also at Ovar precisely at sunrise. Had the other parts of the British commander's plan been as well executed, the whole right wing of the French army would have been instantly crushed, and the central part of it also at Oporto struck by surprise.

While the flotilla was navigating the lake, operations were in progress on the right to entrap Franceschi at Albergaria. General Cotton, with the light cavalry, crossing the Vouga a little after midnight, was endeavouring to march round Franceschi's flank into his rear; General Paget, with his division of infantry, starting a little later, was moving through defiles direct upon Franceschi's centre; and Colonel Trant was leading on his corps, and carrying forward guns, between General Paget's line of march and the lake of Ovar. The plan of attack was perfect; but, through some of the many small mischances to which all martial operations are subject,—in this case, mistakes of guides, difficulties of ground, and breaking down of carriages,—it completely failed. Franceschi, getting sufficient warning, took up battle-position, on strong ground, before day-light, placing his small body of infantry in a pine-wood on one side, and disposing his cavalry in line. Cotton arrived, not in his rear or on his flank, but right in his front, so as to get the surprise which he meant to give; and being yet unsupported by any near approach of the main body, felt obliged to decline the combat which Franceschi offered. Colonel Trant's corps soon after arrived, and Franceschi skirmished freely with them, displaying great gallantry, still taunting Cotton to battle, yet evidently ignorant that a powerful supporting force was close at hand. General Paget's division now arrived, with the Commander-in-chief at its head, and at once cleared the pine-wood and turned the French cavalry to flight with scarcely an effort, moving swiftly on in column, as if upon a forced march with not a foe in front. The astonished Franceschi adroitly extricated himself from his perilous position: he retreated, all day, without any confusion and with little loss, to Oliveira de Azemis; and continuing his march during the night, by Feria, joined Mermet next morning at Grijo.

The villages of Albergaria Velha and Albergaria Nova, which the French had occupied, presented fearful evidence of the atrocious spirit in which they continued to carry on their invading war. They had, in mere wantonness and malignity, destroyed everything which was destructible,—smashed the houses, burnt thatch and furniture, wasted food and drink, slaughtered cattle and pigs, and strewn the debris of their devastations along the public road. And in this manner they acted through the whole of their retreat to Oporto. They also gave savage treatment to such of the armed peasantry as fell into their hands, first inflicting on them horrid cruelties, and then hanging them up to die like dogs. The mass of the inhabitants, weltering in woe and reduced to ruin,

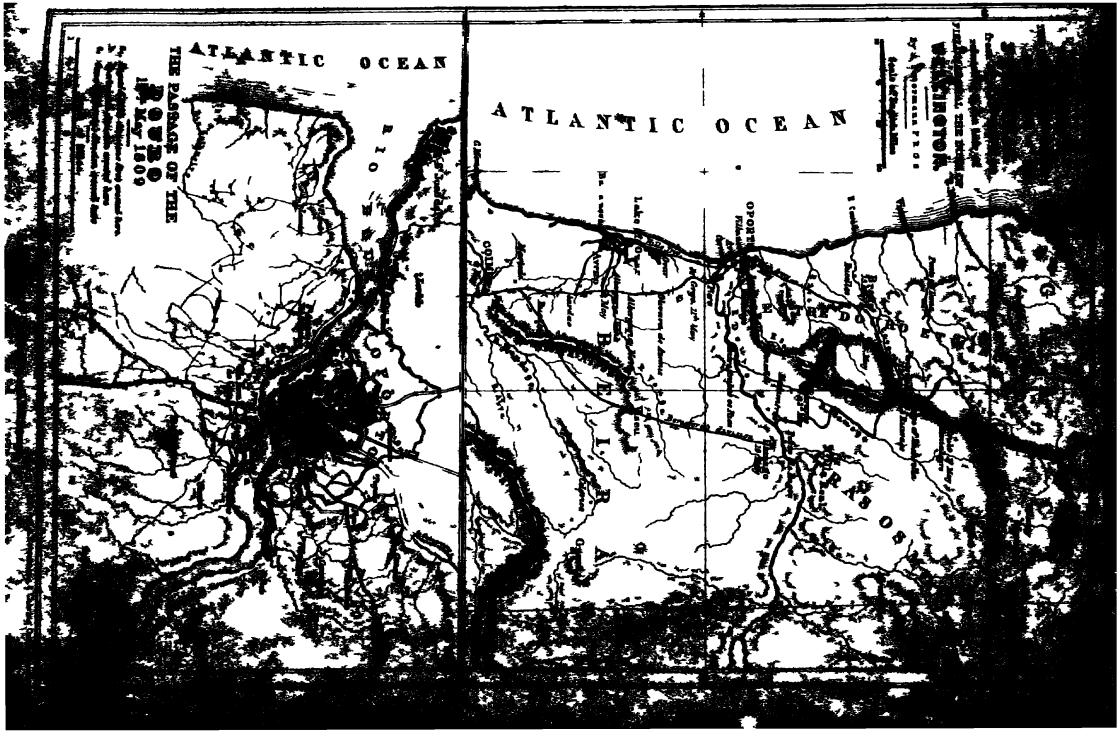
welcomed the British as deliverers, and prayed fervently for the success of their arms; while some, exasperated to madness by the sufferings they had undergone and the desolations they had witnessed, took bloody vengeance on the sick and wounded of the French who were left behind.

General Hill could easily have interposed his division between the retreating French and Oporto; but, in the expectation of an overwhelming attack by the main body, had been strictly ordered to hold himself perfectly fresh for falling into a pell-mell, scattering pursuit. General Sherbrooke's division passed the Vouga late in the forenoon of the 10th, and halted that day at Albergaria. General Paget's division and the cavalry spent the night of the 10th at Oliveira; but started early next morning to renew the pursuit, and at eight o'clock, by rapid marching, came up with the enemy at Grijo. Franceschi and Mermet were no cravens; so that, though now well aware of the great strength opposed to them, they displayed themselves in battle-array. "The position occupied by the French generals," says Lord Londonderry, "was strong in its right and centre; the one resting on a wood filled with tirailleurs,—the other covered in front by villages and enclosures. But the left was the weak point; and the eagle-eye of the British general, at a glance, perceived that it could be turned. Without once halting his column, he ordered General Murray, from the rear of the advanced guard, to move round by the right, throwing, at the same time, the 16th Portuguese into a pine-wood on the left. The latter were intended rather to distract the enemy's attention, than themselves to attempt anything serious; whilst General Paget, supported by two battalions in reserve, manœuvred upon their front. A very heavy firing immediately began; but the enemy no sooner observed the judicious movement round their left, than they abandoned their strong ground and fled. Upon this, our troops were again thrown into column, and the march resumed as if nothing had happened; every movement being made with the same coolness, and in as perfect order, as if at a field day." The French felt galled by the activity of the pursuing cavalry; and after losing a few killed and about an hundred captured, they took advantage of the heights of Carvalho to face round and make another stand. But seeing the prospect of an impetuous attack, they changed their mind, went again into retreat, and quickened their pace, nor once halted till, in the dead of night, they rushed across the Douro. The British halted at dark, part of them resting for the night on the heights of Carvalho and in the surrounding hamlets; and the Commander-in-chief and his staff supped that night in an apartment which had been occupied on the same day by four French generals.

Soult adopted vigorous measures to arrest the British progress at the Douro, and to secure for his own army a leisurely and orderly retreat from Oporto. Though previously resolved to pass speedily into Spain, he had yet no fear of incurring the disgrace and danger of a forced retreat; and though mortified to

find his advanced divisions driven suddenly in from the Vouga, he had every hope of being able to hold his ground firmly, for at least a day, or longer if he pleased, on the north bank of the Douro. This river at Oporto is about three hundred yards wide, and runs between high and rocky banks. Soult stood upon the quay from midnight till four o'clock, on the morning of the 12th, superintending the execution of measures which he believed would render the passage of the river by the British impossible. The bridge of pontoons, the only bridge there, was destroyed. The pontoons were burned. All other boats at the city or near it had previously been collected into one place on the north side, and were now put rigorously under military guard. Strong measures also were adopted, to defend the river below the city. Soult, through some unaccountable fatuity, imagined that the British would make their main, or perhaps only, attempt by means of ships or boats from the sea; and he was confirmed in that delusion by the absurd reports of some of the officers of the right wing of his army, who said that Hill's division must have come up to the lake of Ovar in their boats from the sea. His head-quarters were a little below Oporto; and thither he returned from the quay, in order that he might personally be near the scene of the expected operations. A battalion, with the artillery, he ordered to take post on the quay. Franceschi's division he sent off, after very brief halt, to watch the coast, and to give any British disembarkers there a hot reception. Laborde's division he ordered to support Franceschi's. Mermet's division, after equally brief halt, he sent off in the opposite direction to patrol the right bank of the Douro, and secure all boats on it, as far as to Ballonga and Baltar. He likewise made prompt preparation for the evacuation of Oporto in the course of a day or two,—sending immediately away toward Amarante such of his artillery and baggage as were still in the city,—despatching instructions to Loison, whom he supposed to be still in the vicinity of Lamego, to keep firm possession of his advanced positions,—and doing whatever else seemed necessary to produce an orderly retrogressive concentration of his whole army at Amarante.

Very early on the morning of the 12th, the British were on the march. A detachment, consisting of the German brigade, some squadrons of the 14th dragoons, and two six-pounders, was sent, under General Murray, to attempt to collect boats, and to cross the Douro, at Avintas, about four miles above Oporto. This operation was likely to escape the notice of the enemy, in consequence of the space between Avintas and the city being occupied by a range of heights, abutting so far to the south as to force the Douro into a long graceful sweep round its base. The main body of the army moved direct toward Villa Nova, situated on the left bank of the Douro, opposite the upper end of Oporto; and the advanced guard arrived there before eight o'clock. A low hill, called the height of Serra, flanks the upper side of Villa Nova, bears aloft an Augustinian convent on its summit, and terminates to the north in a bold promontory, over


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looking the river, and forcing it into a rapid curve immediately above the city. The army so approached and concentrated under cover of this hill as to be unseen by the enemy. But how could they get across the river, or attempt to gain footing in Oporto? The stream was wide, deep, and abruptly banked; there were apparently no boats on the hither side; and ten thousand hostile veterans, with all proper appliances of war, were on the further bank. The very thought of attempting to take the army across there was a bolder thing than almost any which had ever been recorded in the annals of war. Yet Sir Arthur Wellesley not only entertained the thought, but speedily contrived to carry it into prompt and perfect execution.

Ascending the highest part of the convent, he swept his eagle eye over all the opposite bank, the adjacent parts of the city, and the line of road to the east. Diagonally opposite to him, on a rising-ground close to the further margin of the river, a little above the extremity of the river's curve, and nearly a mile above the upper extremity of the city, stood a large unfinished building, called the Seminary, originally designed to be the bishop's palace. A high stone wall enclosed an area around it, and descended the slope on both sides to the water's edge. The Seminary commanded everything in its neighbourhood, except a summit which was within cannon-shot, but too pointed to be employed as a battery. The surrounding area was capacious enough to contain at least two battalions in fighting order, and was accessible only through an aperture on its north side, defended by an iron-gate, and fronting the road to Amarante. No French posts were near it; the approach to it from the river was short and easy; and the direct line of passage to it from the hill of Serra was not visible from the city. Horses and baggage were moving along the road to Amarante; clouds of dust were obscuring the air above parts of that road, as if ascending from columns in retreat; no large body of troops appeared in arms on the upper outskirts of the city or near the river; the military guards there were few and far dispersed; and the patroles seemed to be feeble and sluggish, as if totally unexpectant of any danger. The British hero ascertained these facts with the same rapidity of glance with which, in his few moments of reconnoisance, he mastered the features of the field of Assye; and coming to a decision instantly, firmly, with one flash of judgment, now as then, he determined that, if one boat could be found, he would immediately make the Seminary a point d'appui of operations against the city.

His measures were as prompt as his decision. Orders were given to search for a boat; a detachment was sent away to support General Murray; a battery of twenty guns was formed in the garden of the convent, on the summit of Serra, to command the approaches to the Seminary; select bodies of General Paget's and General Hill's divisions were put in readiness to cross to the Seminary in the first boats which could be found; and General Sherbrooke's division was

arranged to act right against the centre of the city by means of any boats which might be sent to them by their comrades or by the inhabitants, amid the confusion of the first alarm. Only one boat, and that a little skiff, could be found,—the property of a poor barber who had, during the night, eluded the vigilance of the French patrol, and passed over to Villa Nova. Colonel Waters, who discovered this—a staff officer, of sharp bold bravery—taking with him the barber and a volunteer monk, sailed across to the upper part of the city, and, without attracting the notice of any of the sentinels, unmoored and brought away four large barges. These arrived at ten o'clock; and an officer reported to Sir Arthur Wellesley that they were ready. "Well," said he, "let the men cross." An officer and twenty-five soldiers of the Buffs immediately entered one of the barges,—and in fifteen minutes were within the enclosure of the Seminary. A second boat followed the first; a third crossed a little higher up the river; and boat succeeded boat in returning and recrossing with the utmost possible quietness and speed.

For a little while, no alarm was apparent, not a French movement visible, not a hostile sound to be heard. Soult, still full of the idea that the British could approach only by means of vessels from the sea, remained in his house below the city, looking from his windows along all the lower stretches of the river to its mouth, watching for the first indications of their appearance. All his chief officers were either faithless to his interests, or full of the same delusion as himself. A subordinate officer reported to one of the generals that the British were crossing: but he was not believed. Even the French governor of the city would not, at first, credit the alarm, but assured Soult that the persons seen upon the river were only some stragglers of Mermet's and Franceschi's divisions, who had not arrived at Villa Nova before the destruction of the bridge. None of the French officers got fairly on the alert till General Foy, going upon high ground opposite the convent, saw the troops crossing, and the Portuguese in the nearest houses welcoming them with signals. But then the alarm struck the city like the fall of a water-spout. Beating of drums, blowing of trumpets, firing of guns, ringing of bells, the rush of soldiers, the hubbub of citizens, and all possible accessaries to noise and confusion, among the French to drive back the British, among the Portuguese to invoke them forward, produced such a tumult as has never been surpassed except amid a sudden bombardment or the rocking of an earthquake. The excitement was tremendous. The French soldiery ran in furious haste, more observant far of speed than of discipline, to give battle at the Seminary; the three divisions of the British infantry pressed close to the river's side, eager for embarkation,—Paget's and Hill's at the foot of the Serra, and Sherbrooke's at the place where the boat-bridge had been cut away from Villa Nova; and multitudes of the citizens rushed headlong to the quay, waving their handkerchiefs to the British in token of welcome, and vying

with one another in the alacrity of unmooring and taking over boats to bring them speedily across.

The whole battalion of the Buffs, with General Paget at their head, was within the enclosure of the Seminary before any of the enemy arrived. But no sooner were they well posted than the French came on, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in great strength and zeal. Soult himself was soon present. A furious contest ensued,—the fire of the French sharp, rapid, and heavy; but the Buffs gallantly held their post, with few casualties and not much difficulty. Two regiments of General Hill's brigade, and afterwards two Portuguese battalions of another brigade, reinforced them as speedily as the boats could ply; yet the arrivals of the French, with corresponding increase in the breadth and fierceness of the attack, were much more rapid. The play of the British battery on the hill of Serra, however, was so strong and so well-directed as to compel the assailants to confine their efforts to the entrance-gate and wall on the Amarante road. General Paget, who had gone up to the roof of the Seminary, received a musket-shot very early in the contest, and was obliged to retire; yet, happily, not till General Hill was on the spot to replace him in the command. The combat at that moment was fearfully critical. Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was intently watching its progress, would then have crossed to direct it in person, but was dissuaded by the officers of his staff, who earnestly represented to him that he could not reach the farther side alive, that hundreds of pieces would be levelled against his barge. His army, however, were then beginning to get across farther down the river, almost by the thousand; and were soon in a condition to make the Frenchmen flee. The delusion of Soult, as to his being vulnerable chiefly on the lower side of the city, had already done much to give us victory; but the rapidity of our own movements had done at least as much, and was now doing more. "It is impossible to say," wrote Sir Arthur next day to the Duke of York, "what induced Soult to be so careless about the boats, particularly near Oporto, as to allow us to land at all at a point so interesting to him as that which we occupied. I rather believe we were too quick for him, and that he had not time to secure the boats on all the points necessary to protect the retreat of his corps."

The brigade of guards and the 29th regiment, in Sherbrooke's division, were supplied so plentifully by the citizens with boats that they got across nearly in a body; and they formed upon the quay without molestation. The excited populace, first in the places fronting the river, and next along the streets, from every window and balcony and standing-place, hailed them with vociferous shouts and phrenzied exultation. The French, forsaking their former delusion that all the danger was in the west, flew at once into the opposite delusion that all the danger was in the east; and knowing also that their only line of retreat was in the east, they ran one and all, with the same fierce speed as their

guard had done, toward the road to Amarante. A wild long shout from the populace told that the lower parts of the city were evacuated. The British guards and the 29th, marching into the vacuity, pressed quickly on the French's rear, and arrived at the vicinity of the Seminary just in time to pour a murderous volley upon a body of artillerymen who were wavering under a sharp sally from General Hill. The firing from the Seminary was now, and had for some time been, most furious. At this moment also appeared General Murray, approaching from Avintas. The contest was now ended; and the French, abandoning their guns, and falling into utter confusion, went off in precipitate flight.

General Murray could easily have struck the fugitives in flank; but, putting some literal interpretation upon his instructions, imagined himself bound to stand inactive. "Had he fallen boldly in upon the disordered crowds," remarks Napier, "their discomfiture would have been complete; but he suffered column after column to pass him, without even a cannon-shot, and seemed fearful lest they should turn and push him into the river. General Charles Stuart and Major Hervey, however, impatient of this inactivity, charged with the two squadrons of dragoons, and rode over the enemy's rear-guard, as it was pushing through a narrow road to gain an open space beyond. Laborde was unhorsed, Foy badly wounded; and on the English side, Major Hervey lost an arm; and his gallant horsemen, receiving no support from Murray, were obliged to fight their way back with loss."

Thus ended one of the most remarkable military achievements known to history. Buonaparte, on hearing of it, declared that "Wellesley was a general fully capable of coping with the very best of his marshals." Napier, on surveying it, rises into one of his finest moods of military analysis, and favours us with the following clear, just, and ample digest:—"If Sir Arthur Wellesley's operation be looked at as a whole, it is impossible to deny his sagacity in planning, his decision and celerity in execution. When he landed at Lisbon, the nation was dismayed by previous defeats, distracted with anarchy, and menaced on two sides by powerful armies, one of which was already in possession of the second city in the kingdom. In twenty-eight days, he had restored public confidence, provided a defence against one adversary, and, having marched two hundred miles through a rugged country, and forced the passage of a great river, caused his other opponent to flee over the frontier without artillery or baggage. Such being the result, it is necessary to show that the success was due, not to the caprice of fortune, but to the talents of the general,—that he was quick to see, and active to strike. And, first, the secrecy and despatch with which the army was collected on the Vouga belongs entirely to the man; for there were many obstacles to overcome; and D'Argenton, as the sequel proved, would, by his disclosures, have ruined Sir Arthur's combinations, if the latter had not providently given him a false view of affairs. The subsequent march from the Vouga

to the Douro was, in itself, no mean effort; for it must be recollected that this rapid advance against an eminent commander and a veteran army of above twenty thousand men, was made with a heterogeneous force, of which only sixteen thousand men were approved soldiers, the remainder being totally unformed by discipline, untried by battle, and, only three weeks before, were in a state of open mutiny. The passage of the Douro at Oporto would, at first sight, seem a rash undertaking; but when examined closely, it proves to be an example of consummate generalship, both in the conception and the execution. The careless watch maintained by the French may, indeed, be called fortunate, because it permitted the English general to get a few men over unperceived; but it was not twenty-five, nor twenty-five hundred, soldiers that could have maintained themselves if heedlessly cast on the other side. Sir Arthur, when he so coolly said, 'Let them cross,' was prepared to protect them when they had crossed. He did not give that order until he knew that Murray had found boats at Avintas to ferry over a considerable number of troops, and consequently that that general, descending the Douro, could cover the right flank of the Seminary, while the guns planted on the heights of Serra could sweep the left flank, and search all the ground enclosed by the wall round the building. If General Murray's troops only had passed, they would have been compromised; if the whole army had made the attempt at Avintas, its march would have been discovered; but in the double passage, all was secured,—the men in the Seminary by the guns, by the strength of the building, and by Murray's troops,—the latter, by the surprise on the town, which drew the enemy's attention away from them. Hence, it was only necessary to throw a few brave men into the Seminary unperceived, and then the success was almost certain; because, while that building was maintained, the troops in the act of crossing could neither be prevented nor harmed by the enemy. To attain great objects by simple means is the highest effort of genius. If General Murray had attacked vigorously, the ruin of the French army would have ensued. It was an opportunity that would have tempted a blind man to strike."

Not the least remarkable circumstance attendant on Sir Arthur Wellesley's success—a collateral evidence, at the same time, of the wisdom of his plans, and the dexterity of their execution—was the comparatively small amount of his loss. This, at Albergaria and Grijo, in killed, wounded, and missing, was 102; and at Oporto was 23 killed, 96 wounded, and 2 missing. The French lost about 500 men in killed and wounded, and about twice as many by capture. They also lost five pieces of cannon in the action at the Seminary; and they left behind them in Oporto about a thousand soldiers in the hospitals, eight ammunition tumbrils, a considerable quantity of stores, and fifty dismounted cannons. The detachment which had, on the morning of the 12th, been posted near the mouth of the river, incurred great risk of being taken prisoners; but, with the guid-

ance of some of the French party among the natives, they escaped across the country during the afternoon and night, so as to effect a junction with Soult's main body in its retreat.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, on the afternoon of the 12th, immediately after ascertaining the general state of the French hospitals, wrote a letter to Soult in French, and despatched it after him, stating that he purposed to take the utmost possible care of the French sick and wounded who had fallen into his power,—that, finding them unprovided with medical attendants, being reluctant to intrust them to the bungling native practitioners of Oporto, and not having more medical officers in his camp than were required for the exigencies of his own army, he begged Soult to send a sufficient number of medical attendants,—that, as soon as any he might send should finish their duty to the French sick and wounded, they would be sent safely back to the French camp,—and that he would be happy to establish a cartel with Soult for an exchange of prisoners. The French marshal did not reply to this letter: but it is believed that he was hindered from doing so, only from prudential regard to the faithlessness of some of his officers, and the ferocity of almost his whole army, amid the horrors of their retreat. The British hero, however, did not permit the French discourtesy to produce any abatement in his humanity; for he sacredly redeemed his voluntary promise to take the utmost care he could of the French sick and wounded, and three days afterwards, he wrote as follows to the admiral in command of the fleet on the Portuguese coast:—"We have taken about two thousand sick, wounded, and prisoners at and near Oporto. I should therefore be much obliged if you would send transports to take them to England. I think they should have two tons per man, as many of them are severely wounded."

Oporto, on the afternoon and night after the entry of the British army, exhibited scenes very different from those which had followed the entry of the French. Deliverance was now given to it instead of desolation. Rejoicing and feasting took the place of lamentation and wailing. Every house was illuminated, and every street rang with the shouts and songs of mirth. The native authorities walked forth once more with confidence. The British soldiers were everywhere welcomed as benefactors, caressed as friends, or regarded as carrying a title in their achievements to the best accommodations in the city. The Commander-in-chief and his suite at once found princely quarters, simply by walking into the mansion just vacated by the suite of the French marshal; and—as historians and collectors of anecdotes love to tell, in illustration of the fickle chances of war—they immediately sat down to a dinner which had been carefully cooked for Soult.

None of the British soldiers, however, least of all the Commander-in-chief, could spend any of that precious day in merriment or relaxation. All were intensely busy either in completing the duties of the victory, or in preparing for

the duties of the pursuit. Portions of the army had still to cross the river when the contest terminated; all the artillery, the stores, and the baggage had afterwards to be taken over; and both the labours of gathering up the relics of the French army, and those of making arrangements for pursuing it, had also to be done. Sir Arthur Wellesley, according to his custom on such a day, besides attending to all communications and issuing all necessary orders in all departments, was in a whirl of penmanship at the desk. He wrote, as we have seen, to Soult. He wrote a long despatch to Lord Castlereagh, giving a full account of the achievement of the day, with minute notes of all the meritorious officers who had been engaged. And he also wrote two letters to Marshal Beresford and one to the naval captain commanding off Oporto. His second letter to Marshal Beresford is so characteristic, gives such a soldierly vidimus of the victory, speaks with such dash about the consequences, that we must copy it:—"I wrote to you at twelve to inform you that the enemy had left this town, excepting their small guards, and that my troops are passing over. As soon as one battalion, the Buffs, had passed, the enemy made a most furious attack upon them, which they continued for about two hours. We threw over reinforcements as fast as we could; but the most we could do was to send over the remainder of Hill's brigade and the Portuguese battalion, which corps defended themselves most gallantly, and we ended by obtaining a complete victory. We have taken some pieces of cannon, how many I cannot say, many prisoners, killed vast numbers; and the infantry went off towards Vallongo and Amarante in the utmost confusion. Some of the cavalry went the same way. I am much afraid that we shall not be able to march till the day after to-morrow. I have received your letter of the 9th. Keep Villa Real if you can do so with safety, and depend upon my being close upon the heels of the French."

Nor, notwithstanding the general exultation in Oporto, did all the citizens abandon themselves to joy. Many indulged busily and bitterly in a far different spirit. They had writhed indignantly under oppressions, plunderings, and cruelties inflicted by the French army; and now they ran to wreak revenge on the dying, and indignity on the dead. Some looked chiefly for booty, by stripping their victims, and leaving them in nakedness; while others looked for blood, by maltreating both men and horses, and dragging their bodies through the streets till the gutters became reddened with gore. The revengeful passion increased as the night rolled on, till in the morning it sought gratification at the door of the hospitals, or wherever else a Frenchman was likely to be found. The British hero felt roused to crush this truculency at once and firmly by the weight of his authority; and on the 13th, having first appointed Colonel Trant to act as temporary governor of the city, he issued the following proclamation:—"The French troops having been expelled from this town by the superior gallantry and discipline of the army under my command, I call upon the inhabitants of

Oporto to be merciful to the wounded and prisoners. By the laws of war they are entitled to my protection, which I am determined to afford them; and it will be worthy of the generosity and bravery of the Portuguese nation not to revenge the injuries which have been done to them on these unfortunate persons, who can only be considered as instruments in the hands of the more powerful, who are still in arms against us. I therefore call upon the inhabitants of this town to remain peaceably in their dwellings. I forbid all persons not military to appear in the streets with arms; and I give notice that I shall consider any person who shall injure any of the wounded, or of the prisoners, as guilty of the breach of my orders I have appointed Colonel Trant to command in this town till the pleasure of the Government shall be known; and I have ordered him to take care that this proclamation is obeyed."

CHAPTER XXI.

LOISON'S RETREAT FROM THE TAMEGA—SOULT'S RETREAT INTO GALLICIA—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S PURSUIT OF SOULT—THE SKIRMISH OF SALAMONDE—TERMINATION OF THE PURSUIT AT MONTALEGRE—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S RETURN TO OPORTO—HIS EMBARRASSMENTS THERE—DISAFFECTION AMONG THE OFFICERS OF HIS ARMY.

MARSHAL Beresford, when sent forward from Coimbra to Lamego, was not expected to do more than prevent the French from retreating into Spain by way of Villa Real, and compel them to deflect toward Bragança or Chaves. The co-operation of Silveira seemed unpromising; and his own troops appeared still raw and unsteady. Yet on his driving back the French outposts in the vicinity of Lamego, he found sudden inducement to attempt a considerable exploit. The French retired pusillanimously before him; Silveira was already at Villa Real, and advanced thence to aid him; so that he moved right on to the vicinity of Amarante, skirmishing all the way with the French rear-guard. He drove in Loison's outposts at the bridge of Amarante, and got possession of the left bank of the Tamega there on the 12th, nearly at the same moment as the victory of Oporto. He owed his success, however, not to his own skill or bravery, but to the faithlessness or the perversity of Loison,—who, on the evening of that day, reported himself able to withstand Beresford with a single regiment,—yet was either so treacherous toward Soult, or so strongly seized with one of those fits of cowardice to which all ruffianly men are occasionally subject, that, in the course of the following night, he stealthily marched out to the west, leaving to Beresford undisputed access to the immediate perfect occupancy of both the bridge and the town.

This relinquishment of Amarante by the French without one blow, was incomparably more wonderful than their capture of it a few days before by ingenious stratagem, after prolonged and costly effort. "When General Loison," remarks Napier, "suffered Marshal Beresford to drive him from Pezo de Ragoa and Mezamfrio, (on the Douro, in the vicinity of Lamego,) he committed a grave military error; but when he abandoned Amarante, he relinquished all claim to military reputation, as a simple statement of facts will prove. The evening of the 12th, he wrote to Soult that one regiment had easily repulsed the whole of the enemy's forces; yet he, although at the head of six thousand men, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, that night and without another shot being fired, abandoned the only passage by which, as far as he knew, the rest of the army could

escape from its perilous situation with honour. It was not General Loison's fault if England did not triumph a second time for the capture of a French marshal."

Soult's army, in its flight from Oporto, was not long in disorder, but soon rallied and re-formed. The surprise which it had suffered from the British commander's masterly attack, and the scattering defeat which it had sustained from the impetuous bravery of his troops, were speedily followed by a complete resumption of its accustomed cool organization. Soult, within an hour or so after leaving the city, seemed to have sustained no further disaster than the loss of his guns, the loss of his killed and wounded, and the necessity of retreating earlier and more quickly than he had intended. His army looked to be as formidable as ever,—the excitement of its blood promising to compensate for the diminution of its numbers; and his own high spirit was grandly on the alert to wipe away the disgrace which had been incurred. He sent forward a special order to Loison to hold fast the bridge of Amarante firmly and at any cost; and doubting nothing that that order would be obeyed, he led his army leisurely on, under cover of a powerful rear-guard, in the clear hope of marching smoothly forward to his proposed theatre of subsequent operations, in the country of Salamanca.

But early in the morning, just after he had passed the Souza rivulet, little more than half way from Oporto to Penafiel, he got intelligence that Loison had abandoned Amarante, and was retreating to Guimaraens on the road to Braga. What could he do then? An impenetrable pass was before him; the victorious British army was behind him; the Tagus, together with a strong country, all in possession of his foes, was on his right; and a long, lofty, rugged range of mountain, untracked by one carriage-road, and apparently bewildering for pedestrians, was on his left. The weather also was tempestuous; the troops were fatigued, and the officers, when they learned what had happened, were struck with dismay. Some voices whispered, or even spoke aloud, a suggestion to surrender; and had any one of many military leaders of high though secondary character been in his place, he would have unhesitatingly adopted it. Soult, however, had already earned the reputation of being one of the ablest of Buonaparte's marshals; and he now proved, and proved also throughout the rest of the retreat, that he deserved that reputation. Finding a Spanish pedlar who knew a practicable path over the mountains, he took him for a guide, and promptly prepared to follow him. The horses and mules were laden with sick men and musket ammunition, the baggage and stores were destroyed, the few pieces of artillery which had been brought away were also destroyed, and even the military chest was abandoned. "As the treasure could not be transported, every one was allowed to take what he could of it. But there was too much haste and alarm for either officers or men to profit largely by this license. Some chests which

could not readily be forced open were abandoned by the soldiers; and the greater number were so placed as to be blown to pieces when the guns were burst."

The path over the mountains proved to be a wild one, and the rain fell incessantly in torrents; but the army went resolutely on till, after hours of toilsome climbing, they surmounted the summit-land, and found comparative relief in descending toward the vale of the Ave. On reaching the low ground, they were unexpectedly joined by the division of General Lorge, which had been posted on the Lima, and was on its march to Amarante; and on reaching Guimaraens, they fell in with the division of Loison. Thus, by singular accidents, not only without concert but against it, were the whole of Soult's forces concentrated. The direct route now, both for ease of road and for the shortest distance into Spain, was north-westward to Braga. This also was the only one from Guimaraens, except retrogradely to Amarante, which was traversable by artillery; and undoubtedly it was the route which most commanders, situated as Soult then was, would have taken. But he calculated from the slackness of the pursuit at a few miles from Oporto, that the main strength of the British army must have been directed upon Braga,—which lay much nearer Oporto by the proper road than by the course which he had pursued; and he inferred that, if he went thither, he either would be arrested there by his victorious enemy, or obliged to force his way past them fighting, with the loss of Lorge's and Loison's guns and baggage in battle, and with such disastrous effect on the spirits of his men as might induce most or all to surrender or revolt. He therefore resolved to pass over another range of mountains into the valley of the Cavado, to leave Braga and the road toward it to the left, and to prepare for this wild march by destroying Lorge's and Loison's guns and baggage, as he had prepared for the equally wild one of the previous day by destroying his own.

The weather continued to be dreadful,—scarcely less so than during the retreat of Sir John Moore; and but for the milder temperature of the season, it would have been more so. The army, however, surmounted every difficulty, succumbed to no privation, and arrived late in the evening of the 14th on the farther side of the mountain. Yet Soult saw a very visible tendency to disorganizement; and, suspecting that disaffection was strongly at work, or that a mutiny or a surrender might suddenly occur,—the more so as some officers, with Loison at their head, once more talked loudly of a convention,—he halted a short time, on the morning of the 15th, to adopt preventive measures, alike ingenious and inspiriting. He was then a few miles due east of Braga, on the very ground where he had so signally overthrown the Portuguese army under General Eben on his advance to the south, killing upwards of 3,000 of them on the spot, and driving all the rest into headlong flight; and there, on that field of consummate victory, he drew up his army in battle array, to let them see themselves in full martial spectacle, and inhale back their spirit of conquering

bravery. The device exactly suited their peculiar temperament; and the effect of it was magical. The army were all orderly, all lively again,—ready to move like a machine at the Marshal's bidding. And he then put Loison in command of the advanced-guard and took himself the command of the rear-guard. This was a more dexterous stroke of policy than even the first. He thus cut off all opportunity of communicating with the British or sneaking to the rear; and at the same time kept a general in the van, who had been so desperately committed against the Portuguese by his atrocious conduct in the time of Junot—was so universally abhorred by them in consequence of a busy circulation of exaggerated tales of his devilishness—that he would be compelled in self-defence, at every step, to maintain the fiercest and most vigilant spirit of a warrior. "The front which was to fight its way through the native forces had now a commander whose very name called up all the revengeful passions of the Portuguese. Maneta durst not surrender: and the Duke of Dalmatia dexterously forced those to act with most zeal who were least inclined to serve him; and in sooth, such was his perilous situation that all the resources of his mind and all the energy of his character were needed to save the army."

Soult, on the 15th, marched eastward, up the valley of the Cavado, to Salamonde, intending if possible to pass right on thence to Chaves. But he learned there that the road to Chaves, only a few miles onward, was blocked by a strong body of Portuguese, with artillery, defending a broken bridge in a ravine. There was only one other road by which he could escape, the road going northward from Salamonde to Montalegre; and he learned also that a party had been seen since the morning destroying the Ponte Nova which conducted that road over the Cavado river. "The night," says Napier, "was setting in; the soldiers were harassed, barefooted, and starving; the ammunition was damp with the rain, which had never ceased since the 13th, and which was now increasing in violence, accompanied with storms of wind; the British army would certainly fall upon the rear in the morning; and if the Ponte Nova, where the guard was reported to be weak, could not be secured, the hour of surrender was surely arrived. In this extremity, Soult sent for Major Dulong,—an officer justly reputed for one of the most daring in the French ranks. Addressing himself to this brave man, he said, 'I have chosen you from the whole army to seize the Ponte Nova, which has been cut by the enemy. Do you choose an hundred grenadiers and twenty-five horsemen; endeavour to surprise the guards, and secure the passage of the bridge. If you succeed, say so, but send no other report; your silence will suffice.' Thus exhorted, Dulong selected his men, and departed. Favoured by the storm, he reached the bridge unperceived of the Portuguese, killed the sentinel before any alarm was given, and then, followed by twelve grenadiers, began crawling along a narrow slip of masonry, which was the only part of the bridge undestroyed. The Cavado river was in full flood,

and roaring in a deep channel. One of the grenadiers fell into the gulf, but the noise of the storm and the river was louder than his cry. Dulong, with the eleven, still creeping onwards, reached the other side, and falling briskly on the first posts of the peasants, killed or dispersed the whole. At that moment, the remainder of his men advanced close to the bridge; and some crossing, others mounting the heights, shouting and firing, scared the Portuguese supporting-posts, who imagined the whole army was upon them; and thus the passage was gallantly won. At four o'clock, the bridge being repaired, the advanced guards of the French commenced crossing; but as the column of march was long, and the road narrow and rugged, the troops filed over very slowly; and beyond the Ponte Nova there was a second obstacle still more formidable. For the pass in which the troops were moving being cut in the side of a mountain, open on the left for several miles, at last came upon a torrent called the Miravella, which, breaking down a deep ravine, or rather gulf, was only to be crossed by a bridge, constructed with a single lofty arch, called the Saltador or leaper, and so narrow that only three persons could pass abreast. Fortunately for the French, the Saltador was not cut, but entrenched and defended by a few hundred Portuguese peasants, who occupied the rocks on the farther side; and here the good soldier Dulong again saved the army; for when a first and second attempt had been repulsed with loss, he carried the entrenchments by a third effort; but at the same instant fell deeply wounded himself. The head of the column now poured over, and it was full time, for the English guns were thundering in the rear, and the Porte Nova was choked with dead."

Sir Arthur Wellesley has been censured by some military critics for not instantly and hotly pursuing Soult from Oporto. And had he known that Loison was losing hold of Amarante, that Beresford was strong on the Tamega, that Soult would be brought to bay at the Souza rivulet, he no doubt, by an instant headlong pursuit, might have destroyed or captured every man of the retreating army. But he neither knew these things, nor could possibly suspect them. He could not reasonably hope more respecting Beresford than that he was somewhere about Villa Real, or better respecting the French than that they would march by a clear road, from Amarante, toward either Chaves or Braga; and he had to consider that, if they should take the latter route, he would achieve all the purposes of pursuit incomparably better by sending his main force, in a refreshed state, forty or fifty hours afterwards, along the direct road to Braga than by sending it, fatigued and ill-provisioned, immediately along the road to Amarante. His troops were all exhausted by four days' rapid marching and skirmishing through a difficult country; they had likewise so far outmarched their supplies that, in less than forty-eight hours, they could not be furnished for efficient pursuit with requisite means of sustenance and action; and at the moment of the victory also, a large number of them, together with all their artillery and all

their stores, were still on the south side of the Douro. Clearly, therefore, when all the circumstances are considered, Sir Arthur acted with as sound a judgment in deciding against instant pursuit after the victory of Oporto as in deciding for it after the victory of Vimiera.

On the morning of the 13th, Sir Arthur sent General Murray with the German brigade to give short slack pursuit on the road to Amarante; for he could not in prudence instruct him to pursue hotly, lest, by provoking some severe recoil from Soult, a disaster should be incurred which, in the fickle, faltering, querulous state of the public mind in Britain, might induce the ministry to recall the army. In the evening of the same day, he learned that Soult had deflected at the Souza rivulet to pass over the mountain toward the valley of the Cavado: and then, supposing this to have arisen from Marshal Beresford's operations on the Tamega, he put his main force in readiness to march early next morning to the north, and sent immediately a reinforcement of cavalry to General Murray, with instructions to that officer to open a communication with Beresford, and with instructions to Beresford to ascend the Tamega and take post at Chaves. There being two routes by which Soult might attempt to retreat from the valley of the Cavado, the one through Salamonde by way of either Chaves or Montalegre, and the other through Ponte Lima by way of Valença and Tuy, the main body of the British army marched, on the morning of the 14th, in two columns, the one directed toward Braga on the way to Salamonde, and the other directed toward Bucelles on the way to Ponte Lima. But in the evening of that day, Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was with the right column, became certain, from the movements of the enemy's detachments in the neighbourhood of Braga, that he intended to move upon Salamonde; and he then sent orders to the general commanding the left column to deflect eastward to Braga, and to Marshal Beresford, in the event of Soult going not toward Chaves but toward Montalegre, to push on before him to Monterey and Villarey. Beresford had been so alert as to anticipate the former orders to march his corps upon Chaves, and had also sent Silveira to occupy two passes in the vicinity of Salamonde; but both Silveira in the execution of Beresford's orders, and Beresford himself in the execution of Sir Arthur Wellesley's present orders, were too late to do any service.

Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived at Braga on the 15th, while Soult was approaching Salamonde and General Murray was at Guimaraens. Leaving Braga on the morning of the 16th, he arrived, about four o'clock, at Salamonde. Soult's rear-guard was still there, covering the passage of the rest of his army over the bridges; and was drawn up in strong battle position, its right well protected by a ravine, and its left occupying a steep hill. The British hero instantly prepared to attack it with his brigade of guards: and an eye-witness—General Mackinnon, who has been esteemed a military critic of the highest eminence—says, "I was near Sir Arthur, by his orders, when the attack was about to com-

mence; and if I had never seen him but at that moment, I could decide upon his being a man of a great mind." The French made but one discharge, and then fled in disorder, with the loss of many prisoners. The British were hindered by ignorance of the locality, the ruggedness of the ground, and the incumbrance of their guns, from keeping close upon their skirts, and did not again come within range of them till the vicinity of the Ponte Nova. But the French were huddled together there in fearful panic and horrible confusion,—suffering nearly as much injury from one another's terror, as they could have suffered from an ordinary hostile onset,—hurrying onward, in wild haste, and with suffocating pressure, to the narrow bridge,—jostling one another on the bridge's slender ledge, so as to make many an one topple into the gulf below,—and the successful stragglers over the Cavado trampling one another down again in a rivalry of speed to get over the bridge of the Misarella. It was dusk before the British guns got within range; and they played for a while upon what seemed a confused dark mass around the Ponte Nova; and then the assailants, not caring to continue operations on most difficult and perilous ground with whose localities they were unacquainted, withdrew to Salamonde for the night.

The pursuit, being resumed early next morning, led at once into scenes of horror. Every turn of the road, strewn with dead bodies, and cumbered with arms, accoutrements, and small baggage, showed how severely the French army had been pressed. The bridge across the Cavado, or rather the whole access to it, was so choked with the carcases of men and horses, slain there by the grape and canister of the preceding night's cannonade, as to be nearly impassable. And the tract beyond the Cavado on to the gorge of the Misarella and for some distance beyond, besides being strewn with corpses, horses' carcases, hamstrung mules, arms, accoutrements, and knapsacks, was strewn also with articles of rich plunder—silver plate, embroidered tapestry, jewels, gems, coins—which had been brought away from Oporto, and "were at length unwillingly disgorged, and dropped, like golden fruit, in the path of the pursuers, to retard their speed." The British commander turned aside to the little village of Ruivaes, on the right bank of the Cavado, two or three miles above the Ponte Nova, on the road thence to Chaves, to remain there a few hours till he should ascertain whether Soult would go right on toward Montalegre, or would attempt to pass over the mountains toward Chaves; and in the afternoon, he wrote thence to the British ambassador at Lisbon a brief account of his operations from the time of leaving Oporto up to that moment, and added—"Soult is gone to Montalegre. Baptiste is upon one flank, and Silveira between him and Chaves, and I shall follow him to-morrow if he does not turn toward Chaves. He has lost everything,—cannon, ammunition, baggage, military chest; and his retreat is, in every respect, even in weather, a pendant for the retreat to Corunna. If I do not overtake him or intercept him, I shall at least have forced him into Gallicia in a

state so crippled that he can do no harm; and he may be destroyed by Romana, if he has any force at all."

The French reached Montalegre on the 17th, and departed thence on the morning of the 18th. Silveira, approaching from the side of Chaves, entered Montalegre soon after they left it; but, instead of pursuing them, put his men into quarters. The British, coming up from Ruivaes, arrived somewhat later; and some of the cavalry, followed by the brigade of guards, went forward till they again got sight of the enemy: but, finding him drawn up in force, on strong ground behind the Salas, where they could not hope to make any impression upon him, they did not attempt to molest him. Marshal Beresford, at the same time, was in the vicinity of Monterey; and Colonel Talbot, with the 14th dragoons, attached to Beresford's corps, pushed forward as far as Ginjo; but was there so smartly confronted by Franceschi, who wheeled round to charge him, that he felt obliged to retire. The French, to use Sir Arthur Wellesley's own phrase, were now "out of their scrape." They were fleeing by a mountain-path where, disencumbered of all their guns and baggage, they could easily make progress, but where their pursuers, laden with the proper muniments of action, could not readily follow,—where a few infantry, light of foot, could find strong ground at every turn for making a successful stand, but where any number of cavalry could have no scope for attempting an efficient charge. They, therefore, escaped from further molestation; and on the evening of the 18th, they crossed the Portuguese frontier at Allaritz,—on the 19th, they entered Orense.

But their privations and their atrocities, all the way from Oporto to that point, were frightful. They had not a blink of fair weather, they could rarely obtain any other food than parched maize, and would have been glad to have got enough of even that; they were usually on the march, or at least on their feet, from three o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night; they suffered frequent alarms, and were in constant dread of the pursuers; and very many of them either died of fatigue and hunger, or lay down in desperation to fall into the hands of the British troops or of the avenging peasantry. Yet, in spite of their sufferings, their debility, their imminent peril, and their urgent need of haste, they all along made profuse expenditure of both strength and time in wreaking ruffianly wrath upon the inhabitants of the country. The whole line of their retreat was tracked not more distinctly with the debris of their own flight than with the blood of their murders, the wreck of their plunderings, and the fire and smoke of their devastations. And the outraged peasantry, in many instances, made awful retaliation on the stragglers, mocking the miseries of the exhausted, inflicting mutilation and torture on the sick, and sometimes seeming as if they tried to heap on each one of their victims the utmost possible measure of retribution.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, writing to Lord Castlereagh from Montalegre, says,

"I here found that the enemy had taken a road through the mountains towards Orense, by which it would be difficult, if not impossible, for me to overtake him, and on which I had no means of stopping him. He commenced this retreat, as I have informed your Lordship, by destroying a great proportion of his guns and ammunition. He afterwards destroyed the remainder of both, and a great proportion of his baggage, and kept nothing excepting what the soldiers or a few mules could carry. He has left behind him his sick and wounded; and the road from Penafiel to Montalegre is strewed with the carcases of horses and mules, and of French soldiers who were put to death by the peasantry before our advanced guard could save them. This last circumstance is the natural effect of the species of warfare which the enemy have carried on in this country. Their soldiers have plundered and murdered the peasantry at their pleasure; and I have seen many persons hanging in the trees by the sides of the road, executed for no reason that I could learn, excepting that they have not been friendly to the French invasion and usurpation of the government of their country; and the route of their column, on their retreat, could be traced by the smoke of the villages to which they set fire. We have taken about 500 prisoners. Upon the whole the enemy has not lost less than a fourth of his army, and all his artillery and equipments, since we attacked him on the Vouga. I hope your Lordship will believe that no measure which I could take was omitted to intercept the enemy's retreat. It is obvious, however, that if an army throws away all its cannon, equipments, and baggage, and everything which can strengthen it and can enable it to act together as a body, and abandons all those who are entitled to its protection, but add to its weight and impede its progress, it must be able to march by roads through which it cannot be followed, with any prospect of being overtaken, by an army which has not made the same sacrifices. It is impossible to say too much of the exertions of the troops. The weather has been very bad indeed. Since the 13th the rain has been constant, and the roads in this difficult country almost impracticable. But they have persevered in the pursuit to the last, and have been generally on their march from day-light in the morning till dark."

Sir Arthur Wellesley, even though he had possessed the means of still overtaking or even intercepting Soult, probably would have done well to stop where he did. Soult, when halting to draw breath at Orense, was in very nearly as disabled a condition, from doing any early service in the war, as Junot had been when embarking in the British transports at Lisbon; so that Sir Arthur, by driving him thither in that condition, and leaving him there, achieved practically all the same beneficial results as those which flowed from the convention of Cintra, without incurring any of the trouble or expense, and without having his attention in any degree distracted from his other high duties in Portugal. Soult's army, it will be remembered, was but half of the enemy whom he had

immediately to contend with; and the sooner and more completely he could be done with it, the better would he be able to operate against Victor. He no doubt, therefore, saw cause for congratulation in feeling himself free to turn away from Soult; and so soon as next morning, when he had retrograded but a few miles from Montalegre, he found that his relinquishment of the pursuit there had been opportune; for he then got intelligence that Victor was making demonstrations which seemed to require his immediate presence on the Tagus. He perhaps thought also that to drive Soult to desperation, or even put him to his utmost mettle, among the wild, strong fastnesses of the gorge-cut mountains, would scarcely have been good military policy. Never was there a more masterly retreat, never one fuller of bravery, inventiveness, skill, and defiance, than that which Soult had conducted from the Souza rivulet to Montalegre; and no man was better able to appreciate its difficulties and achievements, the genius and the heroism of it, than Sir Arthur Wellesley. He could not fail to see now, even if he had not known before, that Soult was a strategist of the highest grade, able to give him much trouble anywhere, specially able to make ample use of the natural strengths of an intricate country, and possibly not unqualified to lead him as dizzy a chase among the glens of the Peninsula, though not so long an one, as Dhoondiah had done among the jungles of India. Nor could the French marshal feel less than the highest respect for the British hero. Whatever he had thought of him before the opening of the campaign on the Vouga, he clearly felt him to be the ablest commander with whom he had ever grappled, long before he reached Montalegre. The passage of the Douro might possibly have been pronounced by a beaten antagonist an affair of fortune; but the pursuit, in an encompassing curve from Braga all round to Chaves, could not by any ingenuity be interpreted otherwise than as a product of supereminent skill. "The marches and encounters, from the 14th to the 17th," remarks Napier, "were excellent on both sides. Like the wheelings and buffeting of two vultures in the air, the generals contended, the one for safety, the other for triumph."

Sir Arthur Wellesley no sooner withdrew his attention from Soult than he turned it earnestly against Victor. Writing to General Mackenzie, from Ruivaes on the 19th, he says, "I received this morning, near Montalegre, your letters of the 15th, the one announcing the approach of the French to Alcantara, and the other their being in possession of the bridge. I have come here this day in consequence of your letters, and I shall not stop until I reach the Tagus. The troops will to-morrow commence their march towards the same point; and before a week shall have elapsed, some of them will be to the southward of the Mondego. If you should be menaced on the side of Alemtejo, break up the bridge of Abrantes, and secure the boats upon the Tagus; and if you have had only half the rain that we have had, I defy the French to cross. If you are attacked only on the side of Alcantara, you have nothing to fear; the enemy

cannot penetrate by that road if vigorously opposed." Sir Arthur also wrote on the same day to Mr. Villiers, and on the four following days to Mr. Frere, General Mackenzie, Mr. Villiers, General Cuesta, and the Marquis de la Romana, on a great variety of subjects tending to secure the efficiency of the operations against Victor. He likewise concentrated all his forces at Braga, including the brigades under Marshal Beresford,—led them on to Oporto,—and put them in order there for immediately marching to the south; thinking it quite sufficient to leave Silveira, with the militia and some regular battalions, to defend the northern provinces.

But at his triumph over Soult, at his rush against Victor, as at every other crisis in his military career, the British hero found that operations in the field were the smallest of his duties; for then, as always, he felt obliged to act a prominent part in the general drama of politics and diplomacy, and to act also as superintendent in almost everything which affected the wellbeing or efficiency of his army and its allies. His path at Oporto was beset with embarrassments. He arrived there on the 21st, but could not get away till the morning of the 25th. Difficulties and perplexities, great and various—some of them totally irrelevant to his proper duties, and all of a kind which ought never to have come across him—combined to oppress his mind and impede his activity. The chief of these were the bad state of his military chest, the old plague of the commissariat, the wretched condition of his army's equipments, the entanglements in Portugal's and Britain's political relations with Spain, the proper disposal of the public property which had been taken from the French in Oporto, the disinclination of rich Portuguese civilians to render due assistance to the war, the insubordination of influential military officers in the Portuguese service, and the prevalence of jealousy and dissatisfaction among the officers of the British army.

Sir Arthur had been embarrassed by scarcity of money during his operations against Soult; but now he had not a farthing. He had, a few days before, been promised a remittance from Lisbon; but now he neither had received it, nor expected to receive it. He required money, not only for current expenditure, but also for essential re-equipments; yet was left to find all he wanted, or at least all he could get, in the best way he could, from the local resources of Oporto. He was in a thorough "fix," and began to apprehend that the British government, in their Peninsular enterprize, had undertaken a matter beyond their pecuniary means. "In truth, however," says Alison, "the finances of Great Britain, as the event proved, were fully equal to the strain; and the difficulty arose entirely from the extraordinary scarcity of specie at that crisis in the British islands, arising in some degree perhaps from the profuse though unavoidable issue of paper to carry on the prodigious mercantile operations and national expenditure of the period, but much more from the vast consumption and requisition of the French and Austrian armies during the campaign on the

Danube, which caused every guinea to be bought up at an extravagant premium for the use of these continental armies." But however clear the cause might be, the freezing effect of the want of money was none the less intense and congealing.

The state of the commissariat, too, both now and for a long time afterwards, in spite of all Sir Arthur's labours and ingenious general orders to amend it, was harassing. Though food had been ever so plentiful, entire brigades of the army were at all times liable to be starved, in consequence of the blundering and fitful methods of distributing it. Nor could the necessary means be found for forming magazines and transporting stores. "I cannot be certain of the subsistence of this army," wrote Sir Arthur to Mr. Villiers on the 22d, "unless the Portuguese Governor will let us have 300 or 400 good mules, with saddles and drivers. It is ridiculous in Portugal that that number cannot be found." The army's efficiency, to say nothing of its comfort, was grievously marred also by the want of certain heavy articles of equipment and subsistence which could be obtained only from Lisbon or from Britain, and by the want of ready means of conveying these into the interior; insomuch that nothing short of Sir Arthur's earnest personal management could open a prospect of even remote supply and remedy. For example, on the 24th, he felt obliged to write to Mr. Villiers as follows:—"We are sadly in want of shoes, and the carts upon the road from Lisbon to Coimbra have been so ill used that I fear we cannot depend upon the communication; and if we could, I believe we should receive them sooner by sea. It will require 40 carts to bring up 20,000 pairs of shoes, which we want; and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will ask the Admiral to allow one of his ships of war to take them on board, and bring them as soon as possible to the mouth of the Mondego." And on arriving at Coimbra with the army, and finding there only 6,000 pairs of shoes, he felt obliged to issue general orders for economizing the distribution of them, and to write to Lord Castlereagh begging that a further supply of 30,000 pairs might speedily be sent to Lisbon, and that, at the same time, large supplies might be sent of biscuit, oats, and hay.

The entangled state of Spanish politics, produced by causes at which we formerly glanced, was perplexing to the British commander, in the near prospect of campaigning within the Spanish frontier, not only with regard to his plans of co-operation with Cuesta, but with regard to his arrangements for the subsistence and transports of his army. However difficult his commissariat had been in Portugal, he foresaw that it was likely to be much more difficult in Spain. The imbecilities and absurdities and perversities of the Central Junta seemed quite as likely, in reference to the civil departments of the army, to create an obstacle, a contretemps, or a nonplus, as to render a real assistance; so that, in forecasting his movements within Spanish Estremadura, Sir Arthur had to reflect well, not only on the strategy of the French and the crustiness of

Cuesta, but also on the precariousness of his supplies. A piece of intelligence reached him at Oporto, indeed, which ought to have lessened his anxieties in that direction, yet probably did not. This was nothing less than the appointment of his ably diplomatic brother, Marquis Wellesley, to be ambassador-extraordinary to the Spanish government, in the room of Mr. Frere. But, said Sir Arthur immediately on hearing of it, "I acknowledge that I do not consider Lord Wellesley's appointment a subject of congratulation to himself or his friends. I suspect that the task which will devolve upon him will be a most arduous one, and that some time will elapse before he will be sufficiently *au courant des affaires* to be able even to form a judgment of its extent."

He likewise felt the prudent treatment of the Portuguese government and the Portuguese people to be a matter of much delicacy and some perplexity. His present popularity did not blind him to the fickleness of their disposition, to their outrageous behaviour toward Sir John Cradock, or to the urgent necessity for avoiding everything which might shock their prejudices or ruffle their temper. Even the magnates of Oporto, in the very heat of their rejoicings on account of the deliverance they had just experienced from the oppressions and plunderings of the French, showed abundant readiness to take offence. But Sir Arthur's truthfulness, fairness, and strong common sense, even more than his brilliant qualities as a diplomatist and a victor, made the labour of conciliating them comparatively easy. And he found a critical occasion for exercising these qualities, in a way very gratifying to the Portuguese and most honouring to himself, in connexion with the captures of property made by his army in Oporto harbour.

This property, besides other articles, comprised about 3,000 tons of wine and a vast quantity of cotton, and was contained variously in British, Danish, Swedish, and French ships. The admiral commanding the squadron off the mouth of the river, who prevented the escape of the ships at the time when the army was seizing the city, thought that all the property should be treated as prize, to be divided between the squadron and the army. But Sir Arthur Wellesley, writing to Mr. Villiers, says, "It appears to me that Oporto being a Portuguese port, and the British army acting in this country as allies, or even as a subsidiary army to the government of Portugal, everything taken in Oporto belongs to the government of Portugal, and must be dealt with as that government chooses, and not according to the rules which govern cases in which his Majesty's sea and land forces take a port or town from the enemy, which afterwards becomes a part of his own dominions. I wish you to consider the question, not only as one of civil law, but also in reference to the manner in which the Portuguese government would feel, if we were to consider the property which we found here in possession of the enemy as prize; for however glad I shall be that the success of the army should turn out to their benefit, as well as to their honour,

and however convenient it might be to me to share in this benefit myself, I am very unwilling to be instrumental in forwarding such a claim, if it is to have the effect of putting our friends out of temper with us." Had not the interests of his men, had not the interests even of the navy, had only his own personal interests been involved, Sir Arthur would clearly have at once and peremptorily declared the property to be all Portuguese; and even as it was, he wrote again a few days afterwards to Mr. Villiers to say, "I have apprised the admiral of the fact, I ought to say the certainty, I entertain, that none of us have any claim whatever to the property. If you are decidedly of the same opinion, I think you had better say no more upon the subject, excepting to let the Government know that there is a large property in cotton, &c., at Oporto."

Yet there were some heartless, sordid, wealthy mortals in Oporto on whom this lofty integrity, this generous forbearance, together with the British hero's brilliant military services, were all thrown away,—who, amid the deliverances wrought for them, the riches saved to them, the protection and peace afforded them, without one farthing of pay or of mulcture being exacted from them, but simply because they were asked to give, out of their abundant means, a temporary loan to the military chest of the distressed, delivering, protecting army, sent privately to Lisbon a communication charging Sir Arthur Wellesley with oppression. How furiously, in any such circumstances, would this have aroused most persons' indignation! Yet our hero, when he came to know of it, took it as coolly and explained it as patiently as if the parties had been his equals, and their behaviour little worse than a mistake. "I am concerned," said he, "that any complaint has been made by the people of Oporto. The facts are these:—It was represented to me upon my return to Oporto, after the pursuit of Soult, that the merchants and the senate were not unwilling to assist us by a loan of money, we being at that time in want of everything, and not having one farthing. I asked Mr. Murray whether he thought the exposure of our distress at Oporto was likely to have a baneful influence on the money market at Lisbon; and having been told that it would not, I made known our temporary distress, first to the senate, who immediately said, they would advance us all that was in their power. I then applied to the merchants of the Wine Company, some of whom did not appear equally willing to assist us; upon which I said to them as I left the room, that I left them to consider of the statement I had made, and of my wish that they should assist us, and that all I could say was that, if they refused to assist our distresses with the money which we wanted, after all that we had done for them, the world, when the story should be told, would not believe it. This is the amount of the *dureté* which has been put upon them. I believe I did shame them into lending us a sum of money. After all, the sum borrowed at Oporto, for it was not levied, amounted to about £10,000; and this is what the Government call 'severe.' I really believe that I saved for them

property for which they will get a hundred times that amount; and if I had waited to attack Soult till I had had money sufficient to render this loan unnecessary, (for which I may wait the next time my assistance is wanted,) the expense of the support of his army would have been ten times the amount."

There were very unreasonable persons also in the Portuguese brigades, who imagined they might freely take liberties far beyond any which could be allowed to British officers. The Commander-in-chief, notwithstanding his having been constituted Portuguese Marshal-General, was regarded by them as but limitedly their superior,—as, in some sense, a mere assistant or co-operator,—not at all entitled to exact the same obedience from them as from his own proper soldiers. He, therefore, had a difficult part to play with them; the more so as they had all been recently in mutiny, and were all, in the existing precarious state of their government, little better than volunteers. One of the most influential of them, a marquis, who was serving as captain in the brigade of General Campbell, absented himself from his post without leave on one of the days of pursuing Soult; and this case, on being officially reported to Sir Arthur at Oporto, elicited a fine exercise of his prudence. "I am not disposed," said he, in a written order to General Campbell, "to carry matters to extremities with the Marquis; and I beg that you will call him and the officers of the regiment to which he belongs before you, and point out to him the extreme impropriety of his conduct. You will particularly point out to him that all the exertions of Great Britain, and that all that the valour and discipline of British soldiers can effect, will not save Portugal and secure her independence, unless the people of Portugal exert themselves in their own cause, and that it is particularly incumbent upon the nobility and persons of great fortune and station to set the example of that devotion to the service of their country, and of that strict attention to the rules of military discipline and subordination, which can alone render any exertions useful, and lead to that success to which all must look forward with anxiety. You will tell the Marquis that I hope that the lenity with which his fault has been treated upon this occasion will induce him to be more attentive to his duty, and that I expect from him exertions in the cause of his country, patience to bear the hardships of a military life, and submission to the rules of military discipline and subordination, in proportion as his rank, station, and fortune are superior to those of others of his countrymen in the service. You will then release the Marquis from his arrest."

A still more serious evil with which Sir Arthur had to contend was dissatisfaction among the officers of his own army. This began about the time of his arrival at Lisbon, or a little earlier, and underwent a rapid increase during all the operations against Soult. It arose from discrepancy of rank between those officers who continued to serve directly under the British flag and those who served under the flag of Portugal. The reformation of the Portuguese army, as

we mentioned in our eighteenth chapter, was undertaken on the condition of its being disciplined and commanded by British officers. That condition was felt to be essential to success; yet, in the humbled, impoverished, precarious circumstances of the kingdom, was, at the same time, seen to be attainable only by giving such a rise in rank as should induce British officers to transfer their services to the Portuguese flag. Hence, as Beresford, though only a lieutenant-general in the British army, was made a marshal in the army of Portugal, so each lieutenant-colonel who went after him was made a brigadier-general, each captain was made a lieutenant-colonel, and each lieutenant was made a major. Had the British army and the Portuguese army never come into close co-operation, no evil would have followed; but, acting in such intimate co-operation as that of the campaign against Soult, brigades and even battalions of the one currently serving with brigades and battalions of the other, officers of all ranks in the British army were often obliged to obey the orders of their juniors who had passed into the Portuguese army,—obliged to do so perhaps at the very junctures when the military instinct and the love of fame were in highest excitation; and, in consequence, they felt, or at least were liable to feel, as if discipline and promotion, which constitute the very steam-power of the military machine, had been suddenly deranged for the mere purpose of doing them indignity. The evil was made worse, too, by the circumstance that the extra-rank in the Portuguese army was not permanent. All who held it were only during pleasure in the Portuguese service, and could at any moment fall back into their old position under the British flag; so that, when temporarily commanding their superiors with the fair prospect of returning to be permanently under them, they had all the appearance of being upheld by some principle of sheer impertinence and insult.

The dissatisfaction prevailed among all ranks, from the subalterns to the generals. It was at first confined to officers who had been temporarily superseded, or were in a position to be so; but it soon became universal. And in the degree in which it spread without personal cause, it became strong and bitter. The very generals, who might have been supposed best able to despise it, seem to have felt it most. Several of them, who were seniors of Beresford, felt exasperated that he should flourish over them as a marshal, and that mere lieutenant-colonels should flourish beside them as generals. One of them resigned during the pursuit of Soult, another intimated his intention of doing so, and others seemed likely to follow,—all from exasperation at the mere principle of the promotion, without having been personally superseded in their command. The inferior officers, if they could not talk of resignation, were ready to compensate for it by additional strength of resentment; and such as were obliged to act temporarily beneath their rank, could easily wear the airs of enduring a grievous wrong. The whole army, even amid the exhilarating bustle of its beating

the French, was shaken from its propriety, and seemed almost threatened with disorganization. The Commander-in-chief, writing from Ruivaes on the 19th of May, says, "I wish most earnestly that Beresford would resign his English lieutenant-general's rank. It is inconceivable the embarrassment and ill-blood which it occasions. It does him no good. And if the army was not most successful, this very circumstance would probably bring us to a stand-still."

So great an evil required some remedy. It seriously marred the army's preparations at Oporto for returning to the south, and appeared certain to roll many an obstacle in the way of their operations against the enemy. Sir Arthur Wellesley thought well over it, corresponded respecting it with the ambassador at Lisbon, and then, on the 30th of May, from Coimbra, gave his final judgment upon it as follows,—"I have no pretensions to decide upon the question; but when it is referred to me, I must give my opinion upon it, and I am concerned if it differs from yours. I have no desire that it should be decided by me. Decide it yourself, or let it be referred to the ministers in England; and I shall act cordially upon any decision that may be passed upon it. I do not dispute the rank of the Portuguese commission; on the contrary, I assert it; but I wish that an arrangement should be made which would satisfy the officers of this army respecting the rank they are to hold, in relation to their juniors in the British service who hold superior military rank in the Portuguese service. It may be asked, Why are they to require satisfaction? To which I only answer that men's minds are so constituted, that when they conceive they are injured, they are not satisfied until the injury is removed. Dissatisfaction on one subject begets it on others; and I should have—indeed, I may say I have, for the first time—the pain of commanding a dissatisfied army. If military rank and pre-eminence is an object—and it is an object on service in the field against the enemy, or it is none at all—these officers are injured by the temporary supercession of themselves by their juniors in the British service; and all that I ask is either that British officers entering the Portuguese service shall serve in the same rank which they hold in that of his Majesty, or, if superior rank should be given to them in the Portuguese service, it should be understood that when they meet British officers of superior rank to themselves, they are to receive their orders. The effect of this last arrangement would be to give, for that moment, Portuguese rank to the British officer who should thus exercise the command." He then explains how Beresford's local rank had operated, details the cases of the two general officers who had resigned, and adds,—"These two instances will be sufficient to show you in what manner dissatisfaction, once excited, works in a British army; and I must say that, from the highest to the lowest, dissatisfaction does now exist in the British army. We are not naturally a military people; the whole business of an army upon service is foreign to our habits, and is a constraint upon them, particularly in a poor country like this; this constraint

naturally excites a temper ready to receive any impressions which will create dissatisfaction; and when dissatisfaction exists in an army, the task of the Commander is difficult indeed. I am, therefore, most desirous that the reasonable grounds for it which do now exist should be removed; and I have pointed out one of two modes in which this object can be effected."

Sir Arthur was thus playing a delicate game between the British and the Portuguese governments, between both and their respective military systems, and between all these and the efficiency of the combined armies. Many a man would have shrunk from the game,—would have thought a meddling with it more hazardous than to take the consequences of the dissatisfaction; but he saw the playing of it to be a duty, and was concerned only to play it well. Hence, while secretly sympathising with the dissatisfaction, while justifying it to the ambassador, while doing everything he privately and prudently could for the removal of the causes of it, he gave not the shadow of a sanction to it in his public conduct, but resolutely maintained against it that high enforcement of existing rules which, in common with all great commanders, he regarded as essential to the conservation of military discipline. Accordingly, on the very day before his final appeal to the ambassador, he wrote as follows to Marshal Beresford:—"I have had the honour of receiving your letter, enclosing one from Major-General ———, expressing the desire of that officer to be relieved from the command of the brigade placed under his orders, and to be allowed to return to England, if it is intended to employ his services in future in co-operation with the Portuguese troops. As the Commander-in-chief of the British and Portuguese allied army in this country, it is impossible for me to engage to any officer that the troops under his command shall not be employed in concert or co-operation with any particular description of troops. In that capacity, I consider myself wholly and solely responsible that his Majesty's troops shall not be employed in improper situations, and the major-generals or other inferior officers responsible only that they and those under them do their duty in the situation in which they may be employed. I request you, therefore, to inform Major-General ——— that he has my leave to resign the command of his brigade, and to go to England when he thinks proper; and that I desire he will deliver over the command to the senior officer of the brigade present."

CHAPTER XXII.

VICTOR'S DESCENT UPON THE TAGUS—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S MARCH TO ABRANTES—HIS TREATMENT OF VARIOUS GRAVE EVILS IN HIS ARMY—HIS PLAN OF CO-OPERATION WITH CUESTA—VICTOR'S RETREAT TO TALAVERA—BERESFORD'S POSITION IN THE NORTH OF PORTUGAL—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S ADVANCE TO PLASENCIA

MARSHAL Victor, after his victory of Medellin, established his head-quarters at Merida. He was ready there either to suppress the strong patriotic spirit of Estremadura, or to make a descent upon Seville, which had become the seat of the Central Junta's government, or to prosecute the scheme of co-operating with Soult in an advance upon Lisbon. But he did not accomplish any of these objects. The patriots of Estremadura remained in great force in spite of him, even to the extent of so powerfully strengthening Cuesta's army at Llerena as to make it a complete barrier between him and Seville. He tried to get possession of Badajoz, through means of the treachery of some wealthy natives who became favourable to the French cause; but he completely failed. He next attempted, by fair military effort, to startle Sir Arthur Wellesley, and draw him off from assailing Soult; but was both too late and too feeble in his operations to render Soult any service, and only made sufficient impression by them to accelerate the British hero's pre-arranged return to the south.

Victor's advanced-guard, under Lapisse, assailed Colonel Mayne's brigade at Alcantara, on the 14th of May, while the rear-guard had moved only two marches from Merida. Colonel Mayne made a gallant resistance, but felt compelled to give way, and then, in obedience to his instructions, sprang a mine to destroy the bridge. The explosion, however, produced little effect; so that the French followed him, became masters of the passage, and immediately sent forward patroles to Castello-Branco, Salvatierra, and Idanha-Nova. Victor kept moving on with his main body two or three marches; but, learning that General Mackenzie was on the alert to oppose him, and hearing a rumour of the retreat of Soult from Oporto, he halted, called in his patroles, and marched back to Merida. Cuesta had remotely followed him, and had attacked a garrison left in Merida; but, on Victor's wheeling about, Cuesta also wheeled about, and fell back to Zafra. Colonel Mayne likewise followed the retreat of the French advanced-guard, and resumed possession of Alcantara.

The state of things in Spanish Estremadura; and on the Tagus line of the Portuguese frontier, thus became, in a few days, almost the same as when Sir

Arthur Wellesley advanced against Soult,—with the difference that the moral strength of it, in consequence of Victor's abortive movement and of Soult's defeat, was rendered much more unfavourable to the French. And in a few days more, other circumstances occurred to render this still more unfavourable. The chief of these were intelligence that Buonaparte had withdrawn forty thousand of his troops from the Peninsula, including the guards at Vittoria, to assist him in severe struggles against Austria,—intelligence that Mortier's corps, formerly reported as on its march from Arragon to assist Soult and Ney, had been ordered to halt,—surmise, well supported by general evidence, that King Joseph, though all along most friendly to Buonaparte's scheme of invading Portugal, had at length completely abandoned it,—and a strong, sudden, general inspiritment among the people of Estremadura to rise anywhere or everywhere in masses, to do battle against the French. Victor was so affected by all these circumstances, especially by the last, that he began to be apprehensive for his communications with Madrid. His battalions, too, had been suffering heavy loss from the Guadiana fever, and did not appear to be improving. He, therefore, removed his camp to Torremocha,—a central point between Merida, Alcantara, and Truxillo; and sent up detachments or strong patroles to watch all the passages over the Guadiana and the Tagus,—no less than an entire division to guard the bridge of Almaraz. "His campaign, which had opened so brilliantly, was now annulled. He had neither assisted Soult, nor crushed Cuesta, nor taken Badajoz nor Seville; yet he had wasted and lost, by sickness, more men than would have sufficed to reduce both Lisbon and Seville."

Sir Arthur Wellesley soon discovered that there was no necessity for his marching to the south so hurriedly as he had intended. The alteration in Victor's circumstances allowed him time to march at leisure. Had, indeed, the plan of operations on the Tagus been determinable entirely or mainly by himself,—had it not depended largely on the slow capricious volitions of Cuesta, which were not likely to be brought into practicable shape without some days of consultation,—and had not also Sir Arthur's army been pressed with difficulties which rendered some repose desirable and considerable halting unavoidable,—the alteration in Victor's circumstances might have given the British commander an opportunity to rush suddenly to Estremadura, and to strike there a confounding and shattering blow. But situated as he was, with disease among his men, with an empty military chest, with a miserable commissariat, with feeble aid to his movements from the civil authorities of the country, with altogether an aggregate of circumstances which any hurry would render worse and a little leisure would improve, he had cause to congratulate himself on the relaxation of the summons which had seemed to call him so peremptorily to the south.

He went from Oporto to Quinta de la Mealhada on the 25th of May, travelled thence by boat along the lake of Ovar to Aveiro, went from Aveiro to

Coimbra on the 27th of May, remained at Coimbra till the 4th of June, marched on the three following days, by way of Pombal and Thomar to Abrantes, and then was compelled to halt there twenty days before resuming his march, or even seeing his way quite clear to a definite course of operations. His despatches written and sent off between the time of his leaving Oporto and the time of his leaving Abrantes occupy 109 of Gurwood's octavo pages. His general orders within the same period are so numerous and diversified that they might almost of themselves constitute a code of military law,—relating to accoutrements, arms, baggage, bât money, bill hooks, camp kettles, canteens, cantonments, the column of march, the duties and departments of the commissariat, detachments, discipline, staff of divisions, forage, hospitals, convalescents, army-surgeons, intrenching tools, leave of absence, the military secretaryship, the army's communications, its post-office, its means of transport, pay, plunder, the provost-marshal's department, the route of march, stragglers, clothing, shirts, shoes, wine, and a number of other matters. It may easily be inferred, therefore, that this period of comparatively low activity in the army was a period of comparatively high activity in its commander. It was in fact one of the most active, most energetic, most productive periods in his public life. He spent it in grappling with the evils of the army's organization, the evils of its commissariat, and the evils which bore upon it from the remissness and mismanagement of the civil powers, both in the Peninsula and at home; and before this period ended, he had either invented remedies for these evils, or set influences to work for the eventual production of remedies, which gave high additional efficiency to all the subsequent operations of the army.

Sir Arthur, almost at the commencement of his march from Oporto, encountered a shameful instance of careless co-operation on the part of the Portuguese authorities. "I do not know," said he, writing on the 27th of May, from Aveiro to Mr. Villiers, "what to do, or to recommend, in respect to the magistrates of the country. They are so very inefficient or remiss in the performance of their duty, that we are constantly stopped or thwarted, for want of the assistance which we must require from them. I have now to complain of the magistrates of this place and Ovar, for disappointing us in the boat people necessary to attend the boats to transport the troops across the lake. For want of boats and boatmen, the troops are not so forward on their march to the southward as I intended they should be." This remissness, in the face of forewarning, was all the more culpable that such alacrity had been evinced, by the boatmen themselves, without a moment's previous notice, on occasion of General Hill's going to the north. But Sir Arthur took occasion from it to watch the authorities more closely in future,—to provide against their remissness, or prevent it, whenever it could be foreseen,—and, in consequence, to protect the movements of his army, from many of the multitudes of obstacles which the negligence or

the perversity of the Peninsular authorities was continually throwing in their way.

The six days' halt at Coimbra was intended principally to give repose to the whole army, and to make special provision for the sick. The troops had suffered severely from fatigue and from the bad weather during the pursuit of Soult,—the more so as many of them were young and ill-seasoned; and, though continuing to be alert at the time from the stimulus of their bravery and the exhilaration of the chase, they now sank, many into supineness, many into enfeebling disease, and not a few into mortal malady or sudden death. Sir Arthur Wellesley, as we have frequently shown, was a humane commander. He could not, even in great emergency, hurry forward sick soldiers, without regard to their sufferings; still less could he, in ordinary circumstances, shut his eyes to their wanness or his ears to their groans. He had not an atom of sympathy with his great antagonist Buonaparte's butcherly indifference to human life. He cared tenderly for even the sick and wounded of an enemy, and much more for the sick and wounded of his own army. His general orders on the subject of his hospitals, therefore, were multitudinous, minute, and most painstaking; and two of those issued on the present occasion at Coimbra may be quoted as specimens:—"Whenever sick are left in hospital at any place, the strictest attention must be paid that officers and non-commissioned officers of each brigade are left in charge of them, according to the proportion ordered in general orders of the 19th of May for the hospital at Braga." "The senior of the officers left in charge of the sick at the different hospitals must take the command of the whole, and correspond with head-quarters. No convalescent must be moved from any hospital-station without orders from head-quarters."

But Sir Arthur felt bound in policy, as well as in humanity, to be careful of the life and health of his men. The character of his campaigns, the costliness of his outfits, the difficulties of his reinforcements, the magnitude of his responsibility, and the keen, captious vigilance of British public opinion, all required, not only his habitual consideration about the proper treatment of his troops, when they fell sick, but his frequent thoughtful chariness about exposing them to the fire of the enemy when they were in the field. "Buonaparte and his marshals, with their forced conscription, their levies in the countries they had subjugated, and their habitual or systematic disregard of human sufferings and life," remarks Mr. Macfarlane, "might hazard much, and throw away the lives of their thousands and tens of thousands of men. But Sir Arthur Wellesley, even had his indifference to slaughter been as great as theirs, was bound by imperative circumstances to be sparing of his men. We had no conscription; we could raise no forced levies on the Continent, our native soldiers were voluntarily enlisted, and every man of them, in bounty-money, pay, and provisions, cost us three or four times more than any of his soldiers cost Buonaparte; and if we

retained foreign troops in our service, it was at an equally great expense. If Sir Arthur's army had been greatly weakened in 1809, there would have been small chance of his getting another army in 1810."

The unhealthiness of his troops at Coimbra, therefore, necessarily caused Sir Arthur considerable anxiety. Yet there and at Abrantes and at intermediate places he had to contend with a still greater evil in his army,—nothing less than the prevalence of vice and crime,—particularly of licentiousness and robbery. This he justly regarded as a monster evil, undermining discipline, inducing disorganization, brutalizing bravery, repelling the confidence and co-operation of the natives, and converting the army into a lawless rabble, a plundering horde, and a social scourge. He therefore bewailed it bitterly, denounced it fiercely, and used his utmost strength of mind, position, and influence to curb and destroy it. "I have long been of opinion," wrote he to Mr. Villiers on the 30th of May, "that a British army could bear neither success nor failure; and I have had manifest proofs of the truth of this opinion, in the first of its branches, in the recent conduct of the soldiers of this army. They have plundered the country most terribly, which has given me the greatest concern. The town-major of Lisbon, if he has the orders, will show you, if you wish to read them, those that I have given out upon this subject. They have plundered the people of bullocks, among other property, for what reason I am sure I do not know, except it be, as I understand is their practice, to sell them to the people again. I shall be very much obliged to you if you will mention this practice to the ministers of the Regency, and beg them to issue a proclamation forbidding the people, in the most positive terms, to purchase anything from the soldiers of the British army." And wrote he next day to Lord Castlereagh,—"The army behave terribly ill. They are a rabble who cannot bear success any more than Sir John Moore's army could bear failure. I am endeavouring to tame them; but if I should not succeed, I must make an official complaint of them, and send one or two corps home in disgrace. They plunder in all directions."

Sir Arthur put every ordinary appliance of discipline into the severest requisition, both to prevent robbery and to punish it; he particularly restrained straggling, and gave free scope to the use of the halter; and when all ordinary means failed, he was both inventive and prompt to prescribe extraordinary ones. Let the following despatch to Colonel Donkin, (afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir Rufane Donkin,) sent from Abrantes on the 16th of June, serve as an example:—"I trouble you now upon a subject which has given me the greatest pain,—I mean the accounts which I receive from all quarters of the disorders committed by, and the general irregularity of, the —— and —— regiments. I have ordered a provost to Castello-Branco to put himself under your orders, and I hope you will not fail to make use of him. I beg that on the receipt of this letter, you will call on the commanding officers of the —— and —— regiments, and

apprize them of the concern with which I have heard these reports of their regiments, and of my determination, if I should hear any more of them, to send these regiments into garrison, and to report them to his Majesty as unfit for service in the field, on account of irregularity of conduct and disorder. I desire that, upon the receipt of this letter, the —— and —— regiments may be hutted outside of the town of Castello-Branco, if there should be wood in the neighbourhood not fruit-trees, and the rolls to be called every hour from sunrise till eight in the evening; all officers, as well as soldiers, to attend. The number of men absent from these regiments in consequence of their late marches is scandalous; and I desire that an officer from each of them may go back immediately the whole road by which the brigade has moved since the 5th May, in search of the missing men. Those missing on the late march and ground between Guarda and Castello-Branco must be sent on immediately to Castello-Branco; and those missing on the former march must be collected at Guarda, and afterwards brought up by the officers to the regiments, when they shall return through that town." Some dreadful retaliations having been made on stragglers by the peasantry, even to the extent of deadly bloodshed, Sir Arthur likewise took occasion, in a general order, to refer to these, and significantly added,—"These are some of the consequences of the irregularities of which the soldiers have been guilty, which have had the effect of turning into enemies a people who were grateful for the benefits which they received from the British nation, and manifested their gratitude by affording every comfort and assistance which was in their power."

Sir Arthur was of opinion, however, that due appliances did not exist for maintaining order and good conduct,—that the extant martial law was too feeble, and the administration of it by the martial courts too lax,—that the powers of the provost-marshal's department were too ill-defined, the terrors of it too obscure, and the apparatus of it too limited and inalert,—and that the authority of the commander-in-chief, for want of patronage, for want of a keen constant control over all grades of promotion, was insufficient for plying subalterns, as well as higher officers, with a strong enough stimulus to secure the effective execution of general orders. He, therefore, in a despatch to Lord Castlereagh, of the 17th of June, from Abrantes, suggested to government the desirableness of an increase of powers; and, by way of preamble to his plea, he wrote as follows:—"It is impossible to describe to you the irregularities and outrages committed by the troops. They are never out of the sight of their officers, I may almost say never out of the sight of the commanding officers of their regiments, and the general officers of the army, that outrages are not committed; and notwithstanding the pains which I take, of which there will be ample evidence in my orderly books, not a post or a courier comes in, not an officer arrives from the rear of the army, that does not bring me accounts of outrages committed by the soldiers who have been left behind on the march, having been sick, or

having straggled from their regiments, or who have been left in hospitals. We have a provost-marshal and no less than four assistants. I never allow a man to march with the baggage; I never leave an hospital without a number of officers and non-commanding officers proportionable to the number of soldiers; and never allow a detachment to march, unless under the command of an officer; and yet there is not an outrage of any description which has not been committed on a people who have uniformly received us as friends, by soldiers who never yet, for one moment, suffered the slightest want or the smallest privation." And in conclusion he says:—"We are an excellent army on parade, an excellent one to fight, but we are worse than an enemy in a country; and take my word for it, that either defeat or success would dissolve us."

Sir Arthur, about this time, suffered a full share of annoyance, also, from the miscalculations, oversights, and errors which all classes of officers in an army are liable to commit at all times, and never less than among raw recruits, and amid the first moves of a busy campaign. But he dealt with these evils so vigilantly and vigorously as very soon to reduce them to a minimum. Let two instances of his treatment of them,—of the sharp, strong, sarcastic spirit of reprimand with which he met them,—be taken for illustration. Writing from Abrantes on the 23d of June, he says,—"I am astonished that it did not occur to the commanding officer of the 2d battalion —— regiment, that their armourer would be useful to their corps on service, and that he could be of no use anywhere without his tools. I am really ashamed of such ignorance in a British officer of what it is necessary to attend to, to enable his men to be of any use whatever. Let the armourer be ordered to join the regiment forthwith." And writing from the same place on the 11th of June, he says,—"I beg you will let Mr. Downie know that he is a commissary, and his business at Castello-Branco is to collect supplies, and that I am much surprised and highly displeased with him for quitting his station and the business on which he was employed, to move forward to Alcantara, where a few shots were fired, to see what service he could render there, as if he could render any so important as that upon which he was employed by me. I thought he had seen too much service to have been so inconsiderate." This case of Mr. Downie also gave rise to an illustration of the sagacity and good nature with which Sir Arthur watched the effects of his reprimands; for on a report being furnished, by Mr. Downie's superior officer, of the manner in which the reprimand had been taken, Sir Arthur wrote.—"I am not irreconcilable upon this or any other subject; and I am quite convinced that Mr. Downie did what he thought best for the service, and that a gentleman who feels a censure so sorely will take care not to incur the risk of receiving another." And Mr. Downie justified well the opinion thus pronounced, rising soon to the rank and dignity of Lieutenant-General Sir John Downie in the service of Spain, and

dying in the offices of captain-general of Andalusia and alcalde of the king's palace at Seville.

Marshal Beresford, at this time, was much more annoyed by misconduct in his officers than Sir Arthur Wellesley; insomuch that he applied to Sir Arthur for advice. One occasion was particularly notable,—on which one of his officers sent direct to Government a mendacious report, honouring to himself and injurious to Beresford; and our hero's advice on that occasion is so characteristic of his strong good sense—so illustrative of the principles on which he conducted his own military administration—that we must quote it:—"These people are so much accustomed to trick that they cannot refrain from it; and they have recourse to it now to acquire popularity, in the same manner as they did formerly to acquire court favour. There is only one line to be adopted in opposition to all trick,—that is, the steady straight line of duty, tempered by forbearance, lenity, and good nature. The Government having published ———'s letter, you can have nothing to say to him on that ground. But you ought to call upon the Government to furnish you with the original, or with official copies of the reports from —— which they have published. You ought then to call —— to account, first, for having made any report to the Government instead of to you, his superior officer,—secondly, for the difference between his report to Government and his reports to you,—and thirdly, for his deviations from the truth in his reports to Government, in respect to his operations, at which you were present. Having received his answers upon these subjects, you ought to publish an order to forbid any officer to make a report to any superior authority, excepting through the medium of his immediate commanding officer, and you ought to point out the variations, the inconsistencies, and the falsehoods in the report made by ——, as the cause of the order at that moment. I think that by these means you will give a check to the propensity of these gentlemen to endeavour to acquire popularity, at your expense, by trick and falsehood. I would insert in this order, or in the correspondence, no severity or asperity, only a plain and short abstract of the facts."

The difficulties of the commissariat, during all the march to Abruntes, and also after the resumption of the march thence, were very many, very various, and very harassing,—quite enough to have ten times over exhausted the patience of many an eminent commander,—but only tending, in Sir Arthur Wellesley's case, to exercise untiring vigilance, inventive care, and generous forbearance. A most vexatious instance occurred at Pombal on the 5th of June, when a discovery was made that, in consequence of great irregularity in the delivery of forage for the horses and mules attached to the artillery, these animals had become nearly useless, and would be unable to draw the artillery farther than the Tagus. Sir Arthur felt bound to call the deputy-commissary, General Dalrymple, to an immediate smart account,—representing to him that

"the officers of the commissariat would be responsible in an eminent degree if, owing to their want of capacity and management, he should lose the use of the British artillery." He likewise felt driven, in so great an emergency, to request Marshal Beresford to get some brigades of Portuguese artillery ready to join the British troops, and do service with them, on their entry into Spain. Yet on receiving, just at that juncture, a handsome offer of assistance from Admiral Berkeley to work out the difficulties of the commissariat, he generously replied —though with reference, no doubt, to the expected results of the improvement-processes which he had himself set a-going—"Our commissariat is very bad, indeed; but it is new and will improve, I hope." And some days afterwards, he wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury,—"The gentlemen of the commissariat are very new in their business, and I am not without grounds of complaint of their want of intelligence; but I believe they do their best, and I shall not complain of them." What other great military commander would have forborne to complain of persons whose mismanagement, in so simple a matter as that of the distribution of forage, had nearly cost him the loss of all his artillery, and whose habitual thoughtless blunders occasioned him daily care and frequent embarrassment?

What sort of blunders these were, and in what manner he stooped to correct them, let the following instance illustrate,—contained in a despatch of his from Sarzedas to General Mackenzie, two days after the resumption of the march from Abrantes:—"I am sorry to tell you that I have passed a broken cart, laden with intrenching tools and other baggage, belonging to the 31st regiment, in charge of a serjeant's guard, in the pass on this side of Sobreira-Formosa. A mule is allowed for the intrenching tools of each regiment, which ought to be employed in no other manner. If he is sick, it might be excused putting the intrenching tools on a cart; but the cart ought not to have been loaded with three times more baggage than it could carry; and above all, no guard ought to have been left with any baggage. The serjeant of the guard is taken sick, and is at the river, at the bottom of the pass. Whenever an order is disobeyed, an officer must be sent to set matters right again. I therefore request you to send an officer of the 31st, with a cart to bring up the intrenching tools and the sick serjeant, and nothing else, and then to return to-morrow with the party to Castello-Branco. I shall be obliged to you to tell the commissary, that having put on the carts three casks of flour instead of two, a great number of the carts have broken down between Sobreira-Formosa and this place. I request that, immediately on the receipt of this note, he will send off twenty empty carts, with an officer of the commissariat. He will meet at the river at the foot of the pass the officer of the 31st, in charge of the convoy, who will let him know where the different carts have broken down, and where the casks of flour are; and I beg that only two casks may be placed on each cart."

The difficulties of finance—which we formerly noticed as so crushing at Oporto—continued unrelieved, and of course went on accumulating, till the end of the army's long halt at Abrantes. Indeed, they were the chief cause of that halt,—the sole cause of the army lying a considerable number of days in inaction, after being otherwise quite ready to take the field; and they became at length too oppressive for any shoulders except those of a Hercules. Our hero, though the unquestionable Hercules of modern times, actually staggered beneath their weight. His allusions to them, and remarks on them, in his correspondence throughout May and June, especially when viewed in connexion with his exertions to make his troops honest, and to maintain the perfect good faith of his country, indicate a degree of torturing pressure on his mind which nothing but the stoutest moral heroism could sustain. And not only could no more pecuniary supplies be found in the country after he left Oporto,—not only were pecuniary supplies long in arriving at Lisbon from Britain; but, when they did arrive there, they were scandalously delayed during twelve long days on the transit thence to Abrantes,—and after all, were too scanty to afford thorough or long relief.

Hence, so early as the 30th of May, Sir Arthur wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury, "I borrowed from the merchants of Oporto all that I could get; but the sum was very small indeed, and we are in the greatest distress." On the 11th of June, he wrote to Mr. Frere, "I should now be ready to move into Spain in two or three days, if I had any money. But the distress in which we are from want of that necessary article will, I fear, render it impossible for me to move till I shall receive a supply." On the 21st, he wrote to Mr. Villiers, "If I give any of the money I now command," which had then arrived at Lisbon, and had been partly solicited for the use of the Portuguese army, "not only will the British army be unable to move, but it must starve where it now is, as I cannot get either supplies, or boats or carts to move supplies, from Lisbon without money." On the 24th he wrote to Marshal Beresford, "Nothing detains me now but the non-arrival of the money. It will hardly be believed, and I am ashamed to tell it, that the money which left Lisbon on the 15th of this month is not yet arrived." And on the 28th, the day after it did arrive, he wrote again to the Secretary of the Treasury, "Our distress for everything has been very great indeed, and has been produced by the want of money. After all, the sum which we have received, and that which we have lately got for bills upon England, will not do more than pay the army their arrears to the 24th of this month, and to keep in hand a sum of about £30,000 to begin with in Spain, leaving all our debts in Portugal unpaid."

Some more money, indeed—though how much more we do not know—arrived in a day or two. But, as if to harass our hero to the uttermost,—and as if to show him how readily the plagues of the commissariat, which he had the

patience to endure, could entwine themselves with the plagues of the military chest, which he had not the option of enduring,—a piece of indolence or oversight was immediately afterwards committed by an assistant commissary, which cut off for a while all the new supplies of money, and produced once more the old crushing distress. "I enclose the copy of a letter," wrote Sir Arthur on the 8th of July, from Plasencia, to the Commissary-General, "which I have received from Mr. Boys, which has surprised and disappointed me not a little. You must have been aware that I waited only for money to commence my advance into Spain, as I was determined that the army should not be reduced in that country to the difficulties under which it had laboured in Portugal for want of money. Yet I am sorry to observe that Mr. Boys, who, I expected, would have left Abrantes a day or two after me, does not come away till the 5th, nine days after I had set out; and then, instead of bringing with him all the money in his possession, he brings only about £23,000, out of which sum I know that he would have to pay £5 or 6,000 to the paymasters of the regiments which had been stationed at Castello-Branco, and who had omitted to send in their estimates before I quitted Abrantes. Thus, then, the object for which I stayed so long at Abrantes has been defeated, and the promise which I have made to the Spanish authorities, upon the frontier—namely, 'that ready money should be paid for the supplies furnished to the British troops,' will be violated; and the commissaries will experience all the difficulties in procuring supplies, and the troops will suffer the distress for the want of them, which we suffered in Portugal. All these evils would have been avoided if Mr. Boys had been supplied with thirty carts, which is the largest number that would have been required to draw £60,000 in silver, which I believe is the utmost of the sum he had in the military chest at Abrantes. It is impossible that any man can pretend that Portugal, or even the neighbourhood of Abrantes, could not supply thirty carts for this service."

If Sir Arthur had believed, as some recent investigators have done, that the wretched style of his pecuniary supplies was occasioned solely by the peculiar temporary state of the money-market of Britain, he would have felt it simply as a passing embarrassment; but he believed it to arise from absolute inability on the part of the British ministry to meet their engagements—perhaps suspected it also to be aggravated by the malpractices of the ministry's secret opponents—and therefore regarded it as a permanent drag upon his movements, or even as an indication that these might be soon and suddenly terminated. Hence was he inwardly afflicted by it far beyond the measure of the outward troubles which it caused. "This great and shameful irregularity in providing for the pay of the troops, the followers of the army, and for the vast and necessary demands of the commissariat," remarks Major Sherer, "obtained frequently throughout the war. Who were interested in the delay of these remittances, it is not for us to say.

To ascribe it to indolence and mal-arrangement does not account to us for the fact of so frequent a repetition of the same neglect. We dwell upon this, because it fettered and hampered the illustrious subject of our memoir on the present occasion, and because as he was a man of great public integrity, and with the strictest notions concerning probity and good faith in all dealings with the inhabitants of the Peninsula, and in all engagements made with followers, and desirous, both as their protector and commander, that his soldiers, for the sake of justice and discipline, should be regularly paid. We know that the neglect here spoken of weighed often and heavily, throughout the war, upon his firm and elastic mind."

Yet, in spite of all his discouragements, all his difficulties, all his causes for anticipating hard work and little sympathy, his moral heroism, with its steady determination and unyielding hope, continued as firm as a granitic rock. Even in one of his gloomiest letters, containing one of his blackest pictures of the misconduct of his troops, he says, "I shall soon be in Spain; and if Victor does not move across the Tagus, he will be in as bad a scrape as Soult. We are getting on well, and I hope the Government are satisfied with us." Nor was he without great encouragements. His services had begun to be well appreciated by at once his own government, the best portion of his countrymen, the wisest of the Portuguese, and the whole of his army. A reinforcement of about seven thousand men from home, and of a regiment from another point, was on the way to him; and the news of this, both on account of the confidence which it indicated on the part of the Government, and because it would compensate the great loss of strength arising from the prevalent sickness, gave much joy to himself and his staff. He likewise received authority to extend his contemplated operations in Spain beyond the provinces contiguous to the Portuguese frontier, provided he should think that his doing so would contribute to victory, and would not be inconsistent with the safety of Portugal. He had expressly applied for this authority,—as we formerly noted; and now he felt gratified and encouraged by receiving it. "The ball," wrote he to Mr. Villiers, "is now at my feet, and I hope I shall have strength enough to give it a good kick." The good feelings of his countrymen toward him were manifested by a jocund and even exultant tone of the public press,—as different from its tone after the convention of Cintra as a balmy day of spring is different from a tempestuous day of winter, —but withal as fitful, as capricious, as likely to be changed, in one hour, without seeming reason, into gloom and onfall. The gratified urbanity of the Portuguese magnates, for a time, knew no bounds, and of course was amply acknowledged; insomuch that Sir Arthur incidentally says, "The Portuguese government and I stand complimenting each other." And the zeal, devotion, and bravery of his soldiers, notwithstanding all the misconduct of the men, all the discontent of the officers, and all the defalcations in pay to both, continued

eminently high, and were personally flattering to our hero. "An excellent spirit prevailed. There were no murmurs, no complainings in the ranks,—no doubts as to the final and just settlement of all their claims. The men had a confidence in their commander's honour, a trust in his talents, a belief in his fortune, and an admiration of his courage. Hence they would have endured any hardship, have borne any privation, and have faced any danger, if they only saw Wellesley in the camp."

During the march to Abrantes, indeed, and during the early part of the long halt there, Sir Arthur was affected far more by the good than by the evil in his circumstances,—was seduced by flattering representations and flaming reports, in defiance of his usual strong penetration, to entertain too high hopes of success against the enemy. "False informations, egregious boasts, and hollow promises," remarks Napier, "such as had been employed to mislead Sir John Moore, were renewed at this period; and the allied nations were influenced by a riotous rather than a reasonable confidence of victory. The English newspapers teemed with letters, describing the enemy's misery and fears: nor was the camp free from these inflated feelings. Marshal Beresford was so credulous of French weakness as publicly to announce to the junta of Badajos that Soult's force, wandering and harassed by continual attacks, was reduced to eight or ten thousand distressed soldiers. Nay, Sir Arthur Wellesley himself, swayed by the pertinacity of the tale-makers, the unhesitating assurances of the junta, perhaps, also, a little excited by a sense of his own great talents, was not free from the impression that the hour of complete triumph was come." Yet our hero showed no elatement,—no disposition to precipitancy,—but felt his way firmly and carefully; and after the transpiry of a week or two, he got better intelligence, learned some facts respecting a gathering strength of the French, and cast his purposes into the characteristic mould of commingled caution and decision.

A grand business was to concert a plan of co-operation with Cuesta. But this proved laborious, intricate, and very nearly impracticable. Sir Arthur, as we saw, turned his attention to it the instant he relinquished the pursuit of Soult; and he afterwards prosecuted it in a diligent voluminous correspondence, —and in order to expedite it, sent off two confidential officers, from Coimbra to Cuesta's camp, with an elaborate memorandum of queries for directing their inquiries, and with stringent instructions to elicit carefully Cuesta's wishes, and to pay proper deference to all his military suggestions. Sir Arthur likewise, according to both his privilege and his duty, while desiring to know Cuesta's views, took leave to submit his own,—which were, in substance, that Cuesta should retire into some strong position toward the foot of the Sierra Morena, in such a manner as to draw Victor after him, and to amuse him there, while Sir Arthur should march rapidly to Talavera, cross the Tagus there, and then wheel

down to the south, so as to assail Victor in the rear, and destroy him between two fires. But Cuesta would not listen to any suggestion which required him to operate south of the Guadiana,—was earnestly desirous that his own army and the British army should act in junction, with the view apparently of getting the latter completely committed to the Spanish part of the war,—and in fact, assumed a right, talked and acted as if he indubitably possessed the right, to dictate the entire plan of the campaign.

Sir Arthur found him thoroughly unyielding,—could not make an impression upon him by any sort of appeal or argument; and had no alternative but either to break with him, or to adopt his views,—either to keep away from him, with the effect of letting him go to ruin, or to join him in the way he wished, with the effect of marring the strength and increasing the risks of the contemplated operations. He took the generous side of the alternative, in spite of the damaging effect it might have upon his own fame; yet did not restrain himself from speaking sarcastically of it, in confidence, to Lord Castlereagh. "My correspondence with General Cuesta," says he, "has been a very curious one, and proves him to be as obstinate as any gentleman at the head of an army need be. He would not alter his position even to insure the safety of his army, because he supposed that this measure might be injurious to himself; notwithstanding, that this alteration would have been part of an operation which must have ended in the annihilation of Victor's army if he stood our attack, or in his retreat through the mountains to Arzobispo, with the loss of all his cannon and baggage if he went away. I hope I acted right in giving way, more particularly as the operation was to be carried on in Spain, and the argument urged to me was, that the safety of Cuesta's army depended on my compliance. The best of the whole story is, that Cuesta, in a letter, of the 27th May, which I did not receive till after I had written to him to propose my plan of operations, proposed to me the same plan with very little alteration."

But before Sir Arthur could get ready to effect a junction with Cuesta, affairs became sufficiently altered to require a reconsideration of the plan of operations. The French corps in the north-west of the Peninsula seemed not unlikely to become troublesome; the fourth corps, which had passed from the command of Lefebvre to that of Sebastiani, and had taken up the occupancy of La Mancha when the corps of Victor took up that of Estremadura, seemed certain to be brought into action; the troops at Madrid, also, were likely to be brought promptly into requisition. And on the other hand, the Spanish and Portuguese corps in the north-west had materially increased in both strength and activity, while the great Spanish army for covering Andalusia, which had been undergoing rapid augmentation ever since the battle of Medellin, had been divided into two corps, the one about 38,000 strong under Cuesta for confronting Victor, and the other about 25,000 strong under Venegas for confronting

Sebastiani. The effective object, in any case, was to thrust at Madrid, and of course to sweep away whatever lay before it. But there were three general plans of operation by which the British army could attempt this,—first, to co-operate with Marshal Beresford, the Duke del Parque, and the Marquis de la Romana, making Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo the base of movements, advancing by the line of Salamanca, and leaving Cuesta and Venegas to keep Victor and Sebastiani in play,—second, to march into direct junction with Cuesta, and, making Elvas and Badajoz the base of movements, to assail Victor in front,—and third, to march upon Plasencia and Almaraz, to form a junction eastward of the latter point with Cuesta, coming up in parallel movement on the other side of the Tagus, and to sweep away Victor from before Madrid, while Venegas should advance contemporaneously toward the same point, endeavouring to sweep away Sebastiani. The last of these plans was the one adopted,—being the one best relished by Cuesta; yet even this involved great hypothetic details which caused much laborious correspondence, and were late in being settled. Sir Arthur made beautiful critical analyses of all the details, both Cuesta's and his own,—analyses which must form a high model of strategy to every military reader of his despatches; and he adds,—"I am much concerned that it is not in my power, with the instructions under which I act, to enter into any great system of co-operation with the Spanish armies. I can never admit, however, that—although, from circumstances, it is not in my power to do all I could wish—a great and important object will not have been attained by the removal of Marshal Victor from the imposing position which he occupies, menacing the seat of government of Portugal, as well as of Spain, even though he should be able to retire with all his artillery and stores."

Victor, though he had lain so long inert in the near neighbourhood of the Spanish army, could not be expected to lie inert also in the near neighbourhood of the British army. He was not fool enough to await blindly the convenience or mutual understanding of Cuesta and Sir Arthur Wellesley to make a joint onset on his camp. The approach of the British army from the north had been a main reason for his taking post at Torremocha, and seemed likely to be as strong a reason for his either rising into action or retreating to the east. He was hindered for some days from getting tolerable intelligence of it by the bodies of insurgents, by the intervention of the Tagus, and by Mackenzie's corps of observation; but at length he learned distinctly that the main body of the army had concentrated at Abrantes, and that three brigades of it, under Marshal Beresford, had proceeded as an advanced corps, to Castello-Branco. He then took the alarm,—prepared to march north-eastward, across the Tagus, and across the Tietar, on to Plasencia,—and, in order to secure protection to his flank, made a clever manœuvre for destroying the bridge of Alcantara.

Colonel Mayne, it will be remembered, had resumed possession of that bridge,

His original orders to blow it up, in the event of such an attack as he might be unable to resist, were now rendered unnecessary by the return of the British army from the north. But they had not been rescinded; and he not only regarded them as still in force, but had allowed them to become known to the enemy. Victor, therefore, sent a strong detachment against him, for the mere purpose of provoking him to put them in execution. The detachment rushed on, in seemingly powerful assault; and Colonel Mayne blew up the bridge. The Tagus there rolls its flood, forty feet deep, through a wild rocky gorge, three hundred yards wide, and nearly one hundred yards deep. The bridge was a noble structure, built by Trajan, remarkable alike as a grand Roman monument, and a most important road-pass. The destruction of it was momentarily serviceable to Victor; yet soon came to be an inconvenience, and a subject of lamentation, to all parties in the war.

Victor, after the success of his manœuvre, retired rapidly toward Almaraz, followed, but not molested, by Cuesta. He crossed the Tagus at Almaraz, and removed thence a boat-bridge, which there formed the communication between the banks. His retreat to Plasencia seemed now secure; it certainly was pleasant: and it promised also to be commanding. The valley of the Tagus had already been eaten down to beggary by the occupying armies; while all the country around Plasencia remained untouched, and at the same time was extremely fertile. Victor would there be in comfort; and there also he could watch well the proceedings of the British army on the frontier of Portugal, and could easily open a communication with the corps of Soult and Ney. He likewise quickly constructed a bridge over the Tietar at Bazagona, by which he could, in two marches, repel any attempt which Cuesta might make to cross the Tagus at Almaraz. But, on the 22d of June, just after he had completed all his new arrangements, he received a sudden order from King Joseph to retire instantly with his main body to Talavera, sending on his light cavalry and a division of infantry to Toledo, and leaving merely rear-guards at Almaraz and on the Tietar. "This order," caustically remarks Napier, "was the result of that indecision which none but truly great men, or fools, are free from,—the first, because they can see their way clearly through the thousand difficulties that encumber and bewilder the mind in war,—the last, because they see nothing." Joseph, immediately after perpetrating this folly, committed another, by setting off, with a large force, on a short, rambling, aimless search for Venegas. Several days passed before Victor could strengthen himself in his new locality, which he did chiefly by taking up strong ground behind the Alberche,—while no fewer than twelve days passed before he got back his abstracted cavalry and infantry, or was again supported by an available nearness of any other French forces; and during all that time—cut off from every advantage of his former position, without a single compensating advantage in his new one—he might

have been an easy prey to either of the two hostile armies by which he was menaced. But Cuesta, though in his near neighbourhood, did not know how to make a run at him, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, besides being too distant to get the earliest intelligence, was held fast by the evils of the military chest and the commissariat.

A day or two after Victor's decampment from Torremocha, Sir Arthur Wellesley learned that Soult and Ney, after having effected a junction and done some work in Gallicia, were threatening the north of Portugal. He therefore sent away Marshal Beresford, with his Portuguese brigades, to supersede Silveira in the command at Oporto, to adopt all needful measures for defending the north of Portugal, and to collect in a camp, in the most exposed part of the frontier, all the Portuguese forces who could be spared from garrisons, for the double purpose of watching the enemy's movements, and disciplining the officers and troops. Beresford, immediately after arriving at his destination, received from the Marquis de la Romana a proposal for a joint operation in Gallicia; and he referred to Sir Arthur Wellesley for instructions. "In the same letter in which Romana asks for reinforcements," said Sir Arthur in reply, "he tells you that he wants everything, arms, ammunition, and provisions; and yet he wants you to unite yourself to this deficiency of means, to carry on an operation in Gallicia. You can only lose by entering into it. At the same time I think that Spain has some claim upon Portugal, on the ground of Cuesta's operations when Portugal was threatened by the French corps at Alcantara. It may be said that we shall remunerate these claims by our advance into Spain at present; but I think we ought to do more than is expected from us. I am decidedly adverse to our engaging in the loose desultory operations in which Romana appears to delight. They can answer no purpose excepting to disorganize your troops; they will not answer to us even the ends to which he appears to aspire; for when we come to engage in them, it will very soon be found that we are doing nothing. My opinion is that you should call upon Romana to state what his object is, and what his means of accomplishing it, and what the force of the enemy opposed to him. If you get from him a clear explanation upon these points, and that all he intends is to hold a little of Gallicia, I see no objection to your giving him the assistance of two or three battalions and some squadrons under Silveira, which would as effectually cover Portugal in Gallicia as in Portugal itself. But it will be rank madness to enter upon an offensive plan in Gallicia at present; and indeed I conceive that we must make up our minds to lose for future operations the corps which Silveira will, under this arrangement, have under his command. We certainly derive some advantage from Romana and his operations, but I conceive none that would compensate for the loss of the discipline and organization of our troops."

Sir Arthur learned, about the end of June, that Soult had descended from

Gallicia to Zamora,—a place on the Douro, about thirty miles north of Salamanca, in the northern part of the very region to which he wished to retreat, when he first saw a necessity for his retiring from Oporto; and, apprehensive that the Regency of Portugal might feel such alarm as to desire the recall of some portion of the British army from the campaign against Victor, Sir Arthur wrote as follows to Mr. Villiers:—"It appears to me that Soult has been obliged to come out from Gallicia to Zamora solely for the purpose of giving repose to and refitting his army; that he intends to plunder Bragança, which I conceive we cannot well prevent, and by his position, as well as by his movements, to threaten Portugal; that Ney remains in Gallicia, in which province he is to fortify certain points, and to occupy them with his troops. You are aware that Beresford is about to collect his army on the frontier, somewhere south of the Douro; and I defy Soult to do him or Portugal any injury as long as his army is in its present situation, or by any amelioration of its situation which can be produced in a short period of time. He may be able to plunder Bragança, or any other village; but I trust that the Portuguese government will have firmness sufficient to look at the great objects of the war, and not to disturb our plans or operations by calling for detachments to protect trifling objects upon the frontier,—which detachments, after all, will not be able to effect any of the objects which the Government would have in view in calling for them. Beresford's army on the frontier of Portugal will protect that country, and will add much to the strength of my left flank. Hereafter it will be able to accomplish more important objects: and in the meantime, I do not think it much signifies whether a village more or less is plundered."

On the 27th of June, the instant after the arrival of the long-expected "sinew of war," the British army broke up from the camp of Abrantes. It comprised, at that moment, 16,663 infantry, 3,047 cavalry, 1,287 artillery-men and engineers, and 30 pieces of artillery. The infantry was arranged in one division of four brigades, under General Sherbrooke, and three divisions of two brigades each, under respectively General Hill, General Mackenzie, and General Campbell. The cavalry was in three brigades, under General Payne; and the artillery in six brigades, under General Howorth. Reinforcements to the amount of nearly 8,000 infantry had just arrived at Lisbon; and were organized to proceed toward the army in three brigades, under respectively General Lightfoot, General Robert Craufurd, and General Catlin Craufurd. A comparatively large number of soldiers also were still in hospital. The Commander-in-chief, writing to Lord Castlereagh on the 30th of June, in reply to a letter containing a return of the number of men under his command, says, "The mischief of these returns is that they never convey an accurate notion of the strength of the army. According to your account, I have 35,000 men; according to my own, I have only 18,000; and the public will not be satisfied either with you or me, if I do not effect all that 35,000 men are expected to do. Including officers, who ought to be counted,

I make no doubt that I shall have before long more than 35,000 men; but from all these returns, a deduction of ten in the hundred ought always to be made for sick,—and then you may come nearly to the mark."

The army moved from Abrantes to Castello-Branco in two columns. The one column marched on the north bank of the Tagus, through Sobreira-Formosa; and the other marched on the south bank to Villa Velha, where a boat-bridge had been again established. The head-quarters reached Castello-Branco on the 30th of June, and remained there two days. The army, with the exception of one flanking brigade under Colonel Donkin, moved thence in one column, through Zarza-Mayor, Moralejo, and Coria, to Plasencia. The brigade under Colonel Donkin marched through Ceclaven and Torijoncillos, and explored the country adjacent to the Tagus. The head-quarters arrived at Plasencia on the 8th of July, and the rear-guard on the 10th.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, when at Zarza-Mayor, had an interview with General Franceschi as a prisoner; and on arriving at Plasencia, received from Almeida the substance of despatches which had been found in that officer's possession at the time of his capture. This gave a very dismal account of Soult's situation and prospects, representing his army as utterly disorganized, and all the country around it as in a state of frightful revolt. Soult, immediately after his expulsion from Portugal, had despatched Franceschi to Madrid, to acquaint King Joseph with the disasters of the retreat from Oporto to Orense. Franceschi, declining to take any other escort than his two aides-de-camp, and turning aside from his route at Tordesillas to visit a friend, was met and captured by a Capuchin friar, at the head of a guerilla party of ten men. The friar led him across the country, in order to deliver him to the Supreme Junta at Seville, and happened to cross the British army's line of march at Zarza-Mayor. Franceschi, while in the presence of Sir Arthur Wellesley and his staff, bewailed bitterly the evil fortune of his capture, exclaiming frequently, "O how humbling it is for a general of hussars to have been taken prisoner by a Capuchin!" Yet he passed easily and urbanely from his own disaster to meet all their advances with frankness, and their inquiries with candour. He likewise, while in Sir Arthur's presence, expressed an anxious desire that his wife and family should be informed of his safety; and Sir Arthur, though as little connected with him in the capacity of a prisoner as in the capacity of a Frenchman, but acting simply as a generous enemy, charged himself personally with the gratifying of that desire. Poor Franceschi, however, proved really to be not in safety. "Being transferred to Seville, the Central Junta, with infamous cruelty, treated him as if he had been a criminal instead of a brave soldier, and confined him in a dungeon at Carthagena. The citizens there, ashamed of their government, endeavoured to effect his escape; but he perished at the moment when his liberation was certain."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S VISIT TO CUESTA'S CAMP—HIS PRUDENTIAL ARRANGEMENTS AT PLASENCIA—HIS JUNCTION WITH CUESTA, AND ADVANCE TO TALAVERA—THE SKIRMISH OF GAMONAL—PROCEEDINGS AT TALAVERA—THE CONCENTRATION OF VICTOR, SEBASTIANI, AND KING JOSEPH BEHIND THE GUADARAMA—THE DEFILE OF CUESTA AT ALCABON AND ST. OLALLA.

At the time of his arrival at Plasencia, Sir Arthur Wellesley had never seen a Spanish army,—had a bad knowledge of its discipline or capabilities,—had no personal acquaintance with Cuesta,—did not sufficiently enjoy the confidence of that general, who entertained some weak prejudices against him,—and had not been able to concert the details of co-operation with him, in a further advance up the Tagus. He therefore resolved to clear up all these important matters at once, by making a personal visit to Cuesta's head-quarters, which were then situated in the vicinity of the Col de Mirabete. General Charles Stuart, (afterwards Lord Londonderry,) accompanied him on the visit, and has given the following account of it,—with a detail of incidents more ample than would suit the general limits of our narrative, yet well fitted to gratify the curiosity which every reader must feel to know the condition of a Spanish camp.

"Having set out from Plasencia for Cuesta's head-quarters, we were met at a flying-bridge across the Tietar by a squadron of Spanish hussars. The hussars, who belonged to the regiment of Villa Viciosa, were upon the whole well mounted and equipped; and we afterwards discovered that they had been selected to escort us because their appearance was superior to that of any other corps in the Spanish army. Unfortunately, however, in conducting us towards the bridge of boats upon the Tagus, our guides lost their way; and darkness had, in consequence, set in before we approached the camp. This was the more to be regretted, as Cuesta had drawn out his whole force for Sir Arthur Wellesley's inspection. The troops had been under arms during four hours, in momentary expectation of our arrival; whilst the poor old man himself, though still lame from the effects of his bruises at Medellin, remained on horseback at their head, during the greater part of that time. Our arrival at the camp was announced by a general discharge of artillery, upon which an immense number of torches were lighted, and we passed the Spanish line in review by their blaze. The effect was very singular. As the torches were held aloft, at moderate intervals from one another, they threw a red and wavering light over the whole scene, permitting, at the same time, its minuter parts to be here and there cast into

shade; whilst the grim and swarthy visages of the soldiers, their bright arms and dark uniforms, appeared peculiarly picturesque as often as the flashes fell upon them. Then there was the frequent roar of cannon, the shouldering of firelocks, mingled with the brief word of command, and the rattling of accoutrements and arms, as we passed from battalion to battalion. All these served to interest the sense of hearing to the full as much as the spectacle attracted the sense of sight. Nor was old Cuesta himself an object to be passed by without notice, even at such a moment and under such circumstances. The old man preceded us, not so much sitting on his horse, as held upon it by two pages,—at the imminent hazard of being overthrown whenever a cannon was discharged, or a torch flared out with peculiar brightness. Indeed, his physical debility was so observable as clearly to mark his total unfitness for the situation which he held. As to his mental powers, he gave us little opportunity of judging; inasmuch as he scarcely uttered five words during the continuance of our visit.

"In this manner we passed about 6,000 cavalry, drawn up in rank entire, and not less than twenty battalions of infantry, each consisting of perhaps 700 to 800 men. These formed but one portion of the army, the rest being either at the bridge of Arzobispo, or in position along the Tagus; and they were all, with a few exceptions, remarkably fine men. Some, indeed, were extremely young—too young for service—particularly among the recruits which had lately joined; but take them for all in all, it would not have been easy to point out a better-made, stouter, or more hardy-looking body of soldiers in the service of any nation in Europe. Of their appointments, it is not possible to speak in the same terms of commendation. There were, indeed, some battalions whose arms, accoutrements, and even clothing might be pronounced respectable; but in general, they were very deficient, particularly in shoes. It was easy to perceive, likewise, from the attitude in which they stood, as well as from the manner in which they held their arms, that little or no discipline prevailed among them; and hence that, in general, they could not be regarded in any other light than as raw levies. Some corps there doubtless were, such as the Irish brigades, a battalion or two of marines from Cadiz, and the remnants of their grenadier battalions, which deserved a higher military character. But speaking of them in the aggregate, they were little better than bold peasantry, armed partially like soldiers, but completely unacquainted with a soldier's duty. This remark applied fully as much to the cavalry as to the infantry. The horses were many of them good, but their riders manifestly knew nothing of movement or discipline; and they were, as well on this account as on the score of a miserable equipment, quite unfit for general service. The artillery, again, was numerous, but totally unlike, both in order and arrangement, to that of other armies; and the generals appeared to have been selected according to one rule alone, namely, that of seniority. They were almost all old men, and, except O'Donoju and Largas,

evidently incapable of bearing the fatigues, or surmounting the difficulties of one hard campaign. It was not so with the colonels or commanders of battalions, who appeared to be young and active, and of whom we had every reason to believe that many were rapidly learning to become skilful officers.

"The place at which we paid this visit, and witnessed these events, was called Casa del Puerto; where the head-quarters of the Spanish army were established in a wretched hovel. We alighted here after the review had ended, and, as soon as we entered, Cuesta, who seemed quite overpowered by fatigue, retired to rest; but he returned again at eleven o'clock to supper, and remained with us till past midnight. He sat, however, as he always did under similar circumstances, in profound silence, neither seeking to take a share in the conversation, nor apparently paying the slightest attention to it. I was much struck with this singularity of manner, and inquired of those around me whether it were assumed; but they all represented it as being perfectly natural, and gave rather a curious account of the aged chief. Every thing, it appeared, went on, throughout the army, rather in his name, than by his orders. Cuesta was a person of no talent whatever; but he was a brave, upright, and honourable man, full of prejudices, obstinate to a degree, and abhorring the French with the hatred of personal rancour. On the latter account, the Spaniards reposed unbounded confidence in Cuesta; and they did so the more readily, as he never failed to put to death every traitor that fell into his hands. Cuesta never gained a victory, yet he was constantly eager to fight; and when the battle began, he was always to be found in the post of greatest danger. That, however, was a matter of very little moment; for he gave no orders except to push on; and as to arrangement, or the mode of executing manœuvres, they were things quite unknown to his army. It was said that the Brigadier-General Quiske, Cuesta's military secretary, was a man of some talent. Him, however, we did not see; but O'Donoju struck me as being clever and sensible, but an intriguer and politician. Respecting the rest of the generals, it was impossible to form an opinion, as Cuesta seemed unwilling that they should hold any conversation with us. It is true that he presented them one by one to Sir Arthur Wellesley, the ceremony taking place after breakfast on the 11th; but no words were exchanged on the occasion, and each retired after he had made his bow. The ceremony having been gone through, Sir Arthur Wellesley and Cuesta withdrew, at the request of the former, to an inner apartment, where they held a conference which lasted four hours. I heard that O'Donoju, who assisted his general, was the chief speaker, and that Cuesta was, as usual, almost silent. When it came to a close, dinner was announced; and we sat down, about three o'clock, to about forty dishes, the principal ingredients in which were garlic and onions. Our meal did not occupy much time, and on Cuesta retiring, as was his custom, to enjoy his siesta, we mounted our horses, and rode out into the

camp. By this means we were enabled to see more of the regiments separately, than we had seen during the torch-light review. We saw, however, nothing which raised them in our estimation, and we returned at a late hour, fully convinced, that if the deliverance of the Peninsula was to be effected, it must be done, not by the Spaniards, but by ourselves. At an early hour next morning we took leave of Cuesta, and set out on our return to Plasencia. The old Spaniard brightened up as we bid him farewell, embracing us, while he repeated over and over again that he was fully satisfied with the result of the interview."

The plan of operation agreed upon was, that Sir Arthur Wellesley and Cuesta should march on the 18th to make a joint attack upon Victor,—that they should effect a junction in the vicinity of Arzobispo,—that Venegas should advance contemporaneously with them from La Mancha, leaving Toledo and Aranjuez to his left, and directing his march upon Fuente Duenas and Villa Maurique,—that he should keep Sebastiani from marching to the support of Victor, either by holding him in play about the Tagus, or by drawing him on to Madrid,—and that Sir Robert Wilson, with his Lusitanian legion, a few dragoons, and some Spanish battalions, was to engage the attention of Dessolles' troops in Madrid, by deflecting to the mountains on Victor's right, penetrating there the passes of Avenas and San Pedro Bernardo, and descending thence to menace Madrid from the west. The Spanish side of the agreement, however, was neither clear nor cordial,—being greatly spoiled not only by the strong foibles of Cuesta, but by jealousies between him and Venegas, and by a crisis in the incessant imbecilities and intrigues of the Central Junta.

A lofty rugged range of mountains separates all the south end of the province of Salamanca from all the north end of Estremadura, and is traversable by artillery or carriages only through the pass of Perales on the side of Salamanca, and the pass of Banos on the side of Estremadura, leading right down to the town of Plasencia. Sir Arthur Wellesley deemed the defence of these passes essential to the safety of the movement up the Tagus. He did not know, indeed, how vast a force was mustering against him on the other side of the mountains; nor did he apprehend that the corps of Soult, which he had drubbed out of Portugal, could for some time acquire any power to menace the line of the Tagus; yet he knew that the other French forces in the north might possibly be made available; and partly for that reason, partly out of his habitual circumspection to adopt every practicable measure for rendering a military movement secure, he required, in his conference with Cuesta, that the passes of Perales and Banos should be strongly occupied. He had already, of his own authority, directed Marshal Beresford to take up such a position with his army, in the vicinity of Ciudad Rodrigo, as promised to be tantamount to the complete defence of Perales; but he depended entirely on Cuesta, as the protector of the country, for the defence of Banos, and thought well also that, in the same

capacity, he should do something for Perales. Cuesta at first saw no necessity for those measures, and was unwilling to employ any of his soldiers upon them; but eventually he agreed to send some of his own battalions to Banos, and to request the Duke del Parque to send from Ciudad Rodrigo a detachment to Perales. Had he so kept his word as to send at once a strong force to Banos, he would have barely averted a dire disaster which speedily followed, and which we shall have afterwards to relate; but he sent only six hundred men, with only twenty rounds of ammunition per man, and was in no hurry to send even these, —so that he practically made the defence of Banos a mockery.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, while at Plasencia, endeavoured, through the medium of Mr. Frere, to correct the intrigues which were going on respecting the balance of power, or the re-distribution of power, between the Spanish Junta and its generals. He felt grieved as a politician, and annoyed as a commander, that all the ruling classes of the Spanish patriots continued more or less to waste their power in efforts against one another; and he did whatever he prudently and transiently could, in his camp at Plasencia, to induce them to concentrate it all against the common foe. He likewise, with characteristic shrewdness, discovered, among the visitors from Cuesta's camp to his own, some indications of foul play, under appearances which probably all other observers regarded as entirely faithful and eminently friendly. "I do not know," wrote he on the 13th to Mr. Frere, "what your opinion is of O'Donoju. He is certainly an able man, and I think that if it is your opinion that he can be trusted, I could talk confidentially to him; and if I did not guide their measures, and prevent all mischief, either by Cuesta or others, I should at least obtain a knowledge of their real designs. I have no reason to complain, on the contrary, I have reason to be satisfied with ———. He only appears to me to be anxious to obtain a knowledge of our plans: but I do not know whether I ought to attribute this appearance of anxiety in him to my prejudices against him, or to his desire to make his own employment of more importance, to his curiosity, or to his wish to make himself useful. A man in his situation must have a foreknowledge of all our intended operations, and if he is not honest, he has it in his power to do us much mischief. ——— has certainly the mind and manners of an intrigant; and he comes from a part of Spain of which the people are most likely not to be inimical to the French. Besides the anxiety of ——— to obtain a knowledge of our plans from me, I have heard him making inquiries respecting the strength of corps, from others, with the result of which inquiries he certainly had no concern." These suspicions may seem ungenerous, but they probably were quite just. Pity that Sir Arthur did not follow them out! Proof arose in a few days that Victor was obtaining current perfect knowledge of all his plans,—such as completely enabled him, in as far as any mere knowledge could enable him, to anticipate or defeat them. Treachery alone could

have furnished this; nor could even treachery have done it, except in the person of some such man as the present suspected Spaniard.

Sir Arthur, while at Plasencia, also, began to be once more pressed very severely—more severely, indeed, than ever before—by the difficulties of his commissariat. He had sent forward from Abrantes commissaries into Spain, to all places near his intended line of march, to purchase means of transport, and to make arrangements for supplies of food. The Central Junta likewise had given him the warmest assurances that all the local authorities would be incited to meet his wishes, and had sent a high official, professedly armed with the greatest possible powers, to give all requisite sanction and aid to his commissaries. Yet he soon discovered that all the promises made to him, if not utterly insincere, were at least practically useless. During the five days' march from the Spanish frontier to Plasencia, his army obtained few supplies, and saw ample cause to expect still fewer. He looked for some improvement after his interviews with Cuesta; but, after waiting four days, saw not the least appearance of it, and then became convinced that he must attempt remonstrance,—and if that failed, must relinquish the campaign, and fall back on Portugal. "My officers complain, and I believe not without reason," wrote he on the 16th to Mr. Frere, "that the country gives unwillingly the supplies of provisions we have required, and I have been obliged to promise that they shall be replaced from our stores in Portugal; and we have not procured a cart or a mule for the service of the army. This does not look promising: and I shall certainly not persevere if our prospect of good treatment does not improve. We really should not be worse off in an enemy's country; or, indeed so ill, as we should there take by force what we should require." And on the same day he informed Cuesta, by letter, that, though feeling bound in honour to fulfil the agreement which had been made, to march up to the camp of Victor in the vicinity of Talavera, yet, if his supplies should not improve, he was resolved not to go beyond the Alberche. Nothing but stern necessity, we may be certain, could drive Sir Arthur to form such a resolution; and nothing but courteous regard to the interests of the Spanish army could induce him to communicate it thus early to Cuesta,—"towards whom," he said, "it was but fair and candid to announce his determination at the earliest moment."

The British troops were already under short allowance; and in a few days, at a crisis which required their utmost exertions, they passed into constant half-starvation, upon miserable food. Sir Arthur clearly foresaw the distress which was assailing them, and shrunk from it as from a pestilence. The Spaniards clearly foresaw it too; but they also as clearly caused it. The Central Junta, the local magistrates, the military authorities, and the common people all concurred to starve the British army. This conduct, so cruel to the brave soldiers, so outrageous to public faith, and so destructive to the Spaniards' own inter-

ests, has been a subject of bewildering astonishment to historians. Some have ascribed it to the commercial stupidity of the Spaniards, which cannot be roused to action even by the love of gain; others, to fierce fanatical aversion to strangers, particularly to "heretics," as all Protestants are called in Roman Catholic lands; others, to a narrow selfish fear that the furnishing of supplies to the British troops might have brought themselves to want; others, to a mixture of these motives with one another, or with secret partisanship to the French, or with the influence of perverse party Spanish politics; and others, to a concerted plan, to afford the Central Junta and the Spanish generals a pretext for justifying their own conduct, and casting all the blame upon Sir Arthur Wellesley, in the event of the campaign proving disastrous. But be the cause what it might, these two facts are certain, that the British commander, marching at the head of his army for the deliverance of Spain, was led into an atrocious snare by the general violation of Spanish faith,—and that while his troops were reduced to feebleness for want of food, and to the utmost inconvenience for want of means of transport, the troops of Cuesta, even when encamped by their side, had generally a profusion of all sorts of supplies. Sir Arthur's moving forward, under such circumstances, to fulfil his engagement with Cuesta, was as high moral bravery as if he had moved into the most desperate battle; but it was also as much subject to the laws of military prudence,—as much bound, if fairly beaten, to seek safety in retreat; for he would have been as little justified in sacrificing his men to famine, as in sacrificing them to the sword.

Sir Robert Wilson, on the 15th, began his march up the valley of the Tietar, into the mountains; and on the 23d, he arrived at Escalona, on the upper Alberche, direct between Victor's camp and Madrid. Venegas broke up from Madridejos on the 18th, and so directed his march as to cross the Tagus at Fuente Duenas on the 22d. Sir Arthur Wellesley crossed the Tietar on the 18th, halted at Centinello on the 19th, reached Oropesa on the 20th, and remained there, to give his troops repose, during the 21st. Cuesta, moving up from Almaraz, by Naval-Moral and Arzobispo, arrived at Oropesa on the 21st, dined there that day with Sir Arthur Wellesley, and enjoyed the spectacle of twenty thousand British troops, drawn out in review for his inspection. The old gentleman beheld the sight with strong undisguised admiration, and afterwards spake of it, in one of his despatches, as "a magnificent exhibition." He took up his own head-quarters for the night at Velada. And on the next day, the 22d, the combined allied armies moved in two columns to drive the French posts from Talavera.

Victor, as we have already hinted, was well aware that all these movements would be made, and took care to adopt the best measures in his power to defeat them. He was in full facile communication with both King Joseph and Sebastiani,—the former of whom, as we shall afterwards see, had just taken means to

bring up a tremendous machinery for striking the allied armies in the rear,—while the latter had determined upon a course of strategy for completely out-witting Vanegas' manœuvre, by leaving a body of about 3,000 men, with appearances of their being the whole corps, to amuse him, while all the rest should move down the Tagus to effect a junction with the corps of Victor and with all the disposable troops from Madrid. Victor likewise sent a regiment of hussars to the vicinity of Escalona, to support a moveable column previously placed there, to oppose Sir Robert Wilson, and protect the access to Madrid from the upper Alberche. He also recalled all his foraging parties,—disposed his line of retreat to a point of concentration with the other French forces on the road to Toledo,—strengthened his main position to the uttermost, on the strong ground behind the lower Alberche,—and pushed forward a division of infantry to support his posts at Talavera.

In the advance of the allied army, on the 22d, to assail Victor's out-posts, Cuesta marched by the high road, and Sir Arthur Wellesley by a road to the left. The leading Spanish column, under General Zayas, came first in contact with the French, being met on the plain of Gamonal, about a league from Talavera, by a brigade of two thousand cavalry under General Latour Maubourg. The Spanish column comprised fifteen thousand infantry, three thousand cavalry, and a due proportion of guns. Yet the French brigade defied it, stopped it, obliged it to display its whole line, made light of both its movements and its cannonading, and did not begin to retire before it till they saw some British dragoons advancing toward their right flank. The Spaniards even then did not show any mettle; and though reinforced from the rear till their dragoons amounted to six thousand, they could not be induced, at even the most favourable parts of the ground, to make even a partial charge. Maubourg, in spite of them all, and in spite of the play of many guns, retreated in perfect order, in the finest style, and without loss, past Talavera and across the Alberche into Victor's main position. The affair ended about two o'clock.

The town of Talavera extends along the right bank of the Tagus, close to the water's edge, about three miles below the influx of the Alberche. An intricate mass of olive-woods, vineyards, and enclosures occupies a tract along all the landward side of the town, and athwart much of the peninsula between the Alberche and the Tagus. The allied armies, after obliging Victor's advanced-guard to retire beyond the Alberche, sat down partly within this covered tract, and partly upon open level ground on its left. Sir Arthur Wellesley meditated an attack on the French position, at the earliest possible moment; yet thought it prudent, in the first instance, to ascertain whether Victor had been reinforced, or what seemed to be his present effectual strength. The inhabitants of Talavera, though Victor had lain so long around them, either could not or would not give the desired information. Some of the British officers ascended the adjacent

mountains in such directions as to obtain views of the French position in reverse; while Sir Arthur himself reconnoitred from the nearest possible vantage-grounds,—going fearlessly within range of the French guns; and at one spot, he made a very narrow escape,—a three-pound shot being fired at him with so good an aim that it cut a bough from a tree close to his head.

In the evening, Sir Arthur made a general agreement with Cuesta to attack Victor early next morning, but was obliged to leave the settling of the details to another interview. At ten o'clock, he went to get that interview; but found that Cuesta had gone to bed, and had left orders that he should not be disturbed. At three in the morning, the British troops were under arms, ready for the attack; and they remained so during four hours before Cuesta or his staff rose up from sleep. And when at length Cuesta made his appearance, he declared he would not fight on that day, for reasons satisfactory to himself,—which however, have never become known,—most writers merely asserting, though without sufficient evidence, that he would not fight because the day was Sunday. His resolution, at that late moment, after the British army had risen so long from their rest, and stood so long under arms, waiting his arrival, was sufficiently tantalizing to both them and their commander. But there can be little doubt that it was formed on the preceding evening,—that it was then made known to Cuesta's staff,—that it was then also communicated to Victor. Had the attack been made on the French camp on the morning of the 23d, it could scarcely have failed to be overwhelming. Victor was well aware of this,—he knew the position and the strength of the allies nearly as well as he knew his own; and had he not felt certain that the attack would not be made, he either would have decamped during the night, or at least have put himself in readiness to retire fighting before his assailants. But he remained in the morning in exactly the same state as he had been in the evening.

The hour was at hand, however, when he could count upon concentrating at Toledo with Sebastiani from La Mancha and Dessolles from Madrid. He, therefore, maintained an appearance of repose, in order to take the longest possible advantage of the inactivity of the allies, and yet suddenly carried forward preparations to send away all his baggage and stores. In the course of the day, the Spanish officer at the allied advanced posts reported that Victor had withdrawn his guns, and seemed evidently about to retreat. Cuesta then became willing to attack. But he proposed, first, to go along with Sir Arthur Wellesley to reconnoitre the French position; and to the astonishment of the British hero, he arrived to do that duty in a coach drawn by six horses; and on finding the ground too rugged for his coach, he lay down to rest himself at the foot of a tree, and speedily went to sleep. He was at length brought so far into practicable condition, that his troops were got under arms, while those of Sir Arthur

Wellesley began to move forward. But new difficulties arose, the night was at hand, and all the troops were countermanded to rest.

The British commander, however, was indefatigable. He had passed through many a ruffling scene, with unruffled patience; and was not to be driven from his equanimity now,—at a crisis of such moment. He, therefore, kept Cuesta at the fighting-point, kept the plan of the attack entire, and only held the execution of it to be postponed till an early hour on the following morning. And that there might be no mistake or excuse respecting the time or the principal details, he sent a clear brief note of them in the course of the evening to Cuesta. That communication is one of the most remarkable ever addressed to a perverse military coadjutor,—written amid wanton embarrassment and heartless starvation, just after having once and again, during a long day, been cheated out of an easy victory,—and yet affording not the slightest indication of either resentment, impatience, or fatigue.

"I have the honour to inform your Excellency," said he, "that two divisions of British infantry, and one brigade of British cavalry, will cross the Alberche to-morrow morning at four o'clock, and will proceed to the attack of the right of the enemy's position on the heights near Cazalegas. Two divisions of British infantry, and two brigades of British cavalry, will remain in reserve on the plain on the right of the Alberche, with their left on the wood near the Duke de Alva's palace, to act in support of the other British divisions, or otherwise, as circumstances may require. I understand it to be settled by your Excellency, that a Spanish division of infantry and cavalry is to cross the Alberche in a central point, between the bridge and the wood in which the Duke de Alva's palace is situated, nearly at the time the British divisions will commence their attack upon the enemy's right,—and that nearly at the same time another Spanish division of infantry and cavalry, and strongly supported by artillery, is to attack the bridge over the Alberche. I also understand that your Excellency intends that a large division of infantry, and the great body of the Spanish cavalry, should be in reserve in the plain behind the Alberche. Having been this evening on the left bank of the Tagus to examine the enemy's position on that side, I am of opinion that great facility will be given, and eventual success will attend, the attack of the bridge over the Alberche, if a battalion with four 6-pounders were this night sent over the Tagus, with directions to the commanding officer, to place himself, and use his artillery, first on the flank of the enemy's defences of the bridge, and secondly, as the Spanish troops will advance, on the left flank of his position on the heights. I am of opinion that if the guns are unlimbered, and taken over by hand, there will be no difficulty in getting them across the bridge over the Tagus, and that they can be at their station in the evening. If your Excellency wishes it, I will send an English officer with them to show where they ought to be stationed."

The whole allied army moved forward at the appointed hour in the morning. But Victor having again been alertly informed of their intentions, did not choose to await their onset. "The golden opportunity of attacking him was lost. His army, like 'Hope's feathered ambassador,' had flitted. The tents, the huts, the standing but deserted camp, as the picturesque pillars of some olden city, just told that inhabitants had once been there. Cuesta appeared surprised at the retreat of the enemy. Sir Arthur felt no astonishment, but much chagrin." Nor did he hesitate, within an hour or two afterward, to express his chagrin to the British ambassador at Seville. "I find General Cuesta," said he, "more and more impracticable every day. It is impossible to do business with him, and very uncertain that any operation will succeed in which he has any concern. O'Donoju expresses himself to be heartily tired of him, and has declared that he will quit him at the first moment he is unsuccessful. He has quarrelled with some of his principal officers; and I understand that all are dissatisfied with him, for the manner in which he has conducted his operations near this place. He contrived to lose the whole of yesterday, in which, although his troops were under arms, and mine in march, we did nothing, owing to the whimsical perverseness of his disposition. But that omission I consider fortunate, as we have dislodged the enemy without a battle, in which the chances were not much in our favour. His want of communication with his officers of the plan settled with me for the 22d, and his absence from the field, were the cause that we did the French but little mischief on that day; and of these circumstances his officers are aware."

The two allied commanders, after they found that Victor had retreated, were as far from a good mutual understanding as ever. Cuesta, though formerly all languor and lethargy for attacking, was now all fire and fury for making pursuit. Sir Arthur Wellesley, on the contrary, was as averse to pursue as he had been eager to assail. Sir Arthur, in fact, was not able to make proper pursuit, though he had been willing. His army had not yet been furnished with the supplies of food and the means of transport which were essential to an effective advance; and he felt obliged, on that very day, to expostulate, in the following warm terms, with the Central Junta:—"During the last two days, although my troops have been on forced marches, engaged in operations with the enemy, the success of which I must say depended on them, they have had nothing to eat, while the Spanish army have had plenty. There is no man that does not acknowledge, even general Cuesta himself acknowledges, the justice and propriety of my conduct in halting now, or in eventually withdrawing; and I can only say, that I never saw an army so ill-treated in any country, or, considering that all depends upon its operations, one which deserved good treatment so much. It is ridiculous to pretend that the country cannot supply our wants. The French army is well fed, and the soldiers who are taken in good health, and

well supplied with bread, of which indeed they left a small magazine behind them."

Sir Arthur had intimated in good time—had afterwards intimated repeatedly—that, unless his wants should be supplied, he would only march up to Talavera, and would not go beyond the Alberche; and now, amid continued starvation and neglect, Victor chased away, the line of the upper Tagus penetrated, and the communication with La Mancha and with Venegas' corps laid open, he felt that everything he had engaged to do was fully done. Nor perhaps had he acted quite prudently in engaging, under such forlorn circumstances, to do so much. He had, from the moment of crossing the Spanish frontier, led on the army on the sole, slender, critical authority of the discretion which had been ceded to his own judgment: and, the instant he became pressed with difficulties, or began to apprehend disaster, he must have debated strongly with both his humanity and his courage whether he should not immediately countermarch. "No man," said he, "can see his army perish by want without feeling for them; and most particularly must he feel for them when he knows that they have been brought into the country in which this want is felt by his own act, and on his own responsibility, and not by orders from any superior authority."

Cuesta, notwithstanding Sir Arthur's determination to halt, continued in high blood. Sir Arthur's order to the British army to return to their camp did not in the slightest cool him. Sir Arthur even expostulated with him, long and earnestly, as to the risk he would incur by going alone, and as to the probability that Victor would be reinforced, and would turn and tear him; but the expostulation had no effect. Cuesta doggedly imagined that Victor was off in full flight; and, as if his own sudden release from lethargy were exactly like a hound's release from the leash, he thought only of the swiftness with which he might overtake the chase. Away went his columns, and away went himself, over the Alberche and on toward Madrid, as if they expected to run over the French in the very streets of the capital, or "as if they were alone to be obstructed by the iron barrier of the Pyrenees." But being deficient in "scent," as well as in higher qualities, and not knowing the precise direction which "the game" had taken, they broke into two separate masses, the one going right toward Madrid, the other going circuitously toward Toledo, both so eagerly outrunning all prudence that they were at length obliged, next afternoon, to take post for mutual support, the former as main-body at St. Olalla, the latter as advanced-guard at Torrijos, just in time, as several historians have sarcastically remarked, to discover that they had been pursuing a tiger.

Sir Arthur Wellesley guessed well how the chase would end; and had he been a splenetic man—had he even been capable of wishing to see folly chastised at the expense of bloodshed—he would not have felt sorry that the old Spaniard

was so obstinately rushing into the tiger's claws. But he reflected only on the imperilling of Cuesta's soldiers, the endangering of Sir Robert Wilson's corps, the entangling of his own army, and the damaging or ruining of the whole war; and—heedless of having announced a determination not to cross the Alberche—he promptly sent forward General Sherbrooke with two divisions of infantry and a brigade of cavalry to Cazalegas, a place on the road to Madrid, nearly midway between Talavera and St. Olalla, there to communicate in case of need, with Sir Robert Wilson, and to stand in readiness to cover the expected retreat of Cuesta.

King Joseph heard, at Madrid, on the 22d, that Wellesley and Cuesta were in front of Victor, and that Sir Robert Wilson was at Escalona. Leaving only three thousand men to guard the capital, he instantly set out, with all the rest of Dessolles' troops there, to support Victor. At Naval-Carneiro, he got notice that Victor was retreating toward Toledo, and turning then to the left, he descended the Guadarama by way of Vargas, and on the 25th effected a junction with him in the vicinity of Toledo. Sebastiani, in the meanwhile, was withdrawing all his corps, except about three thousand men, from the borders of La Mancha. Nor did he find the task, in the slightest degree, either difficult or dangerous. For the Central Junta, in spite of standing pledged to support Wellesley and Cuesta to the uttermost, in spite of having formally approved their plan of operations, and in spite of all intelligent regard to the general results of the war, but with an idiotic selfish cunning, perfectly akin to the imbecile absurdities with which they inaugurated their administration, imagining that Venegas' army might advantageously be held intact, either to curb Wellesley and Cuesta's pride in the event of victory, or to protect the government from imminent peril in the event of defeat, had sent late secret orders to Venegas to draw off. Sebastiani, therefore, marched in good time, and in perfect safety, to the point of concentration at Toledo. So that on the evening of the 25th, the French forces, behind the Guadarama, within a few miles of Cuesta's advanced guard, comprised nearly fifty thousand effective soldiers, with ninety pieces of artillery. The command was nominally assumed by King Joseph himself, but was practically wielded by Marshal Jourdan, the chief officer of the King's staff.

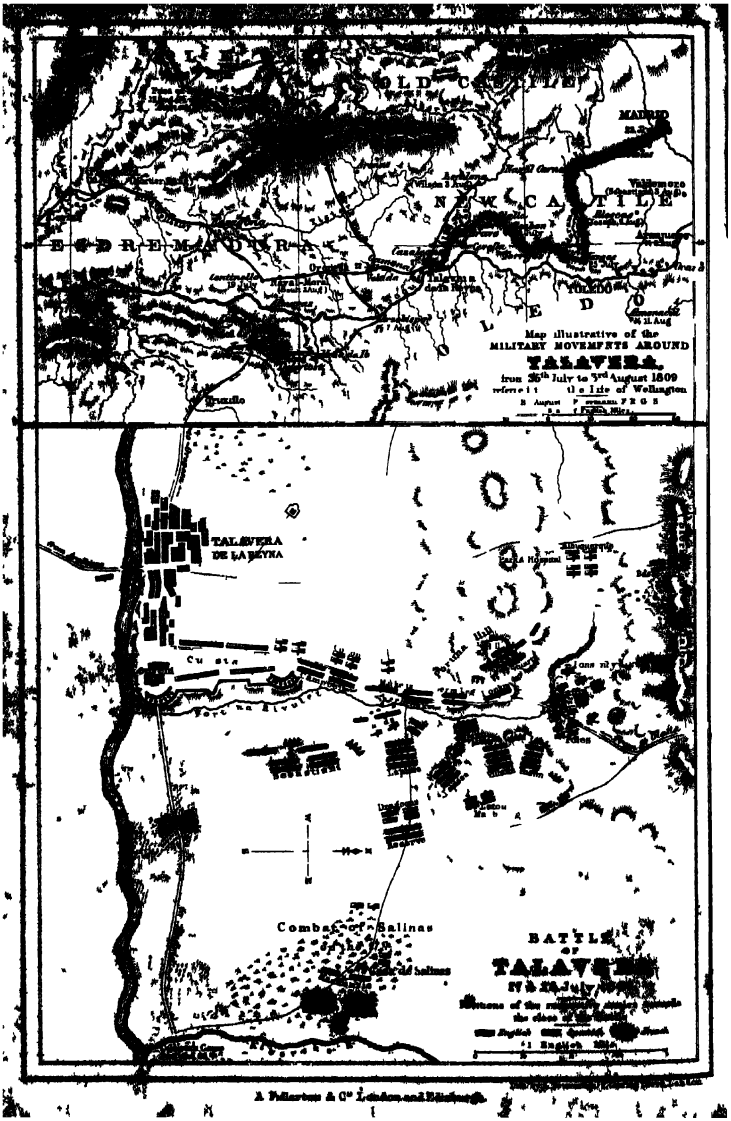
Cuesta became aware of his danger on the afternoon of the 25th, and gave orders to be ready to retreat next morning. But so early as two o'clock on that morning, the French were in motion to assail him; and they speedily drove his cavalry from Torrijos, and pursued them to Alcabon. There, on a plain, General Zayas stood in battle array, with four thousand infantry, two thousand cavalry, and eight pieces of artillery. The French horse came steadily on, in defiance of a cannonade, and were steadily received. But when the head of the French infantry approached, the Spaniards gave way, and were soon in headlong flight, with the French horse at their heels. Their panic was of the worst

kind, ruinous to all order, full of contagious influence, and was in the fair way, partly by force, partly by infection, to throw the main body of the army at St. Olalla into rout. But the Duke of Albuquerque, who had asked and obtained Cuesta's permission to stand ready at St. Olalla for instant action in any form, advanced at the head of three thousand fresh cavalry, threw himself between the fugitives and their pursuers, and showed such determined front as to win time for both the routed division and the main body to make some progress along the road toward Talavera. The French, on reaching St. Olalla, relaxed their efforts, halted their main body there, and, with the exception of a few cavalry posts, did not that day push their advanced-guard farther than El Bravo.

Yet in spite of the exertions of Albuquerque, in spite also of the halting of the French, the confusion of the fleeing army did not diminish, but went on increasing, till the divisions of General Sherbrooke, marching out of Cazalegas, interposed across its rear. No fewer than about four thousand soldiers were that day lost to Cuesta,—many of them by slaughter, but vastly more by cowardly dispersion. Multitudes of the fugitives also outran the great bulk of the army, and fleeing past the British camp, lay down behind it to re-collect their courage The bulk of the army rested for the night on a meadow, on the left bank of the Alberche, immediately above its influx to the Tagus; and even next morning, on marching into position beside the British, notwithstanding the hours which had passed for restoring order and enjoying repose, it exhibited, in utmost picturesqueness, the appearance, which Albuquerque indignantly said always characterised it, "of a rabble upon a pilgrimage." "From amidst clouds of dust," says Major Leith Hay, who beheld the scene from a commanding part of the British position, "disorderly chattering assemblages of half-clad, half-armed men, became occasionally visible. Again, regiments marching in perfect order, —cavalry, staff-officers, bands of musicians,—flocks of sheep and bullocks,— artillery, cars, carriages, and waggons, varied the animated, confused, and singular scene on which we gazed,—forgetting for the time that all this was intimately connected with our very existence. The Spanish army, notwithstanding this confusion, had not the appearance of being pressed by the enemy in its retreat; nor did the scene we now witnessed differ much from that it would have presented under more favourable circumstances. The battalions marched in *their* best order; but with all this qualification, it was still a Spanish army,— ill-commanded, ill-appointed, moderately disciplined, and in most respects inefficient."

Not one jot of Cuesta's disaster took Sir Arthur Wellesley by surprise. He fully expected it all, and busily employed himself in doing everything he could to lessen and repair it. He even went far on the way, at the head of Sherbrooke's divisions, to meet the routed army; and receiving from Cuesta, through O'Donoju, a note of the preceding evening, intimating the intention to retreat,

he promptly wrote in reply to O'Donoju,—"I am of opinion that the best thing which can happen would be that the enemy should attack us. I shall support General Cuesta, as far as in my power, whether he moves to Cevolla or retreats to Talavera." He saw, in fact, from comparing the seeming temper of the French with the position and circumstances of the allied army, that a pitched battle at Talavera was almost certainly at hand; and he earnestly devoted every moment of his time and every particle of his energy to every sort of practicable preparation, which might contribute to make the battle a victory.


MADRID
TOLEDO
Talavera
Map illustrative of the
MILITARY MOVEMENTS AROUND
TALAVERA,
from 26th July to 3rd August 1809
TALAVERA
DE LA REYNA
Combat of Salinas
BATTLE
OF
TALAVERA

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MILITARY STRENGTH OF THE TRACT AROUND TALAVERA—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S BATTLE-POSITION THERE—THE ADVANCE OF THE FRENCH FROM ST. OLALLA—THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA—THE SUFFERINGS OF THE VICTORS AFTER THE BATTLE—THE ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD—OPINIONS RESPECTING THE BATTLE.

THE valley of the Tagus, for a great way both above and below Talavera, comprises only a narrow strip of low ground, and has rough, strong, mountainous sides. The tributary streams which intersect it, also, flow mostly between steep and rugged banks, and in directions not much different from that of the Tagus. Some parts of the left side of the valley, below Talavera, are such powerful fastnesses that the military possession of the nearest passages of the river gives not the slightest command over the contiguous districts of country. The tract around the confluence of the Alberche and the Tagus is a grand military key in the valley, locking up everything below it, on the one hand from Madrid and the north-west of Spain, and on the other from Toledo, La Mancha, and Granada. Hence was this place made a pivot of operations at the French invasion of the Peninsula; hence also was it the chosen spot for covering Madrid against the expected advance of the allied armies under Sir Arthur Wellesley and General Cuesta; and hence, too, was it a desirable place for these armies to receive the anticipated shock of battle from the concentrated corps of Victor, Sebastiani, and Desolles.

But, unhappily, it did not possess within itself any good or even tolerable ground for strong battle-array. The heights which Victor had occupied on the left bank of the Alberche screened [illegible] for him within that stream in his front; but they were a hindrance, and not a help, at the time, and necessarily continued to be so still, to his antagonists. Sir Arthur Wellesley pronounced the position occupied by the allied armies on the night of the 22d and 23d to be one of the worst possible; and he busily employed the time of Victor's and Cuesta's absence, first in vain searches for a better one, on the other side of the Alberche, even so far as ten or twelve miles onward; and next in anxious exertions to discover every possible advantage in the tract around Talavera, and to turn it to the utmost possible account. He was here, as at Roliça, amid vale and mountain, but under a total inversion of circumstances for the exercise of his genius; for there he was the assailant, with a great outspread series of ravines and ridges before him, inviting the freest play of strategy; while here he was to be the

assailed, in the flat bottom of a single vale, with the mountains on both sides so near and continuous as to confine all his attention to the mere arena of the expected conflict.

He thought at first to fortify the heights on the left bank of the Alberche, with the view of occupying them as an advanced post; but he abandoned that intention,—probably because there was not time to carry it sufficiently into execution. The meadow on which Cuesta bivouacked on the evening of the 26th, extends from the lower part of these heights to the Tagus, but is so small, so low, so completely commanded by the heights, that it barely accommodated the fugitive multitude for the night, and possessed not an atom of fitness for the purposes of combat. The highway from both Madrid and Toledo to all places in Estremadura crosses the Alberche at that meadow, and passes down the near vicinity of the Tagus through the town of Talavera,—situated, as we formerly noticed, along the brink of that river, about three miles below the influx of the Alberche. The Alberche was fordable at several places at and above the meadow, and could be crossed at these places, as well as at the bridge, by masses of military; while the Tagus, throughout the neighbourhood, was so deep and broad in the stream, and so impracticable on the farther bank, as necessarily to confine all the coming conflict to the Talavera side.

A wood, with a large house called the Casa Salinas in its centre, occupied an expanse of flat low ground, along the right bank of the Alberche, from a point about two miles above the confluence with the Tagus. The tract thence to Talavera and onward, is nearly level; and the part of it farthest from the Tagus was open, while the part nearest the Tagus, particularly in the vicinity of the town, was intricately occupied with cork-trees, olive-woods, vineyards, and enclosures. A large mound rises right on a line with the upper end of the town, at the distance of nearly a mile; and a strong redoubt was in the course of being constructed on it by the British, but could not be finished in time for efficient service. A series of round, steep hills, extending nearly in a line with one another, but not fused into a range, or even very closely connected, runs from the Alberche, parallel to the Tagus, at the distance of from 2 to 2¼ miles from the latter, so as to flank the whole tract of low land, down to a point below Talavera. The most conspicuous of these hills, possessing also a broad tabular summit, is situated nearly on a line with the mound of the redoubt, at the distance of rather more than a mile from it; and was destined to be the grandest object of contention, the scene of the sternest struggle for victory, the place of the highest efforts of tact and bravery, in the approaching battle. A strip of low ground or dingle, from half-a-mile to three-fourths of a mile wide, lies beyond the series of hills, in a direction parallel with them and with the Tagus. A brook, the Portina rivulet, traverses the part of that dingle behind the chief hill, along a deep gulley, rendered invisible, in even the near neighbourhood, by profuse rank herb-

age, and then, turning sharply to the right, runs past the upper base of the hill, and into an open channel, away to the Tagus immediately above the town. A range of lofty rugged mountains screens all the opposite side of the dingle, and extends thence in continuous mass both upward and downward, dividing the vale of the Alberche from the vale of the Tietar.

The advantages of this tract for a defensive battle-field were few, feeble, and scattered, and were all likely to be well known to Victor. Yet Sir Arthur Wellesley, though possessing but a few hours for the purpose, worked a better combination out of them than some able generals have found in the choicest positions of either natural or artificial strength. He determined to form his battle-front in a line from the Tagus at the upper end of Talavera to the hill of the Portina rivulet. The Spaniards he resolved to place on the right, from the Tagus to the redoubt, so that they might enjoy all the defences of the olive-grounds, ditches, mud walls, and other obstructions around the town; and the British he resolved to place on the right, from the redoubt to the summit of the hill, so that they might bear the brunt of the whole action, and might possess full scope for preventing the enemy from passing along the dingle to strike in the rear. He strengthened the naturally strong front of the right of the position with breastworks and felled trees, blocked up every access there to the town, and placed a powerful battery under the walls of a convent to command the high-way from the Alberche; so that all the part of the line from the Tagus to the redoubt became nearly impregnable,—a dense series of wood and works, behind which the Spanish troops were likely to find little more to do than, safely and easily, to repel desultory and unconnected attacks. The rear of that part of the line, also, was supported by a large house in a wood, admirably situated, in the event of a defeat, to facilitate the orderly retreat of the whole allied army to the main roads toward Arzobispo and Oropesa. The redoubt was occupied by ten guns. The hill on the extreme left was assigned as the key of the whole position, with a strong fine body of infantry to occupy its summit, and powerful masses of cavalry to take post behind it, and to sweep, at the proper junctures, round its base. The dingle between that hill and the range of mountains was not taken into account in aligning the battle-field, for the two-fold reason, that the hill seemed certain to command it completely on the hither side, and that the mountains appeared too distant to be of any consequence in the expected action.

On the arrival of Cuesta at the meadow on the evening of the 26th—his army fatigued, dispirited, bewildered, and otherwise in their worst possible condition,—and the ground at that place too confined to give them tolerable accommodation, so exposed as to lay them entirely open to every practice of the enemy, and utterly destitute of any circumstance which could reassure their courage,—Sir Arthur Wellesley urged him to pass on to the position which he had prepared for him at Talavera. But the old Spaniard was in one of his fits of

obstinacy, and would not listen. Sir Arthur then dilated, expostulated, and entreated—dwelling specially on the perilousness of the place—all to no purpose. Cuesta pretended that to retreat any further would dishearten his troops,—as if they had not been disheartened to the last degree already,—or as if their marching three miles more, in perfect safety, to a strong post beside the British, would not rather raise their spirits; and he said he would remain where he was, and fight the French on the meadow. Sir Arthur could make no impression on him that night; yet went to him again at dawn, and renewed his entreaties; but even then did not succeed, till seconded by the appearance of the enemy's van-guard in the distance, and the preparations of Sherbrooke to retire. Cuesta, inwardly yielding to the eloquence of the French array, gave at length a sullen outward assent to the British hero's expostulations; and going a few minutes afterward to his staff, to acquaint them with his change of purpose, proudly remarked that "he had first made the Englishman go down on his knees,"—meaning by these haughty terms to intimate how grandly he had "asserted his own dignity," and how meanly he had induced Sir Arthur to truckle. Poor old man, in that hour of awful destinies, when the welfare of all the millions of his countrymen was trembling in the balance, how frightfully like a devil's was his pride, and how sublime were the condescension, disinterestedness, and generosity of Sir Arthur! The Spanish troops, rising up in red haste from their bivouac, sped on to Talavera in the style of grotesque confusion which we noticed at the close of the preceding chapter; and so admirably had the position there been prepared for them, that they at once walked into it with the same precision as wheel goes into wheel in a machine.

Sir Arthur, now assuming the command of both armies, put them ready for the shock of battle. Mackenzie's division and a brigade of cavalry he placed in the wood of the Casa Salinas, near the Alberche, supported by another brigade of cavalry in the adjacent open ground, to cover the retrograde movement of the Spaniards and of Sherbrooke's advanced corps. All the Spanish infantry were placed in two lines along the right of the allied position, and were supported behind by their own cavalry. A brigade of British light cavalry was posted on the left flank of the Spanish cavalry, directly behind the great redoubt. Campbell's division was formed in two lines adjacent to the left of the Spanish front, so as to be continuous with it from the redoubt. Sherbrooke's division took post in one line next to Campbell's, and was destined to be supported in form of second line by Mackenzie's division, on the latter retiring from the vicinity of the Alberche. Hill's division was appointed to occupy the left of the whole position, and to form with convex front round the crest of one half of the hill overlooking the Portina rivulet; but by some accident, it did not reach the tableau of that important height till the very instant of receiving the onset of the enemy. The two brigades of cavalry temporarily serving with Mackenzie, were destined

to be placed, where also the park and hospitals were placed, in the rear of the hill.

"The British and Germans under arms that day were somewhat above 19,000 sabres and bayonets, with 30 guns. The Spaniards after their previous defeat, could only produce from 33,000 to 34,000; but they had 70 guns. The combined army, therefore, offered battle with 44,000 infantry, nearly 10,000 cavalry, and 100 pieces of artillery; and the French were coming on with at least 80 guns, and, including the King's guards, nearly 50,000 men, of whom above 7,000 were cavalry. But what a difference in the quality of their troops! The French were all hardy veterans; while the genuine soldiers of the allied army did not exceed 19,000." Let it be remembered, too, that when the Spaniards were stronger and only Victor's corps was in front, Sir Arthur Wellesley thought that "the chances of a battle were not much in our favour;" and see how great he must have felt the odds against him, now that the Spaniards had been so much weakened, and that Victor, Sebastiani, and King Joseph were all coming on!

The French began their march from St. Olalla before day-light on the 27th, —first the cavalry under Latour Maubourg, and then in succession the corps of Victor, the corps of Sebastiani, the royal guards, and the reserve. They arrived, about one o'clock, at the high grounds on which Victor had formerly lain encamped; and they thence descried the clouds of dust raised by the allied armies in forming into position; but were hindered from seeing the armies themselves by the great intervening masses of forest. Victor, however, in virtue of his intimate knowledge of the localities, inferred accurately from the clouds of dust what the position was which they were assuming; and under the guidance of his advice, King Joseph resolved to attack them on the instant, and ordered Victor's corps to march against their left, the cavalry against their centre, and Sebastiani's corps, supported by the guards and the reserve, against their right.

About three o'clock, the divisions of Lapisse and Ruffin, having forded the Alberche, marched in two columns into the wood of the Casa de Salinas. No picquets had been pushed forward from General Mackenzie's position there; and the light companies of the hostile columns took the British by surprise, and threw their two front battalions into confusion. The columns came furiously on, drove these battalions almost headlong before them toward the open ground, and so increased their confusion that one part of the battalions fired upon another. Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the moment of the onset, was on a tower of the Casa for the purpose of observation, and, seeing his men falter before the rush of such overpowering numbers, descended in all haste to marshal up resistance to the foe, but had barely time to mount his horse and gallop off from the very midst of the melee, and so made a narrow escape from being taken prisoner. The 45th regiment and a battalion of the 60th, however, stood in unbroken

array; and on Sir Arthur appearing in the midst of them, the other battalions rallied, all the infantry showed steady fight, and all, with the cavalry supporting them, fell back in good order to the left and centre of the main position. Their loss, during this sharp affair, which has been called the combat of Salinas, amounted to about four hundred men.

As the day wore on, the enemy made rapid preparations on the right bank of the Alberche, for a general attack on the whole of the allied position. Victor's corps, in particular, issued early from the forest, with all its artillery and light cavalry, rapidly crossed the adjacent part of the open ground, advancing with grand military display close up to the left of the position, took possession of the height directly in front of the Portina hill, and promptly opened thence a heavy cannonade on the nearest part of the British line. Sebastiani's corps at the same time, but more slowly, advanced toward the Spaniards; and being unable to discover, through the olive-yards and enclosures and breast-works, where or how they stood, sent forward the light cavalry to provoke them, by pistol-shooting, to unmask their front. The Spaniards did not then, in any proper sense of the word, sustain any attack; they could not even be more than very slightly annoyed by anything which the horsemen, amid such dense obstructions of the ground, were able to do; yet they replied with as fierce volleys of musketry as if twenty or thirty thousand French infantry had been close at them; and in a few seconds, just as Sir Arthur Wellesley rode up to put a stop to such useless waste of ammunition, several battalions of them, including the artillery-men, unanimously took fright "at the sounds themselves had made," and fled pell-mell to the rear, the infantry throwing away their arms and the artillery-men carrying off the horses. The rest of the Spanish line also trembled under the contagion of the panic; and the French columns, hearing the rush and seeing the confusion, were anxious to attack. But the obstructions in front of most part of the Spanish line seemed impenetrable,—the main road, the only open part, was instantly flanked by British squadrons, ordered promptly up to defend it,—and all the Spaniards who stood their ground gradually reacquired composure, and began to give fire where it was wanted; so that the French, after making a few attempts, and sustaining some losses, retired in disorder.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, on witnessing the Spanish panic, must have sustained a staggering shock to his belief in the tenableness of his position, and an enormous accession to his anxiety respecting the issue of the battle. The event made a powerful impression on him; insomuch that, on afterwards comparing it with the general recent history of Spanish armies, he concluded that Spanish soldiers had an absolute habit of "running away," that they could not be depended on in any action, and that co-operation with them in the field, on the part of a British army, was perilous to everything which British soldiers held dear. And on officially announcing these conclusions on the 25th of August to

Lord Castlereagh, he said, "This practice of running away, and throwing off arms, accoutrements, and clothing, is fatal to everything, excepting a reassembly of the men in a state of nature, who as regularly perform the same manœuvre the next time an occasion offers. Nearly two thousand ran off on the evening of the 27th from the battle of Talavera, not an hundred yards from the place where I was standing, who were neither attacked nor threatened with an attack, and who were frightened only by the noise of their own fire. They left their arms and accoutrements on the ground; their officers went with them; and they and the fugitive cavalry plundered the baggage of the British army which had been sent to the rear. Many others went whom I did not see."

So very many others went that the total number is stated by some historians at ten thousand. The redoubtable O'Donoju, who figured so grandly in the previous councils of the campaign, was among the foremost of the fugitives. Even Cuesta himself shrunk some distance toward the rear. Nay, some of the British officers themselves were very visibly struck with consternation, and "disgraced their uniform." A sublime commencement of a great battle! Brilliant encouragement to the British hero! If, at the first sight of the enemy, about one-fifth of the whole allied army fled for nothing, and the rest were seriously incommoded by their flight, what might be expected when all the French forces came thunderingly on! "The greatest part of Cuesta's runaways," says Napier, "fled as far as Oropesa, giving out that the allies were totally defeated, and the French army in hot pursuit. Thus, the rear became a scene of incredible disorder. The commissaries went off with their animals; the paymasters carried away their money-chests; the baggage was scattered; and the alarm spread far and wide. Cuesta, however, having recovered from his first alarm, sent many of his cavalry regiments to head the fugitives and drive them back; and a part of the artillery, and some thousands of the infantry, were thus recovered during the night. But in the next day's fight, the Spanish army was less by six thousand men than it should have been, and the great redoubt in the centre was silent for want of guns." We may add that, after the close of the battle, Cuesta was so ashamed of the panic, so indignant at it, so determined if possible to prevent anything similar to it in future, that he took measures to put to death by lot one tenth of all the fugitives who had been brought back,—that, at the earnest entreaty of Sir Arthur Wellesley, he was induced to pardon nine-tenths of the wretched men on whom the lots for punishment fell,—and, that, even after this act of mercy, about six officers and thirty private soldiers were executed.

At sunset on the 27th, the Spanish part of the allied position still continued in confusion, and the British part of it was still not fully formed. Colonel Donkin's brigade, which stood next to the German legion, was, at that time, the only force upon the important hill on the extreme left; and General

Hill's brigade, which had been appointed to occupy the main part of that hill, was only at the great redoubt, on its movement toward the hill from the olive-groves. Victor, who continued to play with his guns upon Donkin's brigade and the German legion, thought the opportunity favourable, especially with the additional masking aid of twilight, to attempt to gain possession of the hill, and thereby turn and overwhelm the British left. He accordingly ordered the division of Lapisse to move against the German legion, and the divisions of Ruffin and Villatte to move against Donkin's brigade,—the former merely to make a feigned attack, with the view of engaging the legion's attention, and the latter to tread Donkin down, and to take possession of the hill. The assault on Donkin was tremendous; and though gallantly repelled along all his front, was so broad as to outflank him; so that strong parties of the assailants went past him, and got full footing on the tableau. General Hill arrived at that critical juncture, and, while in the act of giving orders to the officer at the head of his column, was fired at by some troops on the crest of the hill. Supposing these to be British stragglers firing at the French, he rode up to them, and did not discover his mistake till his horse's bridle was suddenly seized by one of the foremost. The General broke the man's hold, spurred furiously the horse, and, after a second or two's gallop down the descent, was at the head of General Richard Stuart's brigade, consisting of the 48th regiment, the first battalion of detachments, and the 29th regiment. He instantly led them up the hill, and restored the battle.

The charge was a fierce one, and is described as follows by Leith Hay, who was present with the 29th:—"It was now nearly dark. We were approaching the base of the hill when a sharp fire issued from the leading regiment, which, although assailed in its progress, continued to advance. The 29th was formed in column of companies, at quarter distance. The 48th and battalion of detachments met with a formidable resistance, and were driven back at this critical moment, upon which the safety of the army depended. The 29th was ordered to advance at double quick time. The leading company crowned the summit previously to receiving the enemy's fire. A considerable body of French were now in possession of the height. Their numbers rapidly increasing, the drums beat the *pas de charge;* while at intervals voices were heard, some calling out that they were the German legion, others not to fire. It was so dark that the blaze of musketry alone displayed the forms of the assailants. The leading company of the 29th poured in a volley, when close to the bayonets of the enemy. The glorious cheer of British infantry accompanied the charge, which succeeded. The rest of the regiment arrived in quick succession, forming on the summit a close column, which speedily drove everything before it. The enemy was pushed down the hill, abandoning the level ground on its top, thickly strewed with dead bodies or wounded men."

But the French thus repelled were only a part of Ruffin's division. The rest of that division and the whole of Villatte's division had got entangled in the ravine of the Portina rivulet, and did not arrive at the British position till some time after the repulse of their comrades. Their arrival was equivalent to a new attack,—stronger and fiercer than the former. All the strength and tact and bravery of both Stuart's brigade and Donkin's brigade were needed to withstand it. "The fighting," says Napier, "became vehement; and in the darkness, the opposing flashes of the musketry showed with what a resolute spirit the struggle was maintained. The combatants were scarcely twenty yards asunder, and for a time the event seemed doubtful. But soon the well-known shout of the British soldier was heard, rising above the din of arms; and the enemy's broken troops were driven once more into the ravine below. Lapisse, who had meanwhile made some impression on the German legion, immediately abandoned his false attack; and the fighting of the 27th ceased. The British lost about 800 men, and the French about 1,000 on that day."

Victor, on reporting his failure to the King, proposed to make another and stronger attack on the hill in the morning. The King demurred; but, learning at the same time that the right of the allied position, though wholly occupied by the Spaniards, was far too strongly fortified to admit of being hopefully assailed, —that the left, besides possessing little natural strength and no artificial strength, was open to bold manœuvring from the dingle on its flank,—and that Victor, on account of his intimate knowledge of the ground, felt high confidence in the result of a morning attack upon the hill,—he at length assented. Victor, accordingly, spent the early hours of the night in making a new disposition of his force,—planting his guns in one mass on the height confronting the British hill, but in such situation as not only to range that hill, but to command the dingle, and obliquely to sweep the ground of the German legion and the guards,—and placing Villatte's division in rear of this artillery, Ruffin's division in advance of it, with one regiment close to the ravine, and Lapisse's division on a swelling ground or low tableau opposite the German legion and the guards. Sir Arthur Wellesley, also, as soon as the second combat on the hill was over, suspecting rightly that another and fiercer one would occur in the morning, ordered up artillery to the hill, and pointed out in person where to place them in battery. He likewise looked minutely to the disposition of General Hill's brave division round the crest of the hill, and so improved the massing of the cavalry on the low ground behind that they might be ready to come into action with the utmost efficiency.

The weary warriors, on both sides of the field, now stretched themselves on the sward to catch whatever sleep they could. But even those who were most phlegmatic and least disturbed got only a fitful feverish repose. The British, besides being restless with fatigue and excited with watchfulness, were wan and wakeful with hunger. The cavalry lay beside their saddled steeds, with their

bridles round their arms, and the infantry lay either singly with their firelocks in their grasp, or in small groups with their muskets in piles at their side. A certain solemn stillness pervaded the night, yet was often and startlingly broken. "Both sides were on the alert and alarm; and in different parts of the field, the videttes of each army were sometimes fired upon by their own countrymen, being mistaken for enemies. Whole battalions of the enemy got into the British line, some crying that they were Spaniards, some that they were German deserters. The trick was soon discovered; and in the reception which they met with, it is not unlikely that many a poor German, who really intended to desert, lost his life. These night engagements were carried on with the most determined fury; the men, after they had discharged their muskets, frequently closed, and fought with the butt-end."

The loudest interruption to the stillness of the night, like the great signal disgrace at the commencement of the battle, was from the Spaniards; and, like that disgrace, arose from nothing. It was a thundering peal, chiefly from small arms, but mingled also with cannon-shot, commencing at midnight, and continuing about twenty minutes. "It was not," says Leith Hay, "the straggling, desultory, yet distinct reports of light troops, but a roll of musketry that illuminated the whole extent of the Spanish line. It was one discharge; but of such a nature that I have never heard it equalled. It appeared not to be returned, nor was it repeated. All again became silent. A false alarm had occasioned this tremendous volley; but we were too distant to ascertain what had produced the violent irruption, or how many of our allies had thrown away their arms, and fled, after having delivered a fire sufficiently formidable to have shaken the best and bravest troops."

About day-break on the 28th, Ruffin's division, followed by Villatte's, moved in two masses against the hill, the one directly against its front, and the other along the dingle against its flank. Their advance was covered by a furious cannonade, so well-aimed and steady, as to sweep away entire sections of the British ranks, and oblige others to lie prostrate behind the crest of the hill for shelter. But when the head of Ruffin's columns approached the top of the ascent, the French guns were veered against the British centre, the prostrate ranks of Hill's division sprang to their feet, the voice of Sir Arthur Wellesley at the head of Stuart's brigade directed and animated the troops; and just when the foremost of the French seemed in full hope to set foot upon the summit, a shattering volley was poured upon them which no troops but the bravest would have withstood. A desperate struggle of about forty minutes ensued,—the antagonist forces in close grips, almost man to man or group to group, the ranks in many places broken, the furious combatants swinging to and fro like a shrubbery shaken by the breeze. But at length the French front seemed all to waver, and Sir Arthur Wellesley ordered a charge.

"With a tremendous shout the right wing of the 29th and the entire battalion of the 48th rushed like a torrent down, bayonetting and sweeping back the enemy to the brink of the rivulet. In the pursuit, all order was speedily lost. The men advanced in small parties, destroying those of the enemy who had not ensured their safety by flight. At this moment, when the whole valley was filled with troops, in all the confusion attending the eagerness of pursuit, a column of French infantry appeared close upon the right flank of the pursuers, facing towards the irregular mass. It became necessary to collect the pursuers, to form a front, and to charge these fresh assailants. This was, by great exertion, accomplished. Broken as they were, an irresistible impetus had been given, and the enemy's column followed the example of those who had mounted the hill at the *pas de charge*. So completely were these attacks repelled that the British infantry were quietly collected in the ravine and marched back to the height, without being seriously assailed." Had the British cavalry, at the moment of the general repulse, been at hand to do the work of pursuit, they must, in the circumstances, have done it with most deadly effect; but they had retired during the night for water and forage, and had not yet been able to return to their post.

The French promptly resumed their cannonade, for the twofold purpose of covering their beaten brigades, and of galling the British battalions on the hill. They also sent out light troops both to hold the ground in front of Victor's main body, and to occupy a position on the skirt of the mountains, on the opposite side of the dingle, on a line with the British left. Sir Arthur Wellesley now saw that they attached more importance to the hope of turning his flank through the dingle than he had counted on; and he used all possible promptitude to strengthen, as much as possible, his position there. He asked from Cuesta a reinforcement of artillery, to be placed upon the hill; and though only two pieces were sent, these proved of decided service, being vigorously fought by their Spanish gunners. He likewise obtained from Cuesta Bassecourt's division of infantry, and posted it on the skirts of the mountain, to confront there the French light troops. He also brought up his own principal mass of cavalry from behind the hill to its outer skirt, with the leading squadrons looking up the dingle. And while he was making these arrangements, the Duke of Albuquerque, the commander of the Spanish cavalry, having found that he could render no service on the right of the allied position, and having obtained Cuesta's permission to move his masses to the left, arrived just at the proper moment to receive Sir Arthur's instructions to take post behind the British cavalry; so that an array of horsemen was suddenly formed on the menaced point, six lines in depth, and very formidable in bravery,—the British cavalry brigades being very brilliant ones, and the cavalry corps of Albuquerque having so recently proved its high superiority to the Spanish infantry in the affair of St. Olalla.

After the grand repulse in the morning, the French firing gradually slackened; and about nine o'clock, it totally ceased. Both the French and the British were then fatigued with the struggle, and began to sink into languor under the intense heat of unclouded sunshine; and, as if by tacit mutual consent, though really on account of indecision on the part of the French generals whether to continue the battle, and on the part of Sir Arthur Wellesley whether to become the assailant, they suspended hostilities during about three hours, and abandoned themselves to refreshment and repose. An incident of a rare kind then took place. "During the pause, both armies went to the Portina rivulet for water. The men approached each other fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted to each other like old acquaintances, and exchanged their canteens and wine-flasks. All asperity of feeling seemed forgotten. To a stranger they would have appeared more like an allied force than men hot from a ferocious conflict, and only gathering strength and energy to commence it anew. But a still nobler rivalry for the time existed. The interval was employed in carrying off the wounded, who lay intermixed upon the hard-contested field; and to the honour of both be it told, that each endeavoured to extricate the common sufferers, and remove their unfortunate friends and enemies, without distinction."

The French generals held high consultation whether to renew the fight or to retreat; and they at length were induced to decide for the former, chiefly by despatches which arrived at the moment. Sir Arthur Wellesley, sitting on the summit of the hill which had been the scene of such terrific conflict, keenly scanned their ranks, ready to rise up and assail them if they should withdraw, or to stand firm and repel them if they should again come on. About one o'clock, he observed their battle-array forming round their eagles,—heard their signal-drums rolling along their whole line,—saw unmistakeable indications of an immediate assault, with nearly all their force, upon his left wing; and at that solemn and most critical juncture, he received a message which, in such circumstances, would have dismayed almost any man but himself. "The Spanish camp," says Napier, "was full of confusion and distrust. Cuesta inspired terror without confidence; and Albuquerque, whether from conviction, or instigated by momentary anger, just as the French were coming on to the final attack, sent one of his staff to inform the English commander that Cuesta was betraying him. The aide-de-camp, charged with this message, delivered it to Colonel Donkin, and that officer carried it to Sir Arthur Wellesley. The latter was intently watching the movements of the advancing enemy. He listened to this somewhat startling message without so much as turning his head; and then, drily answering, 'Very well, you may return to your brigade,' continued his survey of the French. Donkin retired, filled with admiration of the imperturbable resolution and quick penetration of the man."

About two o'clock, the French generals were ready for their tremendous on-

set. All their infantry were disposed in four columns of attack,—one to assail the British right, another to move up the dingle, with the view of turning the British left, the third to assail the brigade of guards in the British centre, and the fourth to make another attempt against the Portina hill. Part of the cavalry was stationed in reserve; part was stationed on the main road in front of Talavera, to hold the Spaniards in check; and the rest was variously disposed to support the onset of the infantry. A number of guns were distributed among the divisions; but the chief mass remained on the height opposite the British left, in such situation as thence to sweep the whole British line.

All the four columns came simultaneously on, with clouds of skirmishers in their front, preceded by a shower of shot, thick and swift as a hail-storm, from all their artillery. The British hero could not be everywhere in person; but he had so inspirited his men as to be everywhere in animus; and he watched so piercingly the probabilities of greatest peril, as either to anticipate them, or to be promptly at hand to apply a remedy. He stood on the hill, scanning the whole scene along his own line and all the enemy's columns,—watched there the crash of collision,—and moved thence only to rush to the first point, and the next, and the next, where his immediate presence seemed most needed, to give brisk encouragement or prompt command. "On that memorable day, he thought calmly amid the thunder of the battle,—saw on every side what was wanted, and where and when; and, superadding to the dauntless bravery of his men his own moral courage, he achieved a great success."

Sebastiani's corps, well supported by dragoons and by the King's reserve, assailed the great redoubt, the point of junction between the Spaniards and the British, and the entire front of Campbell's division. "They were received with such steadiness, that, until close to the British regiments, not a shot was fired on them. But then came the volley, fatal and true, followed by the firm charge, by which they were effectually repulsed." Campbell made dreadful havoc upon them, and deprived them of ten guns in battery, yet did not venture far in pursuit, but retired to his position with unbroken line; so that they speedily rallied, and came on again. But they encountered such a storm of shot from both artillery and musketry, and were struck so sharply in flank by a regiment of Spanish horse, that they soon got into disorder, and fell confusedly back. Two Spanish battalions also gave brave active aid against them. Thus was the British right victorious and secure.

The column for turning the British left, and the column for assailing the Portina hill,—the former under Ruffin, coming along the dingle, and the latter, under Villatte, marching direct toward the hill,—presented an imposing aspect. Sir Arthur Wellesley, the instant he descried their object, gave orders to Anson's brigade of cavalry, consisting of the 23d light dragoons and the first German hussars, to charge the head of the columns, and check their advance. "These

orders," says Major Sherer, "were promptly and bravely, but not intelligently, obeyed. Neither was the true moment taken by this brigade, nor was it kept in hand as it advanced. So that, coming upon the brink of the Portina ravine, which lay between the assailants and the assailed, the formation of the squadrons was broken, and the 23d, being in full career, plunged down into the ravine, receiving as they did so the murderous fire of the French squares, and fell over each other in wild disorder. But the gallant men whose horses yet kept their feet, spurred strong up the opposite bank, and Major Frederick Ponsonby rallied and led them onwards, nothing daunted by this perilous mischance. They passed between the French squares under a hot fire, and fell upon a brigade of French chasseurs. But their combat was not with these alone; for some Polish lancers and Westphalian horse rode also against them; and the heroic 23d, leaving more than half their numbers on the field, effected the escape of their brave remnant by passing again at speed through the intervals of the French columns, and making for the foot of the mountain, where the Spanish division of Bassecourt was in observation. Nevertheless, though these bold horsemen were overpowered, yet was their heroism rewarded; for the enemy desisted from their attempt to turn the British left." Villatte's column, indeed, moved on as before against the hill; but Ruffin's column was practically overthrown.

The column against the centre was led by Lapisse; and this column and Villatte's came on with fearful grandeur. The vast mass of artillery behind them did terrible execution. Gaps large and many were made in Sherbrooke's ranks. The columns approached with a velocity and power as if they meant to rival the action of the guns. They struck the British line with a crash of bravery which would have instantly overwhelmed any troops except well disciplined ones, of the highest heroism. But the guards were exactly such troops; and, being roused by the fury of the assault to do their utmost, they did it,—did it at once and firmly, with such grand effect that, in a few seconds, all the assailants were in disorder and falling back. Then, in the flush of success, the guards got into uncalculating ardour, quitted their line, rushed furiously after the foe, and did not stop their deadly pursuit till they became perilously entangled among the flank-fire of the French batteries, the glittering front of the French supporting columns of dragoons, and even the rallying masses of the very fugitives whom they seemed to be driving to annihilation. The guards were much broken by the mere eagerness of the pursuit; for "who has ever seen an unbroken line preserved in following up a successful bayonet charge?" But they became trebly broken when Lapisse began to rally; and soon they were in confusion, hurrying back like a mad mob toward the ground which they had so inconsiderately quitted. That was a solemn moment,—with the whole centre of the British position in such high peril; and was rendered more so by the air-

cumstance that, during the affair of the guards, the German legion immediately on their left, between them and the brigades on the hill, was undergoing severe treatment, and so faltering before it as to yield ground.

But Sir Arthur Wellesley had detected the very first omen of the peril, and was energetically applying a remedy. He stood on the summit of the hill at the moment of Lapisse's onset; and, discerning at once that the guards were too hot, and were likely to be betrayed into dangerous keenness of pursuit, he instantly ordered round the second line of General Cotton's brigade of cavalry, and led down in person the 48th regiment from the hill, to cover the anticipated difficulties of their retreat. Let what followed be told by the author of "the Bivouac," who was present with the 48th:—"We came on at double quick, and formed in the rear by companies; and through the intervals in our line, the broken ranks of the guards retreated. A close and well-directed volley from us arrested the progress of the victorious French; while, with amazing celerity and coolness, the guards rallied and re-formed, and in a few minutes advanced in turn to support us. As they came on, the men gave a loud huzza. An Irish regiment to the right answered it with a thrilling cheer. It was taken up from regiment to regiment, and passed along the English line; and that wild shout told the advancing enemy that British valour was indomitable. The leading files of the French halted—turned—fell back—and never made another effort."

It was even so. The moment of greatest peril, in the long series of mortal struggles in that most hardly contested field, was speedily followed by complete, decisive, final victory. "The advance of the guards, to the extent to which it was carried," was afterwards officially pronounced by Sir Arthur Wellesley, "nearly fatal to us;" yet through means of the support which he so promptly led forward, it suddenly recoiled into perfect triumph. The re-repulse of Lapisse, after his rally against the guards, amounted to a stunning repulse of the whole French line. "Sebastiani's corps beaten back on the left, with the loss of ten guns, was in confusion; the troops in the dingle, amazed at the furious charge of the 23d, and awed by the sight of four distinct lines of cavalry, still in reserve, remained stationary; no impression had been made on the hill; Lapisse himself was mortally wounded; and at last, his division giving way, the whole army retired to its position, from whence it had descended to the attack."

"At this moment," says Lord Londonderry, "our troops were successful in all parts of the field, and it needed but a forward movement on the part of the Spaniards to render the victory of Talavera the most decisive of any upon record. Had it been possible to bring them up from the right of their line, to gain by rapid marching the Alberche, on which the enemy's flank appeared, one half of the French army must have been sacrificed. But, unfortunately, this could not be done. The Spaniards, miserably disciplined, and totally unaccustomed to change their formation in the face of an enemy, were immoveable. There they

stood, as they had been originally drawn up; and to attempt any manœuvre, however simple, would have served only to throw them into confusion, without being productive of any good effect. The consequence was that the enemy were enabled to commence and to continue their retreat in excellent order, carrying off with them much of their artillery, the whole of their wounded, and the greater part of their materiel. We could not venture to follow, for even yet they more than doubled us in numbers; and they escaped in better plight than usually attends an army which has suffered a repulse so decided and so bloody."

Sir Arthur Wellesley beheld the close of the fight from his favourite station on the hill. He had returned thither immediately after reassuring the guards; and there he remained, earnestly scanning the whole field, till the enemy was in full retreat. Not a shot or a weapon had hitherto touched him, throughout the thousands of perils of his military career, with the exception of a spent ball on the knee at Seringapatam; but now, in his hour of greatest victory, a missile hit him on a vital part, just with sufficient force to give him a strong admonition, that he owed all his protection to the covering care of the Divine hand. That he was ever hit at all, even to the end of his life, has often or indeed generally been denied; so that we shall state the fact in Leith Hay's words:—"After serious attacks had ceased on all parts of the line, and even the light troops had become more distant, Sir Arthur Wellesley was seated, with some officers of his staff, upon the south-eastern ridge of the hill, observing the retiring columns of the enemy, when a musket-ball struck him on the breast with sufficient force to give a severe and painful blow without penetrating."

The battle completely ceased about six o'clock. But scarcely was it over, when a conflagration burst out which seriously distracted the attention of the victors. Owing to long drought and excessive heat, the rank herbage was almost as dry as tinder, and the very foliage of the shrubs was keenly inflammable. Ignition took place from the blaze of some cartridge-papers; and a broad strong sheet of flame spread with prodigious rapidity over great part of the field. Those of the wounded who lay on the outskirts of the conflagration managed to crawl away, or were carried off by their companions who had escaped unhurt; but not a few of those who lay in the inner parts of it, and who had only such wounds as would soon have yielded to time or to the surgeon, perished in the flames before they could possibly be extricated.

The total loss of the British during the two days' fighting amounted to 5,423. This loss comprised Generals Mackenzie and Langworth, 38 other officers, 28 sergeants, and 789 rank and file killed on the spot,—three general officers, 192 other officers, 165 sergeants, and 3,553 rank and file wounded,—and 9 officers, 15 sergeants, and 629 rank and file missing. The total loss of the Spaniards, in killed and wounded, was returned at the time by their own authorities at upwards of 1,200; but the correctness of the return was very much doubted by the

British witnesses of the battle. The total loss of the French was estimated by the victors at fully 10,000; but was officially returned by Jourdan and Semele at only 7,389,—comprising two generals and 944 other persons killed, 6,294 wounded, and 156 made prisoners. In addition also to the ten guns taken from them by General Campbell, the French left on the field ten guns and a number of ammunition-waggons and tumbrils.

The Spaniards, on the whole, behaved well throughout the 28th. The great body of them, indeed, were allowed by the enemy to lie quite inert; so that they served little other purpose than to aid the natural and artificial strengths of the place, in holding the ground between the British and the river, so as to prevent the enemy from making any attempt to turn the British right; but they served that important purpose to perfection. And the forethought of the British hero in turning such a worthless rabble to such excellent use was not a small stroke of his genius. As to Bassecourt's division at the foot of the mountain, the great bulk of the cavalry under the Duke of Albuquerque, the small body of Spanish artillerymen on the hill, and the Spanish regiment of cavalry who assisted General Campbell against Sebastiani, Sir Arthur Wellesley officially declared himself "well satisfied with their conduct." The Spaniards, also, had the good sense to admire the display of British bravery throughout the contest; while Cuesta was so honest as to extol it with high eulogy. But, in other respects, particularly amid the sufferings and privations of the British, during the night and day after the battle, the behaviour of the Spaniards was brutal.

The night of the 28th was cold and damp, in chill sad contrast to the bright hot day. The British, with their crowds of wounded, lay down where they had fought, few of them faintly refreshed with a very scanty pittance of coarse food, multitudes unable even to obtain the luxury of a mouthful of water, and all in such pain from their casualties, or in such distress from their fatigues and privations, as to be able to catch but little sleep. Many throughout the night, too, were necessarily employed in taking care of the worst of the wounded; and all, during the next two days, were busied in establishing hospitals, in gathering up the debris of battle, and in repairing the disasters of the camp. Neither Cuesta's army nor the inhabitants of Talavera, though both possessed considerable means, would render them assistance. Cuesta's army had come into the field on the 27th well provided with food, yet would not now give any of it to the starving victors; and the inhabitants of Talavera, on fleeing across the Tagus at the commencement of the battle, had left large stores of corn in their granaries, which they found at their return on the 29th uninjured, yet would not part with any portion of them to the victors, "for either love or money." Nay, so short-sighted, so inhuman, so savage were they that, even on the 31st, Sir Arthur Wellesley, while still lingering at their heartless town, was obliged to say, in a letter to Mr. Frere, "It is positively a fact that, during the last seven days, the

British army have not received one-third of their provisions,—that, at this moment there are nearly four thousand wounded soldiers dying in the hospital in this town from want of common assistance and necessaries, which any other country in the world would have given even to its enemies,—and that I can get no assistance of any description from the country. I cannot prevail upon them even to bury the dead carcasses in the neighbourhood, the stench of which will destroy themselves as well as us."

The starved, faint, weary victors, while collecting the valuables on the battle-field, removing the wounded, and burying the dead, not only received no aid from Cuesta's soldiers, but were annoyed by their ruffianism and obstructed by their rapacity. Yet so enduring was Sir Arthur Wellesley that, in spite of all this, he presented to the Spaniards the twenty guns which he had taken from the French, and made no other complaint or remonstrance than in the following gentle terms, on the 1st of August, to O'Donoju:—"During the action of the 28th, many of the horses of our dragoons and of the artillery strayed, and were taken possession of by the stragglers from the Spanish army, who were in the rear of the town. I see English horses, with short tails, in possession of many of the Spanish troops; and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will urge General Cuesta to give an order, that all persons having in their possession English horses, or horse appointments, such as saddles, bridles, &c., should take them to the English cavalry lines forthwith. I also understand, that on the morning of the 29th, when our officers and soldiers were engaged in collecting the wounded and in burying the dead, the arms and accoutrements of both were collected and carried away by the Spanish troops. The consequence is, that as our soldiers shall recover in the hospital, we shall have no arms or accoutrements for them. I shall be very much obliged to General Cuesta if he will give orders, that all English arms and accoutrements of infantry may be lodged at the convent of St. Geronimo."

On the 29th, however, in their hour of need, the British on the battle-field were cheered and assisted by the arrival of General Robert Craufurd's brigade from Lisbon. These troops had marched twenty miles on the preceding day, to a point about sixty-two miles from Talavera, and had bivouacked there for the night, when intelligence reached them that Sir Arthur Wellesley was on the eve of a battle. They were in heavy marching order, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds weight upon his shoulder; the weather was oppressively hot, and the country through which they had to pass suffered under a scarcity of water; yet, after a brief halt, they resumed their march, with a resolution not to halt again till they reached the scene of action. They soon met crowds of the Spanish fugitives, who had fled from Talavera in the panic of the previous afternoon, and who were now declaring that the allied army was beaten, that Sir Arthur Wellesley was slain, and that the French were in hot pursuit. But the

brigade, indignant at the behaviour of these cowards, only felt more eager to get forward,—quickened their pace,—and in about twenty-six hours, losing only seventeen stragglers by the way, crossed the battle-field in compact order, and immediately took charge of the outpost duty Their march was one of the most remarkable ever known to history

The victors of Talavera, from almost the moment of their becoming masters of the battle-field, could scarcely but feel that they had achieved a barren victory They obtained no advantage over their enemies, except vanquishment on the spot, no sympathy from their allies, except verbal panegyric, and no alleviation, in any way whatever, of their own grievous privations And, as we shall see in next chapter, they actually, in the very midst of their victory, though they knew it not, were under the influence of circumstances which produced a speedy total reverse of fortune, so as quickly to transfer them from the situation of victors to the situation of the vanquished A question, therefore, afterwards arose whether, after all their victory was a victory and that question was answered in the negative, with the accompaniment of many an invective against Sir Arthur Wellesley, even to the ridiculous amount of constructively calling him fool and blockhead, by not a few of the oppositionists to the British government of the day both in the walks of commerce and in the high places of parliament Hence may a few opinions upon it, gathered from various quarters both near the event and toward the present time, be not uninteresting to our readers

Cuesta, in his official account of the battle, says "The conduct of the British general in-chief, Sir Arthur Wellesley, and that of the officers under him and of his soldiers were above all praise I have seen the enthusiasm with which these faithful allies have in copious streams poured forth their blood in defence of our liberty and no language can adequately express the sentiments of gratitude with which our breasts are animated With the highest satisfaction I have noticed my army hailing our companions for the victory obtained, and mingling, in exclamations indicative of the warmest affection, the appellatives of our country and our lawful King with those of our powerful and generous allies" Jomini, the great historian of French military achievements, says, "The battle of Talavera at once restored the reputation of the British army, which during a century had declined It was now ascertained that the English infantry could dispute the palm with the best in Europe Mr Windham, who usually spoke in opposition to the British ministry of the time, but was charmed for once out of his party views by admiration of our heroes exploits at Talavera, said, in the course of a parliamentary debate upon the subject,—"The unproductive consequences of this victory—for a victory it was, and a glorious victory—were not to be put in comparison with the military renown which Sir Arthur Wellesley had gained Ten or fifteen years ago, it was thought on the continent that

we might do something at sea,—that an Englishman was a sort of sea-animal; but our army was considered as nothing. Our achievements in Egypt first entitled us to the name of a military power; the battle of Maida confirmed it; and I would not give the battles of Vimiero, Corunna, and Talavera for a whole archipelago of sugar islands."

Sherer says, "The truth is, Talavera was a very great and a very important victory. The future fate of the war hung upon the issue of that struggle." Maxwell says, "No Peninsular triumph brings with it more glorious reminiscences than the hard-fought field of Talavera." Napier says, "There is nothing more memorable in the history of the Peninsular war, nothing more creditable to the personal character of the English chief, than the battle of Talavera, considered as an isolated event." And again, "This battle was one of hard honest fighting; and the exceeding gallantry of the troops honoured the nations to which they belonged. The English owed much to the general's dispositions, and something to fortune. The French owed nothing to their commander; but when it is considered that only the reserve of their infantry were withheld from the great attack on the 28th, and that consequently above thirty thousand men were closely and unsuccessfully engaged for three hours with sixteen thousand British, it must be confessed that the latter proved themselves to be truly formidable soldiers; yet the greatest part were raw men, so lately drafted from the militia regiments that many of them still bore the number of their former regiments on their accoutrements." And Alison says, "The glorious battle of Talavera was the first for a century past in which the English had been brought to contend on a great scale with the French: and in its lustre it equalled, in its ultimate effects exceeded, the far-famed days of Cressy and Azincourt. In vain the mercantile spirit, which looks for gain in every transaction, and the virulence of faction, which has ever accompanied the noblest events in history, fastened on this far-famed field, complained of the subsequent retreat, and asked for durable results from the laurels of Talavera. These cold or selfish calculations were answered by the exulting throb of every British heart; the results asked for were found in the subsequent glorious career and long continued security of England. Far from every generous bosom be that frigid spirit which would measure the importance of events only by their immediate gains, and estimate at nothing the lasting effect of elevation of national feeling! Character is the true strength of nations: historic glory is their best inheritance. When the time shall come that the British heart no longer thrills at the name of Talavera, its fruit will indeed be lost, for the last hour of the British empire will have struck."

But what were Sir Arthur Wellesley's own opinions? These are well worth being quoted, both for their own sake, and for sake of the racy language in which they are expressed. Writing on the day after the battle to Mr. Villiers, he

said, "The battle was a most desperate one. Our loss has been very great; that of the enemy larger. The attack was made principally upon the British, who were on the left; and we had about two to one against us,—fearful odds! But we maintained all our positions, and gave the enemy a terrible beating." And writing, about four months after the battle to his old friend Malcolm in India, he said, "The battle of Talavera was certainly the hardest fought of modern days, and the most glorious in its result to our troops. It is lamentable that, owing to the miserable inefficiency of the Spaniards, to their want of exertion, and the deficiency of numbers even of the allies, much more of discipline and every other military quality, when compared with the enemy in the Peninsula, the glory of the action is the only benefit which we have derived from it. But that is a solid and substantial benefit, of which we have derived some good consequences already."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ADVANCE OF SOULT INTO ESTREMADURA—THE RETROGRESSION OF WELLESLEY AND CUESTA TO OROPESA—THEIR RETREAT THENCE TO THE LEFT BANK OF THE TAGUS—THE STATE OF THE BRITISH HOSPITAL AT TALAVERA—THE COMBATS OF ARZOBISPO AND ALMONACID—THE SEPARATION OF THE FRENCH FORCES IN ESTREMADURA—THE COMBAT OF BANOS.

On the 30th of June, Soult, when at Zamora, received from Buonaparte at Ratisbon a despatch conferring on him a paramount command over the corps of Ney and the corps of Mortier, and instructing him to concentrate these corps with his own for a decisive course of action against the British. This led to the relinquishment of Gallicia, which never was regained by the French in the subsequent progress of the war; it led also to the weakening of the French hold upon all the rest of the north of Spain, particularly upon the important province of Asturias; and as the measure manifestly sprang from appreciation of Sir Arthur Wellesley's high generalship—or, what amounts to the same thing, from apprehension of the great deeds he seemed likely to achieve—both the measure itself and these consequences of it must be regarded as results of Sir Arthur's operations against Soult and Victor. Buonaparte, indeed, not only appreciated our hero, but penetrated his designs,—saw with the instinctive glance of a master-strategist the course of hostility he was most likely to pursue,—and therefore said to Soult in the despatch,—"Wellesley will probably advance by the Tagus against Madrid; in that case, pass the mountains, fall on his flank and rear, and crush him."

Soult was for some time hindered by ignorance respecting Sir Arthur Wellesley's designs, by the recusancy of Ney, and by the timidity of King Joseph, from adopting active measures. He was not certain till the 13th of July that Sir Arthur meant to operate by the line of the Tagus; he did not succeed till about the same time in inducing Ney to become properly obedient to him; and he then wished to confound Sir Arthur by besieging Ciudad Rodrigo, and marching direct thence to Lisbon, but was obliged by King Joseph to prefer the scheme of moving over the mountains to assail the allied army in the rear. He then concerted his plans, concentrated his forces, and commenced his operations with great vigour; and sent special despatches to Madrid, recording his proceedings, explaining his views, and earnestly exhorting the King to keep the allied army in mere play without striking it, till all the five corps, Soult's, Ney's, Mortier's, Victor's, and Sebastiani's, together with Dessolles' division, should stealthily close round it like a net, and suddenly capture or kill it to a man. This was a

bright scheme; and but for Joseph's folly and precipitancy, it might have been carried far toward execution.

On the very day on which Sir Arthur Wellesley crossed the Tietar to effect his junction with Cuesta, Soult had collected at and near Salamanca, in full equipment for the most active service, with their cavalry-posts pointing to the pass of Banos, not fewer than fifty thousand effective fighting men. Yet neither then, nor for twelve days afterwards, neither through the Duke del Parque, nor through Beresford, nor through the guerillas, nor through the peasantry, nor by intercepted letters, nor in any other way, did Sir Arthur obtain the slightest intelligence that any enemy was threatening him in the rear, he, all the while, thinking that Soult continued to lie harmless at Zamora, that Ney continued to be fully occupied in Gallicia, and that the forces in the valley of the Tagus, beyond the Alberche, were the only ones with whom he had to deal.

Soult communicated easily and rapidly with Joseph by way of Avila. He was in close concert with him at the time when the concentration of forces took place behind the Guadarama. He wrote to him at that time, to entreat that no blow should be struck, at least that no general battle should be given, till notification were sent of the three corps being all in compact march past Plasencia. He hurried forward the corps with all possible speed, and kept up frequent communication across the country with Joseph, nothing doubting that he would descend from the mountains upon the rear of the allied army like an overwhelming avalanche. Beresford, however, was hanging on his flank, the guerillas were annoying him, the population were fleeing before him, the villages on his line of march contained neither food nor forage; so that, owing to the waste of time in beating off skirmishers, and in scrambling for subsistence, he did not reach the pass of Banos within several days of the time that he expected. A doubt of his being able to get promptly forward was one reason, though there were other and stronger ones, for Joseph's yielding to the wish of Victor to give immediate battle to the allied army on the 27th of July; and the arrival of a despatch, during the long pause in the action of the 28th, stating that the three corps would still not reach Plasencia for several days, was the reason for Joseph's determining at that juncture for renewed action rather than for retreat.

At the close of the battle of Talavera, the combined beaten army of Joseph, Victor, and Sebastiani, rested for some hours among the woods along the right bank of the Alberche. But toward the morning, they crossed the river to the heights which had formerly been occupied by the corps of Victor; and before six o'clock, they were all ensconced in that strong position. Sir Robert Wilson, who, throughout the 28th, had hung on their rear, in the vicinity of Cazalegas, now returned to Escalona; and as they supposed him to have about fifteen thousand men, though he really had only about four thousand, they felt some uneasiness lest he should assail Madrid. Venegas also, though hitherto obeying

the Junta's foolish instructions to hold off from co-operation with Cuesta and Sir Arthur Wellesley, yet on the 29th pushed his advanced posts to Aranjuez and the vicinity of Toledo, and on the next day, on hearing of the victory of Talavera, adopted active measures to pick up any advantages of it which might fall in his way. On the night of the 29th, Joseph marched with Sebastiani's corps and with the reserve to St. Olalla; and thence he sent a division to protect Toledo. On the first of August, he marched to Illescas, a place on the road between Toledo and Madrid, with short and easy access to Valdemoro on the road from Aranjuez to Madrid, and to Mostoles on the road from Escalona to Madrid, and therefore serving well as a central point to cover the capital against both Venegas and Sir Robert Wilson. Victor, in the meantime, was left with all his corps on the strong ground on the left of the Alberche, to watch the allied army at Talavera; but becoming strongly suspicious that Sir Robert Wilson's position at Escalona was serving as an advanced-guard to conduct that army, by way of some ford on the Alberche, toward Madrid, he removed, in great alarm, on the 2d of August to Maqueda, sending also notice of his movement to Joseph, and proposing a concentration of their forces at Mostoles. This last place is only twelve miles from Madrid; so that, in spite of all the prodigious delay and blundering and counterworking which had arisen from the weak councils and the bad faith of the Central Junta, the very heart of the French usurpation was well agitated by the blows of the campaign.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, in the meanwhile, continued to be fully occupied at Talavera in exertions to obtain food for his army, and requisites for his wounded, and to counteract the absurd, ruinous, pertinacious, military policy of the Central Junta. He had been arrested, in his career toward Madrid, simply by the Junta's bad faith in not supplying his army with provisions; yet, though that bad faith continued to be as bad as ever, insomuch that still no bread could be had, and even meat was becoming scarce, he was suddenly invoked, amid the very famine and gore of the battle-field, by Don Martin de Garay, the mouthpiece of the Junta, to rise up, rush on, and chase all the French from the Peninsula. So insane a demand, at such a moment, could not fail to test both the temper and the firmness of Sir Arthur to the uttermost. How did he meet it? "It is not a difficult matter," said he, "for a gentleman in the situation of Don Martin de Garay to sit down in his cabinet and write his ideas of the glory which would result from driving the French through the Pyrenees; and I believe there is no man in Spain who has risked so much, or who has sacrificed so much, to effect that object as I have. But I wish that Don Martin de Garay, or the gentlemen of the Junta, before they blame me for not doing more, or impute to me beforehand the probable consequences of the blunders or the indiscretion of others, would either come or send here somebody to satisfy the wants of our half-starved army, which, although they have been engaged for two days,

and have defeated twice their numbers in the service of Spain, have not bread to eat. I positively will not move, nay more, I will disperse my army, till I am supplied with provisions and means of transport as I ought to be."

On the 30th of July, Sir Arthur, for the first time, received a hint that an enemy was likely to menace him in the rear. But that hint was comprised only in the intelligence, that rations had been ordered at Fuente Roble for a French corps of about 10,000 or 12,000 men, on its march from the valley of the Tormes to the pass of Banos. Sir Arthur did not and could not infer from it that more, at the utmost, than a single corps d'armée was approaching; and he hoped that it might encounter some resistance from the force which had been sent to defend the pass, or that, on getting intelligence of the battle of Talavera, it might be induced to wheel round, and return to the place whence it came. Yet both he and Cuesta felt some anxiety about the defence of the pass; and each urged the other to send off to it a strong body, to support the small one already there. Cuesta had originally undertaken to defend the pass; he had wronged Sir Arthur by sending so small a body to defend it; his troops, at present, were much fresher for effort and freer from duty than Sir Arthur's; and for all these reasons, he ought at once to have sent one of his divisions of infantry to the pass. He insisted, however, that Sir Robert Wilson's corps was the proper force to go, though in the same breath he acknowledged how highly important a purpose that corps was serving at Escalona; and because Sir Arthur firmly refused to send it, he chose to be firm also in refusing to send any Spanish force.

Next day, Sir Arthur re-entreated Cuesta to send a division of infantry to the pass; but without effect. On the 1st of August, intelligence was received that the enemy had, without opposition, entered Berar, near the further extremity of the pass. On the 2d, early in the morning, Bassecourt's division was at length, but now too late, sent anxiously away. On the same day, intelligence was received that the enemy had entered Plasencia, that the small body stationed to oppose them at the pass had retired without firing a shot, and that the leader of that body had marched upon Almaraz with the view of removing the bridge there, in order to prevent the enemy from getting possession of the allied army's line of communication with the Guadiana and with Portugal down the left bank of the Tagus. Cuesta now fully saw his error, and felt anxious, as well he might, to do some great thing to retrieve it. "General Cuesta," says Sir Arthur, "called upon me on that day, and proposed that half of the army should move to the rear to oppose the enemy, while the other half should maintain the post at Talavera. My answer was, that if, by half the army, he meant half of each army, I could only answer that I was ready either to go or to stay with the whole British army, but that I could not divide it. He then desired me to choose whether I would go or stay; and I preferred to

go, from thinking that the British troops were most likely to do the business effectually and without contest, and from being of opinion, that to open the communication through Plasencia was more important to us than to the Spanish army, although very important to them. With this decision General Cuesta appeared perfectly satisfied." Sir Arthur, however, with his usual fore-thought and humanity, thinking it possible that, during his absence, Victor might return in great strength and compel the Spanish army to retire, extracted a promise from Cuesta that, if such an event should happen, he would remove the British wounded along with his army, and that, in the meantime, he would put all the carts which could be got in readiness for their removal. This promise was readily enough made, but just as readily and shamefully violated.

Sir Arthur marched, on the 3d, from Talavera to Oropesa. His force amounted to 17,000; but he was joined on the way by Bassecourt's division, who had been overtaken by a despatch, requesting him to halt till Sir Arthur came up. The force of Soult was estimated by Sir Arthur at 15,000; and this he had good reason to think he might overawe and drive back without a battle. But scarcely had he taken ground at Oropesa when, on the one hand, intelligence arrived from the country in front that Soult was already at Naval-Moral, a place not more than eighteen miles distant, and on the other hand, despatches came from Talavera announcing that a batch of current official letters between Soult, Jourdan, and Joseph had been intercepted,—that Soult's real force appeared from these letters to be at least 30,000,—that Joseph estimated Sir Arthur Wellesley's force at 25,000,—that Joseph and Victor were about to wheel round to assail the allied army on the one side, while Soult should assail it on the other,—and that Cuesta, alarmed at being threatened both in front and in flank, and anxious to enter the coming contest side by side with the British, would immediately decamp from Talavera and march forthwith to Oropesa. Sir Arthur, taking into account how uniformly and vilely and variously he had been thwarted from the moment of his entering Spain, might justly have felt much annoyed at every part of this communication; but he was annoyed most of all, or even mainly, at Cuesta's apparent heartless disregard of his wounded. He wrote instantly to assuage his apprehensions, and to entreat him to remain at Talavera,—to beg, at all events, if he would move, that he would move leisurely, and would send on before him the wounded and the baggage. But Cuesta was already on the march, leaving all the wounded behind, relinquishing both them and the grand key-position of Talavera to the mercy of Victor, and thinking only how swiftly he could precipitate his own "rabble" and the British army into a battle with Soult. He was once more in his heroics; so that he had then no capacity for a thought on any subject except fighting.

The situation of the contending armies, at that moment, was remarkable. The narrow valley of the Tagus, from the Alagon to the Xarama, was crowded

with them. The allies were in the middle, in temporary separation from each other, and passing into a complexity of counter-movements; Soult was at Naval-Moral, Mortier at Plasencia, and Ney at Banos—all marching up against the allies; and Victor was at Maqueda, Joseph at Illescas, and Sebastiani at Valdemoro, all ready to move conjointly or separately, flankwise or downwards as contingencies might determine. "This singular situation," observes Napier, "was rendered more remarkable by the ignorance in which all parties were as to the strength and movements of their adversaries. Victor and the King, frightened by Wilson's partisan corps of four thousand men, were preparing to unite at Mostoles; while Cuesta, equally alarmed at Victor, was retiring from Talavera. Sir Arthur Wellesley was supposed by Joseph to be at the head of twenty-five thousand British; and the former, calculating on Soult's weakness, was marching, with twenty-three thousand Spanish and English, to engage fifty-three thousand French; while Soult, unable to ascertain the exact situation of either friends or enemies, little suspected that the prey was rushing into his jaws. At this moment, the fate of the Peninsula hung by a thread, which could not bear the weight for twenty-four hours; yet fortune so ordained that no irreparable disaster ensued."

Sir Arthur Wellesley, on the night of the 3d, had to think of the evacuation of Talavera, the starving condition of his army, the increasing starvation which would arise from the arrival of the Spaniards, and the course of strategy to be pursued, in reference both to the menaces of the enemy, and to the maintaining of communication with Portugal. His first care, however, was about the wounded. He felt stung at Cuesta's inhumanity and breach of faith in abandoning them; but had taken the precaution to leave orders with his own officers in charge of them, to remove them at once toward Arzobispo, in the event of any great emergency; and now he promptly sent off every appliance within his power to aid in their removal. "Cuesta's arrangement," says Lord Londonderry, "was a most galling one; and though literally encumbered with cars, the heartless Spaniard refused to spare us more than seven for the brave men who had fought and bled for his country. The abandonment of the town was, as may be imagined, a heart-rending scene. Such of our poor soldiers as were in a condition to move at all, crawled after us, some still bleeding, and many more with their wounds open and undressed. By indefatigable exertions, and by sacrificing a great deal of baggage, Sir Arthur Wellesley got together forty cars, which enabled us to bring forward about two thousand men; but there were still hundreds left behind, all of whom, had Cuesta acted with humanity, would have been preserved. It may easily be believed that such a scene, added to the extreme distress which scarcity of provisions occasioned, cast a damp upon our spirits which we had not anticipated, and which certainly ought not to have been the consequence of a victory, hardly won indeed, but singularly splendid."

Cuesta's army came pouring into Oropesa during the night "like a flock of sheep," in utter confusion themselves, and causing much confusion among the British. Cuesta himself arrived early in the morning. Sir Arthur Wellesley immediately called upon him, to compare purposes, and to plan co-operation. Cuesta was all for onslaught,—hot and fierce for speedy battle,—did not doubt that the combined armies, by moving headlong against Soult, would at once, with little loss, achieve higher results than had been gained at Talavera. But Sir Arthur replied coldly to his vapouring,—declared firmly for retreat,—said that the risk of battle was too great to be for one moment thought of,—that he would not imperil the British army so seriously as to encounter it,—that, till provisions should be plentier, the enemy less menacing, and the hopes of advantage more apparent, he should make with all possible speed to the strong ground on the left bank of the Tagus, covering the accesses to the Gaudiana and the communications with Portugal, to stand there on the defensive.

Sir Arthur's resolution was eminently prudent; and the coolness and promptitude with which he arrived at it were not a little admirable. Oropesa was not a place of any strength, either positively or relatively, for making a stand. The bridge of Arzobispo was the only passage across the Tagus between the bridge of Talavera and the bridge of Almaraz. Soult's army already barred access to Almaraz, and might by a rapid movement reach Arzobispo, by the direct road thither from Naval-Moral, almost as soon as the British army could reach it from Oropesa. Impassable mountains were on the British right. Victor also, if he were already at Talavera, or would soon be there, might in a few hours reach Arzobispo by the direct road thither down the margin of the Tagus. Not a moment was to be lost. Either all the French in the valley must be defied and beaten, or the allied army must be ruined, or a complete, instant, rapid retreat must be run. Some historians, indeed—great heroes with the quill—have hinted that Cuesta was in the right, that the French ought to have been defied, that Sir Arthur Wellesley, at that juncture, might just as easily have struck both Soult and Victor as Buonaparte, in 1796, struck the converging Austrian columns, in their descent from the Alps for the relief of Mantua. But Sir Arthur had only seventeen thousand men on whom he could rely, and these scarcely half effective, to array against ninety thousand fully effective men; for the Spaniards counted for nothing on open ground, and the British were utterly enfeebled by starvation. And had he resolved for battle, he could not necessarily have fallen upon the French piecemeal; for either mass of them could have kept him at bay till the whole were concentrated; and then, having been all the while in their coil, and now closely environed by them, he would have been obliged, without possibility of retreat, to place his seventeen thousand against their ninety thousand. Or even had he been allowed to strike seriatim, he could save his army and his cause, only by first achieving a victory over

Soult, with the effect of losing so much time and ground as to let Victor get possession of Arzobispo, and then by bearing so strongly up against Victor as to prevent him from forming a junction with Soult's vanquished forces.

Who, that takes into account the character, strength, and circumstances of the respective armies, will say that any such achievement was possible even for the hero of Assye? Sir Arthur indeed—estimating Soult's known force at thirty thousand, and deducting the killed and wounded at Talavera—did not yet estimate the aggregate number of the French opposed to him at much above seventy thousand; but he knew that it *might be* ninety thousand, and he could not regard the difference between the two numbers as materially affecting the perilousness of his situation. He saw nothing but certain destruction in the thought of attempting resistance; but on the other hand, he saw, though in the far distance, sure and high advantage in ordering an instant retreat. He therefore announced to Cuesta that he would march instanter to Arzobispo. "Cuesta," remarks Napier, "doggedly opposed this project, asserting that Oropesa was a position suitable for battle, and that he would fight there. Further concession to his humours would have been folly; and Sir Arthur sternly declared that he would move forthwith, leaving the Spanish general to do that which should seem meet to him; and assuredly this decided conduct saved the Peninsula."

The baggage and the ammunition were sent off from Oropesa toward the bridge of Arzobispo so early as six o'clock in the morning. The carts with the wounded from Talavera, in the most pitiable condition, had been travelling all night. The army remained in position at Oropesa just long enough to allow all these and all the stores to get safely along the bridge. They then expeditiously followed; and at two o'clock, just as the enemy's patroles began to appear in sight, the whole got into position on the opposite bank of the Tagus. Every immediate danger was now averted. All the troops had been in excitement since the arrival of the Spaniards,—every man aware of their peril,—all knowing that they had either to flee for existence or to fight for it; and now that a momentary sense of security had been attained, on new ground, amid lovely scenery, not a few of them suddenly burst from discipline, not to give way to wild exultation, not even to indulge their old rapacious love of plunder, but to obtain something which might deaden for a little while the convulsive gnawings of starvation. "Several herds of swine, which, following the custom of the country, were feeding in the woods, under charge of the swine herds, were fallen in with; and the soldiers, instigated by hunger, broke their ranks, and ran in upon the animals as in a charge, shooting, stabbing, and like men possessed, cutting off the flesh while the beasts were yet alive."

The Spaniards, as we shall afterwards see, retreated on the rear of the British, and took up the defence of the bridge of Arzobispo. Many French critics, and some British ones too, have sneered at our hero for leaving "the post

of honour," on this occasion, to the Spaniards. But had he not taken the lead in the march, and kept it, he could not have retreated at all; for Cuesta continued obstinately deaf to all reasoning against his insane wish for battle. Sir Arthur needed to be in the van also in order to secure his communication with Portugal, that country, and not Spain, being the chief object of his care. The "post of honour," too, from the moment of his countermarching at Oropesa, was neither that place nor Arzobispo, but first the Meza de Ibor on the road from Arzobispo to Truxillo, and next the passes on the part of the left bank of the Tagus adjacent to Almaraz. These places, particularly the mountain-gorge of the Meza de Ibor, and the mountain-gorge of the Col de Mirabete, give naturally such perfect command of all the country around them, and of all the communications southward to Seville and westward to Lisbon as to render the hostile occupancy of the bridges of the Tagus completely harmless. Had Soult suspected, in sufficient time, that the allies would have taken the course they did from Oropesa, he would have promptly and vigorously used every possible means to pour a strong force across the Tagus at Almaraz to take possession of these passes; and then the game would have been all his own. The Spaniards did not need to do more at Arzobispo than check the enemy till the mountain passes should be fully secured, and made fully tenable, by the British. The seizing of the passes as the termination of the retreat, and the holding of them like a fortress till the French should retire, became, from the morning of the 4th of August, the whole pivot of the campaign.

On the 5th, the British advanced-guard, by a forced march, reached the Meza de Ibor. On the 6th, the main body arrived at that place,—and the advanced-guard reached the Casas del Puerto, on the Tagus, opposite Almaraz. And on the 7th, the main body arrived at Deleytosa, a place centrically situated among the mountain-fastnesses, and affording high facilities for the head-quarters to detect and resist any attempt which the French might make to penetrate either upward to the Meza de Ibor, onward toward the Guadiana, or downward, by the left bank of the Tagus, toward Portugal. The road up the mountains from Arzobispo was exceedingly steep and rugged, insomuch that the troops, notwithstanding their enfeebled condition, were obliged to drag up the guns by force of hand. The sick and wounded also were got up with great difficulty, and were sent forward to Merida. Most of the carts on which the sufferers lay were so bad as to be literally shaken to pieces on the road; and both carts of the ammunition and carts of the military-chest had to be taken to supply their place.

The wounded who had been left at Talavera, amounting to about fifteen hundred, and comprising all the worst cases, speedily fell into the hand of the French; and—to the high honour of the enemy be it recorded—they then began to get proper usage, began to receive attentions and appliances essential to their

cure, and were delivered from the heartless cruelty of the Spaniards. Victor was approaching Talavera when Cuesta left it; and he took possession of it on the 6th. "When he entered the town," says Southey, "he found some of the wounded, French and English alike, lying on the ground in the Plaza. After complimenting the English, and observing that they understood the laws and courtesies of war, he told them there was one thing which they did not understand, and that was how to deal with the Spaniards. He then sent soldiers to every house, with orders to the inhabitants immediately to receive and accommodate the wounded of the two nations, who were lodged together, one Englishman and one Frenchman; and he expressly directed that the Englishman should always be served first. Many had already died in the square, and the stones were covered with blood. Victor ordered the townsmen to come with spades and besoms, remove and bury the dead, and cleanse the Plaza. He was speedily obeyed, and then the French said the place was fit for them to walk in. This was done a few hours after they entered the town. The next day the troops were assembled at noon, and liberty of pillaging for three hours was allowed them. Every man was provided with a hammer and a small saw for this purpose in his knapsack; and they filed off by beat of drum in regular parties to the different quarters of the town upon their work, as a business with which they were well acquainted. Nothing escaped their search. They discovered corn enough to supply the French army for three months. These magazines had been concealed from both the Spanish and the English generals; and the owners were now punished for their treachery to their countrymen and their allies, by the loss of the whole. Dollars enough to load eight mules were also found hidden beneath some broken wheels and rubbish in a yard belonging to one of the convents."

Victor, in a few days, in the course of rapid changes in the disposition of the several corps, was superseded in the command at Talavera by Mortier; and he specially recommended the British wounded to his protection. Mortier proved quite as generous to them as Victor. "With a chivalrous sense of honour, he would not permit his own soldiers, although suffering severe privations themselves, to receive rations until the hospitals were first supplied." Sir Arthur Wellesley, while still ignorant how the wounded were treated, or in what general's hands they lay, wrote to "the French General-in-chief at Talavera," requesting his care and attention to them, in return for the care and attention which he himself had at different times shown to French wounded; and that he would allow money to be sent to the officers among them,—and would allow officers, without deeming them prisoners of war, to be sent to superintend and take care of the soldiers till they should recover from their wounds. Mortier returned a very civil answer, promising that every care should be taken of the British wounded, and every attention paid to them, but referring the other points to the decision of the French Commander-in-chief. Some other correspondence,

eminently honourable to both sides, followed; and the affair of the wounded at Talavera was, altogether, a most interesting episode in the war.

Cuesta, on being left alone by the British at Oropesa on the 4th, was in no hurry to follow them. He really seemed, for some hours, doggedly resolved to withstand the French bear. Soult was in no such mood of mind as Victor, but was all wrath and fury, tracking his path with rapine and murder; and Cuesta continued in still greater contrast to Wellesley, utterly blind to circumstances, without a particle of foresight, and most fatuously sullen. He retired slowly to Arzobispo on the evening of the 4th, but remained on the right bank of the Tagus for the night, and did not cross the bridge next day till the French in great force were close at hand. Then commenced a scene of hurried movements on both sides, which ended, however, in Cuesta's safe ensconcement on the farther bank. He had also been considerate enough to barricade the bridge, to throw up entrenchments, and to form a battery of twenty guns for raking the approaches; and, being well acquainted with the great natural strengths of the place, which is a gorge not very dissimilar to that at Alcantara, overlooked by heights, he ought to have been able to maintain himself firmly against the French. But while all Soult's three corps, and also Victor's corps, were concentrating to overwhelm him, he absurdly withdrew his main body on the 7th toward the Meza de Ibor, leaving only Bassecourt's division of infantry and the Duke of Albuquerque's cavalry to defend the bridge, and leaving also fifteen pieces of artillery by the roadside without a guard, and all the rest of his guns, together with all his ammunition, at the foot of the heights, within sight and cannon-shot of the enemy.

Some of the French, observing that, at a point about half-a-mile above the bridge, the Spanish horses, when brought to drink, went far into the stream, suspected that the shallowness might extend all the way across; and, making soundings in the night of the 7th, they found there a ford, rather deep indeed, but still practicable for infantry. In the heat of the day on the 8th, while the Spanish infantry were either lethargic or sleeping, and while Albuquerque's cavalry had withdrawn about five miles for shelter in a wood, a strong French force crossed stealthily at the ford, took the Spanish position by surprise, and drove both infantry and cavalry into ignominious flight, with the loss of five guns and about four hundred prisoners. They might easily, in the circumstances of the juncture, have driven the whole of Cuesta's army to destruction; but they did not know how to do it. The very fifteen guns by the road-side escaped their notice, till they were foolishly made known to them by a trumpeter attending a British flag of truce. The guns at the foot of the hills also escaped their notice, and likewise continued to be forgotten by the Spaniards till, in the course of the 10th, Sir Arthur Wellesley persuaded Cuesta's staff-officers, without Cuesta's knowledge, to have them dragged up to the camp. "The French,"

says Sir Arthur, "made much more of the affair of Arzobispo than they ought. Nothing could behave worse than they did, except the Spaniards. They ought to have annihilated the Spanish army; but they were afraid to follow them, and did not even know that they had taken the greatest part of the cannon."

The allies, after the French success at Arzobispo, had nothing in their favour except the great natural strength of their position among the mountain fastnesses. Thousands of the Spanish soldiers fled immediately into irrecoverable dispersion. Cuesta made no preparation for special resistance to pursuit by the French; nor did he concert or propose any special measure of co-operation with the British. He did not even send to Sir Arthur Wellesley intelligence of the disaster at the bridge, or allow it to be communicated to Sir Arthur's agent at his camp; insomuch that the first account Sir Arthur received of it was from the Duke of Albuquerque in person. The British troops continued to be as feeble as ever from starvation; the Spaniards who remained with Cuesta were disheartened by disgrace; and the two armies, in consequence of the cessation of concert between their leaders, enjoyed scarcely any mutual support, except that of mere juxtaposition among the mountain passes. Soult, by a vigorous effort, might have not only destroyed the Spaniards, but made the British flee. Nor did he want either will or promptitude or daring; but he took wrong methods, and was thwarted in their execution. He instantly sent off Ney's corps to cross the Tagus at Almaraz, and strike the British on the flank; while he himself prepared with the total force of the other three corps—all of which he reckoned requisite—to drive both Spanish and British from the passes. Victor's corps, however, just at the critical moment, was recalled by King Joseph to act against Venegas; and Ney's corps found that the bridge at Almaraz had been destroyed, and were not able to discover a practicable ford or any other means of getting across the river. The allies, therefore, sat high among the fastnesses, like an eagle in its eyry, calming contemplating the harmless hubbub of their disappointed enemies. And in order to combine the security of their position with an increase in their means of subsistence, Sir Arthur Wellesley, on the 11th, moved forward his head-quarters to Jaraicejo, sending on his cavalry to Truxillo, and leaving the Spaniards to occupy Deleytosa.

Venegas, though effecting a momentary diversion in favour of the allied army, by occasioning the recall of the corps of Victor, was as far as ever from achieving any permanent service. He was smartly assailed at Aranjuez on the 5th of August, but held his ground. He afterwards, on being more severely menaced, retired toward the Sierra Morena; but, amid a tempest of conflicting purposes, partly his own, partly those of the Junta, and partly those of Mr. Frere, he suddenly veered round, marched again towards the enemy, concentrated his army at Almonacid, and was there, on the 11th, attacked in pitched battle, first by the corps of Sebastiani, and then, several hours afterwards, by the division of

Dessolles. The fighting was severe, tough, and of long continuance; and, had not Dessolles come up, it would have terminated in favour of Venegas. At the arrival of that general, however, the Spaniards could have maintained the advantage they had been gaining only by means of expert manœuvring; and, being totally incompetent for this, they were speedily broken to pieces, and chased disastrously from the field. The loss of the French amounted to at least fifteen hundred men; and that of the Spaniards, according to the French account, comprised three thousand killed, four thousand captured, and all the guns, stores, and baggage. The remnant of the vanquished army took shelter in the Sierra Morena. Sebastiani's corps was stationed around Aranjuez; Victor's corps was stationed around Toledo; and King Joseph returned in triumph to Madrid.

When Soult was baffled in his plan of assailing the armies of Sir Arthur Wellesley and General Cuesta among the fastnesses of the Col de Mirabete, he immediately turned his thoughts toward an invasion of Portugal. He was in possession of the road by which the British had advanced to Talavera from Abrantes; he had a much stronger force under his command, and saw his way much more open to Lisbon, than when he formerly invaded Portugal; he thought he could reach Alcantara before Sir Arthur Wellesley could reach it,—or if not, he could give him battle there, and attempt to overthrow him; and he calculated that he would then have little or nothing more to do than to seize Lisbon in the same easy way in which it had been seized by Junot, but with clear prospects of an incomparable securer tenure. Sir Arthur Wellesley had so far anticipated these ideas as to send instructions to Marshal Beresford to take post with his army at Zarza Mayor, and to Generals Lightfoot and Catlin Craufurd to take post with their brigades, comprising about five thousand fresh British soldiers, at Castello Branco. He also counted largely on the distress which Soult's forces were certain to suffer from scarcity of provisions; he likewise rated his own powers of action, for the mastery of the key-post of Alcantara, somewhat more highly than Soult did; and he knew too that the amount of resistance by all classes of the Portuguese, in every way, to the march of a French army from Abrantes to Lisbon, would be prodigiously greater now, and vastly more efficient, than in the time of Junot.

Soult was aware of Beresford's army, and took what he thought due account of it; he also felt severely the difficulties of the commissariat; he likewise made large shrewd allowance both for the inspiriting effect of Sir Arthur Wellesley's exploits on the Portuguese, and for the serious damage to the moral power of his own army which was certain to have resulted from the victory of Talavera. Yet in despite of these considerations, he would have unhesitatingly set off for Lisbon, had he not been thwarted by Ney and overruled by Joseph. Ney denounced the project of the invasion at that moment as foolhardy, and firmly refused to take part in it; remarking, at the same time, that Salamanca, together

with the whole line of the Tormes, and all the country to the north-west of it, had just been lost to the French by the advance of the three corps into Estremadura,—that thereby Castile itself, the very centre of the Peninsula, had become imperilled,—and that a much more efficient service than an advance to Lisbon, even though that advance could be tolerably well achieved, would be to march back, and resume possession of Salamanca. Joseph, partly under the influence of his own timidity, partly under the guidance of the strategical views of Jourdan, not only approved Ney's reasoning, but added the further consideration, that the adoption of any new project of offensive operations for the present, especially so extensive an one as the invasion of Portugal, would grievously embarrass the measures which were going on or in contemplation for the reduction of La Mancha and Andalusia. A despatch, too, had just been received from Napoleon, written at Schoenbrunn on the 29th of July, stating that he would be enabled by his successes in Austria to send strong reinforcements to Spain, and recommending that no further offensive operations should be undertaken till these should arrive. Napoleon evidently did not contemplate that so very pregnant a crisis in the relative situation of the contending armies could have so suddenly arisen; else he would doubtless have qualified his recommendation. But Joseph was pleased to interpret his words unconditionally, and so took them as full sanction to his own timid councils.

Soult's momentary power, therefore—so great, so menacing, so much more redoubtable than any previous phasis of the French power in Spain had been, with the single exception of Napoleon's own tremendous descent at the re-irruption from the Pyrenees—was suddenly overwhelmed. The very attempt to make any immediate or direct reprisals on the victors of Talavera was dropped. Joseph felt too happy for the present, with having obtained strong security for all the tract contiguous to his capital. Soult's own corps was ordered to take post at Plasencia, Mortier's corps to take post at Talavera, and Ney's corps to march back to Salamanca. "So favourable an opportunity," remarks Alison, "never again occurred of breaking down the English power in the Peninsula. Napoleon never ceased to lament to the last hour of his life that the advice of Soult had not been followed, who wished to take advantage of this concentration of five corps, numbering in all ninety thousand combatants, in the valley of the Tagus, and march at once on Coria and Lisbon. He in consequence soon after dismissed Jourdan from his situation of major-general to Joseph, and conferred that important situation on Soult."

When the British army left Talavera on the 3d of August, Sir Robert Wilson was still at Escalona. Being informed of their movements, and instructed to join Cuesta, and having previously sent on his guns, he made a long march, on the 4th, through the mountains, first to Talavera and then to Velada. But being then still twenty-four miles from Arzobispo, and conceiving that he was

too late to attempt to reach that place without being intercepted by the enemy, he determined to move by the Venta de San Julian and Centinello toward the Tietar, and across that river toward the nearest gorges of the mountains on the northern frontier of Estremadura. Villatte's division pursued him on the 5th, to Nombella; a detachment from the garrison of Avila lay in wait for him in the pass of Arenas; and Foy's division took post to intercept him on the Tietar. But he baffled them all, crossed the watershed of the mountains at the Sierra de Lanes, and descended the head-streams of the Tormes onward to Bejar. His way thence to Ciudad Rodrigo was clear; but thinking to recover his communications with the British army past the rear of the enemy, he retrograded to the pass of Banos, with the intention of proceeding thence through or near Plasencia to any point where he might be most likely to fall on the British line of march.

He cleared the pass early on the morning of the 12th. He immediately saw in the distance, direct before him, a cloud of dust, which a peasant assured him arose from a large body of the enemy. That body was Ney's corps, on its march to Salamanca. Readily believing the statement of the peasant, and inferring the hostile force to be a strong one, though unable to conjecture what particular force it was, Sir Robert turned back, and took up a strong position in the middle of the pass. He was soon in grips with the enemy; but having no guns, having had no time to add materially by artificial means to the natural strength of his position, and being assailed by numbers three or four times greater than his own, he could not be expected to achieve any victory. The strengths of the pass, too, are much less facing to the south, as he was doing, than facing to the north, as the party did who were sent thither to make a stand against Soult. Yet Sir Robert maintained his ground during nine hours, made considerable havoc among his assailants, and did not begin to retire till some strong columns crept past his flank, and appeared above him on the acclivity. Even then he eluded the foe by leaping along the mountains,—rather gliding away than retreating,—rather saving his little army by preconcerted dispersion than attempting to lead them off regularly or in a body; so that he suffered very little loss. "His army made good their retreat on Ciudad Rodrigo, not as armies usually retreat, in compact bodies, and covered by their skirmishers, but by utterly dispersing, and again uniting at the particular point of rendezvous which previously to their rout had been determined upon."

"Sir Robert Wilson," said Sir Arthur Wellesley officially, when writing to the Secretary of state respecting this affair of Banos, "has been very active, intelligent, and useful in the command of the Spanish and Portuguese corps, with which he was detached from this army. Before the battle of the 28th of July, he had pushed his parties almost to the gates of Madrid, with which city he was in communication; and he would have been in Madrid, if I had not

thought it proper to call him in, in expectation of that general action which took place on the 28th of July. He afterwards alarmed the enemy on the right of his army; and throughout the service has shown himself to be an active and intelligent partisan, well acquainted with the country in which he was acting, and possessing the confidence of the troops which he commanded. Being persuaded that his retreat was not open by Arzobispo, he acted right in taking the road he did, with which he was well acquainted; and although unsuccessful in the action which he fought, which may be well accounted for by the superior numbers and description of the enemy's troops, the action, in my opinion, does him great credit."

Ney, on reaching Salamanca, easily regained possession of that city and of the other posts in the valley of the Tormes, which had been seized by detachments from Ciudad Rodrigo. But feeling increasing dissension from Soult, and increasing chagrin at the special favour shown to that marshal by the Emperor, he soon afterwards resigned the command of his corps to General Marchand, and returned to France.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ARRIVAL OF MARQUIS WELLESLEY AS AMBASSADOR AT SEVILLE—THE INCREASED HYPOCRISY OF THE SPANISH AUTHORITIES—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S SEPARATION FROM THE SPANISH ARMY—HIS OFFICIAL REPORT ON THE STATE OF SPAIN—HIS ELEVATION TO THE BRITISH PEERAGE—HIS POSITION ON THE LINE OF THE GUADIANA—SUMMARY VIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN OF THE TAGUS.

On the 1st of August, Marquis Wellesley, as ambassador-extraordinary to the Central Junta, arrived in the harbour of Cadiz. The bells of that city were then ringing, and the cannon firing, for the victory of Talavera. The population were in higher glee than on any public occasion since the victory of Baylen. A great concourse assembled to see the Marquis land. A French flag was spread at the landing-place, that he might tread upon it in emblem of his brother's achievements over the French arms. The populace drew his carriage, and otherwise gave him hearty, generous, enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome. The people of Seville, both great and small, high and low, behaved in a similar manner. The whole country, from the harbour of Cadiz to the temporary capital, seemed to rise up in unanimous acclamations of gratitude to Great Britain, and of respect to her representative.

About the same time, also, or rather immediately after receiving intelligence of the victory of Talavera, the Central Junta appointed Sir Arthur Wellesley a captain-general of Spain,—a rank nearly equivalent to that of field-marshal in Britain,—and resolved to present him, in the name of King Ferdinand, with six Andalusian horses. "This tribute," they said, "was of small value in comparison with the services which he had rendered to Spain, and still less in proportion to the wishes of those who offered it. But for hearts like his, the satisfaction resulting from great achievements was their best recompense. Nor was it in the power of man to bestow any reward which could equal the glory of being one of the principal deliverers of a great and generous people, of listening to their blessings, and of deserving their gratitude." Sir Arthur accepted the rank which the Junta conferred upon him,—accepted also their present,—but declined the pay attached to the rank. The correspondence between him and them appeared, at the moment, to be thoroughly cordial and perfectly sound,—as honestly appreciative on their part as it was truly honourable on his. Yet were both that correspondence and the public welcome to Marquis Wellesley all a delusion; for Sir Arthur was rapidly losing confidence in everything Spanish,

and the Junta were rapidly increasing his mistrust by pertinacious continuance of foul play toward his army.

The two brothers, Sir Arthur and the Marquis, lost not an instant in communicating with each other on the momentous affairs of their position, as bearing, at so very grave a crisis, the burden of Britain's alliance with Spain, the one in military matters and the other in political ones; and no doubt they wrote all the more freely to each other, and brought out the real state of things all the more fully, that they were, not only so able functionaries, so shrewd diplomatists, and so honourable men, but also true-hearted brothers, knowing and esteeming each other to the core. They also had a profound sense of the difficulties of their common position, and the arduousness of their respective duties, so that they felt no inducement to waste one word on any trivial topic. "You have undertaken an Herculean task," wrote Sir Arthur to the Marquis on the 8th of August; "and God knows that the chances of success are infinitely against you, particularly since the unfortunate turn which affairs have taken in Austria. I wish I could see you, or could send somebody to you; but we are in such a situation, that I cannot go to you myself, and I cannot spare the only one or two people, to converse with whom would be of any use to you. I think, therefore, that the best thing you can do is to send somebody to me as soon as you can; that is to say, if I remain in Spain, which I declare I believe to be almost impossible, notwithstanding that I see all the consequences of withdrawing. But a starving army is actually worse than none. The soldiers lose their discipline and their spirit. They plunder even in the presence of their officers; the officers are discontented, and are almost as bad as the men; and with the army which a fortnight ago beat double their numbers, I should now hesitate to meet a French corps of half their strength."

Along with the letter containing these remarks, Sir Arthur sent two public despatches, "giving a full and faithful picture of the state of affairs" in the camp. His chief delineations in that "picture" exhibit the starving condition of his own troops, and the pithlessness and poltroonery of the troops of Cuesta. But he likewise makes some suggestions, which evince, especially when seen in the light of subsequent history, how much better he would have acted for Spain than the whole multitude of her own patriot chiefs. "The plan of operation," said he, "which I should recommend for the Spanish nation is one generally of defence. They should avoid general actions, but should take advantage of the strong points in their country to defend themselves and to harass the enemy. Their principal army should be collected on the Tagus, if they can hold that river,—or farther back, if they cannot; and wherever they can form a body of troops, or the guerillas of the country can be put in motion, they should be employed upon the enemy's communications, and should be pushed on even to Madrid."

Sir Arthur was particularly anxious to discover some means of keeping the Spanish troops steady in the presence of the enemy; and he mentioned one to the Marquis so very simple that we wonder at his ever having needed to suggest it, or at his needing now to do more than merely name it. "My opinion is," said he, "that an exertion ought to be made immediately to clothe them in the national uniform. By the adoption of this measure, the practice of throwing away their arms and accoutrements, and running away, and pretending to be peasants, would be discontinued. Large bodies could not change their clothing or the distinctive marks of dress in a soldier; and it is probable that as they would not only find no security, but rather increase their danger, by throwing away their arms and accoutrements in their flight, the State would not so frequently sustain the loss of these valuable articles. Another advantage which would result from the more general use of the national uniform is, that it would be in the power of the general to punish the troops who misbehave before the enemy, in the manner most likely to affect the feelings of the Spaniards, namely, by disgrace. When a number of peasants are collected together with arms in their hands, and in the garb of peasants, it is difficult to fix a mark upon those who have behaved ill, which shall point them out as objects of execration to the whole community; but if the whole army wore the national uniform, it would be possible to disgrace those who should misbehave, either by depriving them of it, or by affixing some mark to it, which would tend more effectually than anything else to prevent a repetition of these misfortunes."

Marquis Wellesley made every possible exertion to remove the crushing evils of the crisis, as to at once the supplies of the British army, the discipline of the Spanish troops, and the working of the civil government. But all his efforts were unavailing. Abundance of courtesies and flatteries and promises, indeed, were heaped upon him and upon Sir Arthur; but these were mere hypocrisy. High measures also were voted, and special public functionaries were employed, to put an end to the starvation of the British troops; but all proved only a heartless masquerade. The Marquis—as Sir Arthur had foretold—found his labour at Seville "an Herculean task,"—a dealing with wild beasts and monsters; and he was not Hercules enough to achieve it,—their voracity for prey and their hydra-headed deceit being more than a match for all his prowess. "A relaxed state of domestic government and an indolent reliance on the activity of foreign assistance," wrote he on the 2nd of September to Mr. Canning, "have endangered all the high and virtuous objects for which Spain has armed and bled. It must now be evident that no alliance can protect her from the inevitable result of internal disorder and national infirmity. She must amend and strengthen her government,—she must improve the administration of her resources, and the structure and discipline of her armies,—before she can become capable of deriving benefit from foreign aid. Spain has proved untrue to our alliance, because she is not true to herself."

One of Marquis Wellesley's first acts was to require the dismissal of Cuesta from the chief command of the Spanish army, as essential to any further co-operation of the British troops. Mr. Frere had already protested strongly against Cuesta, and particularly had said in reference to his most recent behaviour,—"The wound is very deep, and the English nation could not have received one more difficult to heal than the abandonment of their wounded at Talavera." Cuesta himself, too, either anticipating his dismissal, or really feeling suddenly incapacitated by a paralytic stroke which deprived him of the use of one leg, made haste to offer his resignation. The Junta, therefore, readily accepted his offer, and appointed Eguia, his second in command, to supersede him. But most of the Spanish generals, however free they might be from Cuesta's capriciousness and whimsicality, had been as deeply immersed as he in the system of intrigue, corruption, and baseness which had, for a long time, deluged nearly all the palaces and mansions of their country. Eguia set out with most gorgeous professions of honour, gratitude, and generosity toward the British army, yet was in command only a few days till he proved himself a less worthy coadjutor, and very much less a gentleman, than even Cuesta. So early as the 19th of August, Sir Arthur Wellesley found occasion to write to him as follows,—the subject referred to being no less than an official statement by Sir Arthur respecting the starved condition of his army:—"I have had the honour of receiving your Excellency's letter of this day's date, and I feel much concerned that anything should have occurred to induce your Excellency to express a doubt of the truth of what I have written to you. As, however, your Excellency entertains that doubt, any further correspondence between us appears unnecessary; and accordingly this is the last letter which I shall have the honour of addressing to you."

The British army and the Spanish army remained for some time among the fastnesses of the Meza de Ibor and the Col de Miravete, with the head-quarters of the former at Jaraicejo, and those of the latter at Deleytosa. They tranquilly enjoyed there all the advantages of a most powerful natural fortress; and by keeping the enemy in doubt respecting their future intentions, they hindered him from employing his undivided strength in other spheres of operation. For some days, also, the British were tolerably well supplied with bread, and had an ample supply of slaughter-cattle: so that they began to reacquire some small measure of their lost physical strength. Sir Arthur watched keenly the changing of the scene; and ascertaining that Ney had marched for Salamanca, that Mortier had gone to Talavera, that Soult was alone at Plasencia, and that Beresford was well posted behind the Elga, he thought of resuming the offensive, and even formed a plan for suddenly crossing the Tagus at a point below the influx of the Tietar, and inflicting a severe blow upon Soult. But scarcely had he began to take some requisite steps for carrying his plan into execution, when

his old embarrassments returned upon him with such increased pressure, and in such aggravated circumstances, as to compel him, for the present, to give his whole attention to the preservation of his army. Not only did his crippling want of the means of transport remain totally unrelieved,—not only did starvation, stern and dire, come anew upon his troops,—not only did all his former appeals to the Spanish authorities for supplies, and also more recent and increasingly earnest appeals, continue to meet no efficient response,—but he now began to be treated by the generals, the Junta, and the Junta's functionaries with undisguised neglect, audacious trickery, open insult, and fictitious crimination.

Cuesta, indeed, on one of the last days of his command, the 10th of August, had already given him some of this treatment,—had dared to give the starving brave British soldiers a stone for bread, and a serpent for a fish. And Sir Arthur, next day, at Deleytosa, had replied to him in as breezy terms as anywhere ripple the calm smooth surface of all his twelve volumes of despatches. "I am concerned," said he, "that your Excellency should conceive that you have any reason to complain of the conduct of the British troops. But when troops are starving, which those under my command have been, as I have repeatedly told your Excellency since I joined you on the 22d of last month, it is not astonishing that they should go to the villages, and even to the mountains and look for food where they think they can get it. The complaints of the inhabitants, however, should not have been confined to the conduct of the British troops. In this very village, I have seen the Spanish soldiers, who ought to have been elsewhere, take the doors off the houses which were locked up, in order that they might plunder the houses, and they afterwards burned the doors. I absolutely and positively deny the assertion, that anything going to the Spanish army has been stopped by the British troops or commissaries. On the 7th, when the British troops were starving in the hills, I met a convoy of 350 mules, loaded with provisions for the Spanish army. I would not allow one of them to be touched, and they all passed on. General Sherbrooke, on the following day, the 8th, gave a written order to another convoy, addressed to all British officers, to allow them to pass through the army unmolested. Yesterday I met on the road, and passed not less than 500 mules loaded with provisions for the Spanish army; and no later than yesterday evening, Major Campbell, my aide-de-camp, gave an order to another large convoy, addressed to all British officers and soldiers, not to impede its progress. In regard to the assertion in your Excellency's letter, that the British troops sell their bread to the Spanish soldiers, it is beneath the dignity of your Excellency's situation and character to notice such things, or for me to reply to them. I must observe, however, that the British troops could not sell that which they had not, and that the reverse of this statement of your Excellency upon this subject is the fact, at the time

the armies were at Talavera; as I have myself witnessed frequently in the streets of that town."

This letter, if ever it was communicated to the Junta's functionaries, only increased their effrontery. They all, in a few days, echoed the insults of Cuesta, and added worse ones of their own. They said, at one time, that large supplies had been sent to the British army, though every person knew that none had been sent; at another, that great magazines had now been formed, whence ample regular supplies would be furnished in future, though every person knew that the state of things was just the same as before; and at another, that the British army had all along been not only well supplied, but over-supplied, though every person knew, or might easily have known, that it was dying down by famine. They also insinuated that the British commander's constant cry for bread was a mere pretext to cover his faithlessness or feebleness,—that he ought to have captured Madrid, repelled Soult, and laid the French eagles in the dust,—that he had no real occasion to retreat to the left bank of the Tagus,—that, in threatening to withdraw from Spain, he was actuated by some secret motives which he had not the honesty or the courage to avow,—and that if, at so great a crisis, he really should withdraw, or even should remain longer in inactivity, he would be answerable to the world for imperilling, perhaps destroying, the patriotic cause in Spain. Such accusations, in such circumstances, had they not been known to proceed from sheer folly or habitual vileness, might have seemed a wanton bearding of the British lion. But Sir Arthur pitied rather than resented them, and, like a true man, replied only by a firm statement or steady reiteration of plain facts. To the last of them, for example, he rejoined on the 20th of August, "I am not responsible for the consequences of the departure of the British army from Spain, whatever these may be. Those are responsible for them who, having been made acquainted with the wants of the British army more than a month ago, have taken no efficient measures to relieve them,—who have allowed a brave army, that was rendering gratuitous services to Spain, that was able and willing to pay for everything it received, to starve in the centre of their country, and to be reduced by want almost to a state of inefficiency,—who refused or omitted to find carriages to remove the officers and soldiers who had been wounded in their service, and obliged me to give up the equipment of the army for the performance of this necessary duty of humanity."

So great became the famine in the camp that half a pound of ungrounnd wheat and a quarter of a pound of goat's flesh was commonly the best daily allowance of either officer or private; while even this was obtained only by the most laborious exertions of the British commissaries, in scouring the low country for the grain and the mountainous country for the goats. The price, of course, was proportionally high. Even the offal of the goats—which, according to the custom of armies, belonged to the slaughterers—was sold, in the camp, at about

double of the usual price of the whole animals themselves; and in spite of being such wretched food, and so dear, was an object of eager competition, even among the officers. At times, too, the foragers of the Spanish army forced up the price of the provisions, not only by unfairness or stealthiness of competition,—greedily seizing all that they could obtain in the vicinity, as well as appropriating all that arrived from a distance,—but also by firing upon the smaller parties of the British foragers, or intercepting carriers of provisions to the British camp, as if they had been enemies. The forage given to the horses, almost from the moment of crossing the Spanish frontier, was only such as could be picked up for them by their riders, wherever they could find it, and was generally wheat or rye, which acted unsubstantially and unwholesomely; so that, against the middle of August, exclusive of losses in battle, about a thousand of the cavalry horses were dead, about seven hundred more were unserviceable, many of the baggage animals were dead, and such of the artillery cattle as remained were scarcely able to drag the guns.

At last, after the most urgent representations of Marquis Wellesley, there came from the Central Junta to the British camp, a great special functionary, Don Lorenzo de Calvo, to bless man and beast thenceforth with abundance. He was a man of mercantile experience, high reputation, and very specious manners. His professions at the camp were grandiloquent, his promises perfect, and his reported arrangements superb. He said that vast quantities of provisions and forage were in course of delivery into the magazines of Truxillo, that all the resources of Spain would be held under contribution to keep these magazines full, and that the British troops should be regularly supplied thence with complete rations, and should always have a claim on the magazines, in order to regular full supply, in preference to the Spanish troops. The gates of this paradise of plenty were to be thrown open on the 19th of August. Yet on that day, the British troops received only one-third of a ration, and their horses nothing; on the 20th, they received only one-half of a ration, and that not of bread but of flour, and their horses again nothing, on the 20th, also, the entire magazines did not contain a sufficiency to supply one day's full demand upon them; and, in the very midst of De Calvo's vapouring about all the resources of the country being placed at the feet of the British army, he was known by Sir Arthur Wellesley, on the surest evidence, no less than his own autograph in Sir Arthur's possession, to have just ordered the magistrates of a distant town, to send to the Spanish camp provisions which had been already purchased by a British commissary.

Sir Arthur Wellesley could endure no longer,—perhaps had already endured too long; and on the 20th of August, he firmly but calmly, "more in sorrow than in anger," issued orders to separate from the Spanish army, and march toward Portugal. He had formerly been obliged, for want of means of transport,

to leave a large quantity of his ammunition at Deleytosa; and he was now obliged, for the same reason, to leave another large quantity of it at Jaraicejo. The Spaniards were so ungrateful to the last as to refuse him carts in order to prevent his making so great a sacrifice, and at the same time so mean as readily to send carts to appropriate the ammunition to their own use. Sir Arthur, afterwards writing from Merida to Marquis Wellesley, on a similar piece of conduct, remarked,—"The pontoon bridge which had been on the Tagus, near Almaraz, arrived here last night on its way to Badajoz. I cannot avoid taking this opportunity of drawing your Excellency's attention to the ease with which all the services of this description, required for the Spanish army, have been performed at the same time that nothing could be done, in the most urgent requisitions of service, as well as of humanity, for the British army. When the guns were taken from the enemy in the battle of Talavera, there was no difficulty about drawing them off; when the British army laid down its ammunition for want of the means of conveying it, there was no difficulty about transporting it; and there has been none in providing the means to remove the pontoon bridge from the neighbourhood of the Tagus, at Almaraz, to Badajoz. Yet the application of these means, at any period, to the service of the British army, would have relieved many of the difficulties under which we laboured, and would certainly have prevented the separation from the Spanish army at the moment at which it was made. But I beg your Excellency to observe, that among all the offers which were pressed upon me to divide the contents of the magazine of provisions at Truxillo, to take what I pleased from it, nay, to take the whole, even at the risk of starving the Spanish army, offers of which I knew and explained and have since been able to prove the fallacy, not one was made to assist the British army with a cart or a mule, or any means of transport, which abounded in the Spanish army."

The main body of the British army marched from Jaraicejo, through Truxillo and Miajadas, to Merida. The light brigade, under Craufurd, marched from their position on the Tagus opposite Almaraz, through the pass of Mirabete and through Caceres, to Valencia de Alcantara. That brigade, which only three weeks before had made so astonishing a march to the field of Talavera, displaying an endurance of fatigue which has scarcely a parallel in history, was now so debilitated by starvation that only with many halts and with great difficulty was it able to climb the first four miles of its present march, to the summit of the pass. Many of the animals belonging to it also died in the ascent. The strong post evacuated by the light brigade, was immediately afterwards occupied by a division of the Spanish troops.

The Portuguese army under Marshal Beresford, about this time also, relinquished co-operation with the Spaniards, and went into cantonments within the Portuguese frontier. They had served within Spain as disinterestedly as

the British, and had been as shamefully neglected. Not only were provisions refused to them for payment, but large supplies which had been collected into magazines at Ciudad Rodrigo, by Sir Arthur Wellesley's commissaries, were seized and alienated from them by the cabildo, under pretence that a debt of Sir John Moore was still unliquidated; even though Sir John Cradock had offered to pay the alleged debt, if a voucher could be produced for it, and though a British commissary was, at the moment, on the spot, with full power to settle every claim which could be substantiated. The Portuguese troops had no strong liking to Spain before they entered; and they soon began to abhor it when they found themselves so ill used. "The Portuguese army," said Sir Arthur Wellesley, "would have been ruined if they had remained longer in the field. They wanted clothing, and every description of equipment. They were raw recruits, detested serving in Spain, where they were ill-treated, and deserted in large numbers in the short time they were in that country."

The announcement of Sir Arthur Wellesley's determination to retire to Portugal fell upon all the south of Spain, particularly upon Seville, like a thunderbolt. Both rulers and people, though they had been so long forewarned of the event, and so often and earnestly but vainly entreated to do something to prevent it, seem really to have believed that it would not happen. The British Commander's patience with them had been abused to the indulgence of a most indolent and insolent security; and now his unavoidable abandonment of them struck them with consternation and dismay. Marquis Wellesley was so afflicted at sight of their terror, so besieged with protestations of their repentance and gratitude, and so hopeful of some favourable change at length being worked upon them, that he wrote to Sir Arthur begging him to reconsider his determination; yet did this in terms very remarkable from a senior brother to a junior one, most honourably indicating the senior's appreciation of the junior's worth, profound respect for his personal character, the utmost deference to his military judgment, and an entire conviction that his conduct, at so trying a juncture, would prove to be thoroughly noble.

"I am aware," said he, "that the absolute necessity of the case is the sole cause of a movement so entirely contrary to your inclination. I am also fully sensible not only of the indelicacy but of the inutility of attempting to offer to you any opinion of mine, in a situation where your own judgment must be your best guide; and where no useful suggestions could arise in my mind, which must not already have been anticipated by your own experience, comprehensive knowledge, and ardent zeal for the public welfare. Viewing, however, so nearly the painful consequences of your immediate retreat into Portugal, I have deemed it to be my duty to submit to your consideration the possibility of adopting an intermediate plan, which might combine some of the advantages of your return into Portugal, without occasioning alarm in Spain, and without endangering the

foundations of the alliance between this country and Great Britain. But it would be vain to urge these considerations beyond the extent in which they may be approved by your judgment. It will be sufficient for me to receive an early intimation of your opinion, and to be enabled to state it distinctly to this government, which looks to your decision on the present occasion as the final determination of its fate, and of the existence of the Spanish nation. That decision, I am persuaded, will be founded on the same principles of wisdom, justice, and public spirit, which have already obtained the respect, esteem, and confidence of the Spanish nation; and it will be my duty to endeavour to satisfy the government, whatever may be the exigency of the crisis, that no change has taken place in the sentiments or motives of action which have so cordially engaged their affection and admiration."

The plan suggested by Marquis Wellesley, or rather by the Junta through him, was that the British and Spanish armies should take up a position on the left bank of the Guadiana, to stand there on the defensive, covering both the Alemtejo and the province of Seville. But Sir Arthur replied that the line of the Guadiana was much too weak for the purpose,—that the Spanish army could not possibly occupy better ground than among the fastnesses of the Mezo de Ibor and the Col de Mirabete,—that, if it should only strengthen itself by sending the pontoons of the bridge of Almaraz to Badajoz, it might hold these fastnesses against the French, if it could hold anything,—that no safe line of defence for the province of Seville existed near enough the Guadiana to serve at the same time as a safe line of defence for the Alemtejo,—that, as commander of the British army in the Peninsula, he had already accomplished all, and more than all, which had been implied either in the negociations between the British and the Spanish governments, or in those between himself and Cuesta,—that he was bound to look duly to the preservation of his troops, and specially to the protection of Portugal, and could now no longer hope to do either if he continued to be at the mercy of the Spanish councils,—and that, for various strong reasons, as to the character of the Spanish troops, their ordinary behaviour in the presence of the enemy, and the general prospects of the war, he had arrived at an opinion that he ought to avoid entering into any further co-operation with Spanish armies. "At the same time," added he, "I see the difficulty in which the Government may be placed. Their army may be seized with one of those panic terrors to which they are liable, and may run off and leave everything exposed to instant loss. To which I answer, that I am in no hurry to withdraw from Spain. I want to give my troops food and refreshment; and I shall not withdraw into Portugal, at all events, till I shall have received your Excellency's sentiment upon what I have submitted to your judgment. If I should withdraw into Portugal, I shall go no farther than the frontier,—but to this I should not wish to engage; and I shall be so near that the enemy will not like to venture

across the Guadiana, unless he comes in very large force indeed, having me upon his flank and his rear. I shall, in effect therefore, be as useful to the Spanish government within the Portuguese frontier as I should be in the position which has been proposed to your Excellency,—and indeed more useful, as I expect that the nearer I shall move to Portugal, the more efficient I shall become."

On the 25th of August, next day after writing this reply to Marquis Wellesley, Sir Arthur wrote a long official report of the general condition of the Peninsula to the British Secretary of State. Some passages of this, relating to the Spanish troops, to the Spanish government, and to Sir Arthur's determination respecting them, we must extract:—"The Spaniards have not, at the end of eighteen months nearly after the commencement of the revolution, above eighty thousand soldiers,—of which the composition and quality will be found still more defective than the numbers are deficient to carry on the contest with the French, even in their present strength. The Spanish cavalry are, I believe, nearly entirely without discipline. They are in general well-clothed, armed and accoutred, and remarkably well mounted, and their horses are in good condition; I mean those of Eguia's army which I have seen. But I have never heard any body pretend that, in any one instance, they have behaved as soldiers ought to do in presence of an enemy. They make no scruple of running off, and after an action are to be found in every village and every shady bottom within fifty miles of the field of battle. The Spanish artillery are, as far as I have seen of them, entirely unexceptionable. In respect to the great body of all armies, I mean the infantry, it is lamentable to see how bad that of the Spaniards is, and how unequal to a contest with the French. They are armed, I believe, well: they are badly accoutred, not having the means of saving their ammunition from the ruin; not clothed in some instances at all,—in others clothed in such a manner as to make them look like peasants, which ought of all things to be avoided; and their discipline appears to me to be confined to placing them in the ranks, three deep at very close order, and to the manual exercise. It is impossible to calculate upon any operation with these troops. It is said that sometimes they behave well; though I acknowledge that I have never seen them behave otherwise than ill. Nothing can be worse than the officers of the Spanish army; and it is extraordinary that when a nation has devoted itself to war, as this nation has, by the measures it has adopted in the last two years, so little progress has been made in any one branch of the military profession by any individual, and that the business of an army should be so little understood. They are really children in the art of war; and I cannot say that they do anything as it ought to be done, with the exception of running away and assembling again in a state of nature.

"I really believe that much of this deficiency of numbers, composition, dis-

cipline, and efficiency, is to be attributed to the existing government of Spain. They have attempted to govern the kingdom in a state of revolution, by an adherence to old rules and systems, and with the aid of what is called enthusiasm; and this last is, in fact, no aid to accomplish anything, and is only an excuse for the irregularity with which everything is done, and for the want of discipline and subordination of the armies. People are very apt to believe that enthusiasm carried the French through their revolution, and was the parent of those exertions which have nearly conquered the world. But if the subject is nicely examined, it will be found that enthusiasm was the name only, but that force was the instrument which brought forward those great resources under the system of terror which first stopped the allies, and that a perseverance in the same system of applying every individual and every description of property to the service of the army, by force, has since conquered Europe.

"After this statement, you will judge for yourselves, whether you will employ any and what strength of army in support of the cause in Spain. Circumstances with which you are acquainted have obliged me to separate myself from the Spanish army; and I can only tell you that I feel no inclination to join in co-operation with them again, upon my own responsibility,—and that I shall see my way very clearly before me indeed, before I do so; and I do not recommend you to have anything to do with them in their present state. It may be satisfactory to you to know that I do not think matters would have been much better if you had sent your large expedition to Spain instead of to the Scheldt. You could not have equipped it in Gallicia, or any where in the north of Spain. If we had had 60,000 men instead of 20,000, in all probability we should not have got to Talavera to fight the battle, for want of means and provisions. But if we had got to Talavera, we could not have gone farther, and the armies would probably have separated for want of means of subsistence, probably without a battle, but certainly afterwards. Besides, you will observe that your 40,000 men, supposing them to be equipped and means to exist of feeding them, would not compensate for the deficiency of numbers, of composition, and of efficiency in the Spanish armies, and that, supposing they had been able to remove the French from Madrid, they could not have removed them from the Peninsula, even in the existing state of the French force."

These suggestions, from the manner in which they were received by the British ministry, had the effect of both sentence and punishment upon the Spanish authorities for their perfidy. Sir Arthur Wellesley was now beginning to be regarded by the British government, not only as their ablest general, but as the highest military authority in the world. They already were proud of his pre-eminence, and began to delight to do him honour. On the 26th of August, though of course the fact did not become generally known in Spain till about three weeks after, he was elevated to the peerage of Great Britain by the titles of

Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington in the county of Somerset. The Duke of Portland, then first minister of the crown, wrote to him on that occasion,—"To congratulate you on your victories would be so feebly to express my sense of your services, that I must indulge, in the first instance, the gratitude which I feel to be due to you, and request your acceptance of my best thanks for the credit as well as the service you have done to your country, which I trust will make all the impression which it ought to do on the minds of all descriptions of persons in the kingdom. Nothing could be more gracious than the King's acceptance of your services, or more immediate and decisive than his approbation of the suggestion of creating you a viscount. Long may you enjoy that honour, and be placed for the advantage and honour of your country in those situations which may enable you to add to your own." The British parliament, indeed, in consequence of a highly feverish state of public feeling, producing starts and ravings in political discussion, and confounding all proper distinction between affairs purely military and affairs of party politics, were not so quick to recognize our hero's merits. Yet even they, in the following February, by a respectable majority, voted him thanks for the victory of Talavera, and also voted to him and to his two succeeding male heirs a public annuity of £2,000.

The Central Junta, on learning Lord Wellington's determination not to resume co-operation with their generals, passed at once from abject terror into new schemes of still more abject folly. The withdrawal of the British army ought, in all common sense, to have aroused them to strengthen their own forces in Estremadura, to set up the strongest possible defensive apparatus for covering Andalusia, to contribute means for maintaining the British troops on the Spanish frontier, and to offer explanations and new arrangements toward a rekindling of the warmest possible friendship with the British government. But they lay in such a dense mist of petty passions that they could not see ten yards before them. They were so intensely selfish, so habitually vile, that, in the gravest business of the state, in the arrangement of their military affairs, even at that momentous crisis, to use Lord Wellington's own account of them, "they did not consider military defence and military operations so much as they did political intrigue and the attainment of trifling political objects." Accordingly, they resolved to reduce their army in Estremadura to 12,000 men, sending the rest away to join Venegas in La Mancha. They resolved also to place the 12,000 behind the Guadiana, where they could not be nearly so efficient as among the fastnesses on the Tagus. They likewise played a new game of deceit with Marquis Wellesley, a deep and audacious one, respecting the sending of supplies of provisions to the British army; and at the same time, adopting a delirious notion "that the enemy was about to retire to the Pyrenees, or even to the interior of France, and assuming the right to dispose of the Portuguese army as

well as of their own, they importunately pressed for an immediate, combined, offensive operation, by the troops of the three nations, to harass the enemy in his retreat." And to crown all, they either invented mendacious rumours, or at least sanctioned them, that the British army had been withdrawn from them, not at all on account of their having failed in any respect to treat it well, but solely because they would not yield to perfidious demands by Britain for changes in their form of government, and for the cession of Cadiz, and the island of Cuba. One thing, indeed, they did which seemed to show proper feeling; and that was offering to Lord Wellington the command of the 12,000 Spanish soldiers who were to remain in Estremadura. But even that sprang from a political intrigue,—being intended solely to evade a lounge which was made at them by the Junta of Badajoz; insomuch that, for political reasons, as well as for the same military reasons which determined him against co-operating with the Spanish generals, Lord Wellington could not accept the offer.

Marquis Wellesley now clearly saw that the Central Junta were incorrigible. He could no longer entertain a doubt that his illustrious brother's opinion was entirely correct; and in a despatch to Mr. Canning he said,—"Until some great change shall be effected in the conduct of the military resources of Spain, and in the state of her armies, no British army can safely attempt to co-operate with the Spanish troops in the territory of Spain." Lord Wellington was neither surprised nor irritated by the new instances of the Central Junta's perversity; nor did he regard them as any reason for receding from his promise, to take up such a position as, though inconvenient for himself, would be protective to Spanish Estremadura and to the province of Seville; but as soon as he heard of them through the Marquis, receiving at the same time the latter's concurrence in his opinion, he issued orders to his army to pass into winter cantonments in various places, around Badajoz, on the mutual frontier of Spain and Portugal, within the basin of the Guadiana.

Vast need had his army of refreshment and repose. All the men were much enfeebled; and great numbers were severely sick. Low fare, bad food, want of salt, want of stimulants, and constant exposure to the weather, had produced a general dysentery at Jaraicejo. Only a small portion of the troops were in tolerable vigour on the march to Merida. Intermittent fever, of a bad type, the result of the miasmata of the Guadiana operating on a predisposed state of body, afterwards broke out, and laid men and officers prostrate by the thousand. Peruvian bark was exceedingly scarce; other means of cure were proportionally few and feeble; so that the epidemic encountered little resistance to either the breadth of its sweep or the violence of its action. So many as 8,827 men out of a total of 35,017 were at one time in hospital; while no small proportion of those still out of hospital were weak or unwell. About 700 died in one month, and about 1300 in another. Officers and privates were alike affected, and alike

cut down. Lord Wellington himself was so ill on the march from Jaraicejo that he was obliged, two days, to ride in a carriage; and, in spite of every effort of will and medicine, he continued, during four weeks or more, to be oppressed with a low fever. But a remarkable circumstance is that, amid the general sickness and the great mortality of the rest of the army, all the wounded from Talavera throve well and recovered rapidly.

Head-quarters were established at Badajoz on the 3d of September. The brigades at Castello-Branco were called in; and the magazines at Lisbon, Santarem, and Abrantes were put in requisition for supplying the lost ammunition and equipments. One division of infantry was cantoned near Badajoz; another at Campo Mayor; another at Talavera Real; and another at Montijo. The artillery was placed at Badajoz, Merida, and Talavera Real. And the cavalry were stationed at Badajoz, Merida, Elvas, Campo Mayor, Talavera Real, Montijo, Albuquerque, La Roca, Olivenca, and Villa Viçosa. The general hospital was at Elvas.

The line of the Guadiana, thus taken up, possesses no such natural strength as the line of the Tagus between Arzobispo and Almaraz, but, on the contrary, is in general a flat country, without even bold banks to the river. It, however, is the seat of two great fortresses, Badajoz within the Spanish frontier, and Elvas within the Portuguese frontier, which serve as the military keys of all the adjacent parts of the respective kingdoms. It was also the best possible position for combining the twofold object of drawing supplies from the magazines within Portugal, and of presenting a good defensive front against the schemes of the French. But its grand advantage, to use Lord Wellington's own words, "was that the British army was centrically posted in reference to all the objects which the enemy might have in view; and at any time, by a junction with a Spanish corps on its right, or a Portuguese or Spanish corps on its left, it could prevent the enemy from undertaking any thing, excepting with a much larger force than they could allot to any one object." Why then does so intelligent an officer as Leith Hay say that, neither at the time, nor during the many years afterwards till he wrote his book, could he ever discover a reason why Lord Wellington cantoned his army in that position?

All classes of the population in Estremadura were delighted with the British army at the time of its retiring to Badajoz. "They were most violent and loud against the Supreme Junta; they suspected and accused them of treachery, even by placards on the walls of Badajoz; and they acknowledged that the British commander had been most justly disgusted with their government." In fact, all the Spaniards, in all parts of Spain, excepting only the members of the Central Junta, and their immediate creatures, had at that time a high opinion of the British army; nor do any of them seem to have concurred in withholding provisions from it, out of feelings of jealousy or dislike. Yet so

versatile were they, so fond of battle, so ignorant of any kind of warfare except either guerilla-practice or headlong fighting, and so utterly blind to the consequences of wastefully throwing away armies in aimless collisions with a superior force, that when, as we shall see in our next chapter, all the Spanish armies, with the exception of a very few thousand men, were within a few weeks hurled to utter destruction by the insane counsels of the Junta and the mad combativeness of the generals, multitudes of the people, particularly in Estremadura, suddenly changed their opinion of the British, denounced them as poltroons, "began to tire of their presence, and to ask with an angry and an ignorant insolence, why they stayed in the rear, why they remained upon the soil of Spain at all, suffering Spaniards to fight their battles?" Public feeling in Britain, too, as we formerly hinted, and as we shall again see, was very much divided. Even the British officers themselves were in a gloomy desponding condition, generally believing that the war was practically at an end, and that the army would be recalled, finally and in despair, within six months; while a few of them, either from unfavourable opinion or from depressed feeling or from both, were not slow to stigmatize the whole campaign of Talavera as a series of blunders, productive of nothing but slaughter, famine, and pestilence.

Did not, then, that campaign really produce any substantial good effects? It turned back the tide of conquest from rolling in upon Portugal by the line of the Tagus. It effected completely and permanently the liberation of the north-west of Spain. It shook the usurped territories to the very centre, so as to give Joseph Buonaparte an acute feeling of the insecurity of his throne. It drew about five-sevenths of all the moveable French forces in the Peninsula to a focus for the defence of the capital, so as to invoke, powerfully and enduringly, the organization of guerilla-parties throughout all the temporarily evacuated provinces. It held so strong a check on all these forces, even in their focus, and even after their earlier successes over the Spanish armies, that they did nothing, and could do nothing, for either the consolidation of the French power in the centre of the Peninsula, or the extension of it toward the west. It paralysed the moral strength of Napoleon, destroyed the prestige of his arms, shattered the self-confidence of his troops, shrouded the terror of his name, altogether maimed and marred him more than if, with a continued maintenance of the morale of his armies, he had, of his own accord, dismissed one-half of their materiel. He staggered visibly under its blows; and, but for the strong stimulant he had just quaffed out of his successes in Germany, he either would have foamed with rage or grown pale with heart-sickness. Even as things were, he was far from being calm, very far from thinking that no practical result had been achieved against him; but, on the contrary, felt shaken in the same way as by the victories of Baylen and Vimicro, and obliged to make another grand effort, in the form of powerful reinforcement, to substantiate his usurped claim upon the sovereignty of the Peninsula.

These surely were great results. Nor were they the only great ones; for others equally great or greater, and equally real, though much less palpable, because chiefly moral, could be named. And how vastly grander would have been the aggregate results, had the Spaniards even very moderately done their duty,—or had they only abstained from the thwartings and antagonisms, the perfidies and absurdities, which deranged the whole campaign,—had no more than an average share of the accidents of warfare disturbed the British hero's plans and operations,—had the central Junta been sober, Cuesta rational, and Venegas active,—had provisions been duly supplied, the pass of Banos properly guarded, the plan of attacking Victor on the 23d of July carried into execution, and the proposed concentrating march of the allied army, the corps of Venegas, and the corps of Sir Robert Wilson on Madrid accomplished. The very least of the effects would have been to drive Joseph for a while from the capital, to invigorate all the patriotic Spaniards in every part of Spain, and to strike all the French forces in the Peninsula with astonishment or dismay. But perhaps Napoleon and his marshals were stung more keenly by the lower success which Lord Wellington actually achieved, than they would have been by any higher success which could have followed the proper behaviour of the Spaniards. They knew well his difficulties, and appreciated well the prodigious energy which was requisite to surmount them; so that, through the medium of the very shortcomings of the campaign, they saw him to be much the greatest hero who had ever yet contended with them in the field.

Nor was the effect much less on Lord Wellington himself. "It was," says Napier, "a campaign replete with interest. Lord Wellington had now experienced the weakness of his friends and the strength of his enemies, and he felt all the emptiness of public boasting. Foreseeing that, if the contest was to be carried on, it must be in Portugal, and that unless he himself could support the cause of the Peninsula, it must fall, his manner of making war changed. His caution increased tenfold; yet, abating nothing of his boldness, he met and baffled the best of the French legions in the fulness of their strength. He was alike unmoved by the intrigues of the Portuguese regency and by the undisguised hatred of the Spanish government; and when some of his own generals, and one of them on his personal staff, denouncing his rashness and predicting the ruin of the army, caused the puny energy of the English ministers to quail as the crisis approached, he, with gigantic vigour, pushed aside these impediments, and, steadily holding on his own course, proved himself a sufficient man whether to uphold or to conquer kingdoms."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE RELATIVE SITUATION OF THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH ARMIES—THE DISASTERS OF THE SPANIARDS AT OCAÑA AND ALBA DE TORMES—RENEWED EXERTIONS OF BUONAPARTE AGAINST THE PENINSULA—LORD WELLINGTON'S ADOPTION OF A FABIAN POLICY—HIS PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENDING PORTUGAL—REMOVAL OF HIS HEAD-QUARTERS TO VISEU.

THE Central Junta's wild idea of concentrating all the allied forces in the Peninsula, amid the gloom of the termination of the campaign of the Tagus, in the middle of autumn, to drive the French beyond the Ebro, was not entirely without apology. The amount of the French forces disposable for action in the field in the Peninsula, at that moment, was less than three-fifths of what it had been ten months before, at the re-irruption from the Pyrenees. Its spirit, besides being humbled by the defeats of Oporto and Talavera, was vexed by the hydra-headed character of the Spanish armies, new ones growing suddenly up and grinning horribly on the very spots where old ones were cut off. The French army, too, was no longer a conquering one, but chiefly an army of occupation or defence. A small part of it, indeed, was working out a long and laborious conquest in Catalonia; but no fewer than between four and five of the original eight corps were immediately covering the capital on the west and the south, on the lines of the Tagus and La Mancha, while two others, under Generals Marchand and Kellerman, were remotely covering it on the north-west, at Salamanca and Valladolid; and all these seemed not unlikely to lie inactive, under a sense of comparative crushedness and feebleness, until the arrival of the promised great reinforcements from Germany. The Spanish troops, on the other hand, were supposed to be not less powerful in numbers, and very much more powerful in spirit, than at the re-irruption; and they were all, or nearly all, eager for battle. The guerillas certainly had undergone vast increase in both numbers and efficiency. The great army of the centre also, the old army of Cuesta, had been suddenly and very easily raised to about sixty thousand, the poorer part of the population readily responding to the Government's call for their personal service, and the enormous accumulation of British stores and money at Cadiz and Seville furnishing ample means of equipment.

Why, then, did Lord Wellington so sternly resist the Central Junta's proposal as to occasion it to be abandoned? First of all, he estimated the French forces soberly, not presumptuously, therefore much more highly than the Junta did. Next, he thought the proposed enterprise, even though it could be proved

feasible and could be successfully carried out, would be practically useless; as the French would only stand at bay behind the Ebro, as they had done before, till the arrival of their stupendous reinforcements, and then roll back again over Spain with all the irresistibleness of a Solway tide. Next, he no longer regarded the Spanish armies as of any value in open campaigning or in evolutional warfare, but counted them as little better than "flocks of sheep." Next, the two small armies under his own command, the British and the Portuguese, were in a grievously unfit state for another Spanish campaign, both being crushed in body and sick at heart with that which they had just left. Next, though these armies had been in a vigorous condition, and if they had been again led into Spain, he had no security and no hope that they would not be again crippled for want of local means of transport, and speedily rendered useless for want of local supplies of provisions. And finally, he had attained a clear firm conviction that, under the innate feebleness of the Peninsula, amid the vast resources of the French, just after their renewed successes in Germany, and just after the severe disasters of the British arms in the Walcheren expedition, the only, though sure, method of eventual triumph over Buonaparte must be the Fabian one,—to tire him out,—to let him dash himself to exhaustion,—to place all the forces against him, the Peninsular armies and the British army itself, as well as the guerillas, in naturally strong or artificially entrenched positions, thence to hold him at bay and to harass him, till he should waste away by inches under the combined influence of reprisals, irritation, disease, and famine.

Lord Wellington, therefore, did everything in his power to induce the Spanish government to adopt the Fabian policy; and began, at the earliest possible moment, to construct measures for practising it on a gigantic scale himself. His only immediate exception to it had reference to the Spanish frontier fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo. That fortress and the Portuguese one of Almeida have the same relation to each other, and to the surrounding country, in the basin of the Douro, which the fortresses of Badajoz and Elvas have in the basin of the Guadiana; while Ciudad Rodrigo also commands all the direct communication between Gallicia, Asturias, and Leon on the one hand, and Estremadura and Andalusia on the other. The French were very desirous to obtain possession of it, as virtually the key-post to the greater part of the west of Spain, and as likely to lead to the fall of Almeida, and to the easiest possible access to Lisbon; and they would not improbably make the besieging of it their first grand action, whether before or after the arrival of their reinforcements. Lord Wellington, knowing these to be their views, felt ready, even from the moment of his moving into cantonments, notwithstanding the disabled condition of his troops, to do anything which might be in his power to save Ciudad Rodrigo. He likewise modified his advice to the Central Junta by reference to this object, in so far as to recommend to them to maintain their full force on the Tagus, in

order that any sudden simultaneous attempt of the enemy to assail the line of the Guadiana might be checked and repelled. Yet even the protecting of Ciudad Rodrigo he believed would be best effected by a defensive policy, in positions comparatively distant, until at least there should be manifest movements toward the commencement of a siege.

The Spanish authorities, however, so far from giving a willing ear to Lord Wellington's reasonings and recommendations, treated them with contempt. The whole of the great army of the centre, with the exception of ten thousand men, was placed in La Mancha, to confront the great assemblage of the enemy on the line of the Upper Tagus. Even the excepted ten thousand men were placed, under the Duke of Albuquerque, on the southern border of Estremadura, as a flank support to the anticipated operations in La Mancha. The army of Gallicia, comprising about thirteen thousand mountaineers, eminently trained to maintain a war of posts in a strong country, was, about the same time, the middle of September, taken from the Marquis de la Romana, the ablest partisan commander in the Peninsula, and being brought down from the mountains to the low country, was stationed at Ciudad Rodrigo, under the command of the Duke del Parque, for immediate active service against the corps of Marchand. In fact, the Central Junta, actuated chiefly by a desire to keep the country in violent commotion, for sake of finding opportunity to promote their own vile selfish ends, made just the military arrangements, as to both positions and commanders, which seemed most likely to secure incessant active hostilities with the French.

The Duke del Parque, during five or six days following the 16th of September, ran in among Marchand's outposts, and provoked a series of skirmishes, but soon felt obliged to retire precipitately to Ciudad Rodrigo. Lord Wellington, before hearing of his retreat, wrote to Marshal Beresford,—"There never was anything like the madness, the imprudence, and the presumption of the Spanish officers, in the way they risk their corps. A retreat is the only chance of safety for the Duke del Parque's corps; but instead of making it, he calls upon you for cavalry. I have ordered magazines to be prepared upon the Douro and the Mondego, to assist in providing these vagabonds if they should retire into Portugal, which I hope they will do, as their only chance of salvation." See, by the way, how grandly the British hero returned good for evil,—how superbly his generous preparations to feed these "vagabonds" contrast to the perfidious measures of the Spanish authorities to starve all his own troops! But the Duke del Parque, like the members of the Supreme Junta, was incorrigible and unimpressible. He learned nothing from the perils of his absurd advance on Salamanca; except to concoct bolder plans against the French, and to solicit from Lord Wellington, through the medium of the Spanish envoy at Lisbon, the assistance of a Portuguese or a British corps to carry them into execution. Our hero

could regard these as only arrant folly, wantonly wasteful of human life, and fitted far more to draw danger upon Ciudad Rodrigo than to avert it. He might have been justified in giving the Duke's application a simple indignant negative; but he chose rather to give a patient military explanation, which ought to have demonstrated to the Spaniards the soundness of the principles which he had so frequently and earnestly recommended to their adoption.

After stating in substance those reasons against a general course of active hostility which we have already mentioned as the grounds of his adopting the Fabian policy, he says,—"Besides these advantages, the enemy enjoys others which bear particularly upon the operations proposed to be carried on by the Duke del Parque. The enemy, from the nature of the position of his troops, can draw a part or the whole of them to any quarter he pleases; whereas the operations of the different corps of the allies must necessarily be insulated, and each of them for a time must be exposed to be defeated. For instance, there is nothing to prevent the enemy from throwing upon the Duke del Parque's corps, aided, I will suppose, by Marshal Beresford's, the whole of the corps of Soult, Ney, and Kellerman; and even if I had the inclination, I have not the means, and could not possibly be in time, to prevent their destruction. In the same manner, this army, if I were to expose it in a forward position, would be liable to the same misfortune: and the Spanish army in La Mancha equally so. It follows, then, that if any operation is to be undertaken by any one of these corps, or if any one of these corps is to be placed in a position in which it is liable to be attacked by the enemy, all the other corps in Castile, Estremadura, and La Mancha should co-operate, otherwise the separate corps must be defeated; and upon this supposed general co-operation, I have already shown that the allies have neither numbers nor efficient troops nor means of carrying into execution any plan of co-operation. The consequence of undertaking such a plan would be, that after a battle or two, and some brilliant actions by some, and the defeat of others, and the loss of many valuable officers and soldiers, the allies would be obliged to resume again the defensive positions which they ought never to have quitted. The mode in which the Duke del Parque can most effectually prevent the enemy from undertaking the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo is to place his corps in such a situation as that the enemy cannot attack and defeat it without a long previous preparation, which will give time to other troops to come to his assistance, and cause a march in which the enemy himself may be exposed to defeat. The best mode of preventing an attack, or at all events the success of an attack of the enemy on Ciudad Rodrigo, is not to expose to defeat the troops which must ultimately co-operate in its defence, but to place that corps in such a position that it cannot be attacked without risk to the enemy, and from which it can with ease co-operate with other corps which must be put in motion, if Ciudad Rodrigo is to be saved." But Lord Wellington could only

withhold the corps under his own command,—he could not restrain the Spaniards; and they very soon managed, of themselves, to fulfil all his predictions, in some degree respecting "brilliant" commencing actions, and very amply respecting ultimate disasters.

The Duke del Parque, on finding that he was not to be assisted by Portuguese or British, determined nevertheless to make another and immediate onset against Marchand. There was a Spanish corps of eight thousand men, under General Ballasteros, approaching from Asturias; and the Duke moved in a direction to fall in with this. But before getting near it, he was intercepted by the enemy, and obliged to retire hastily to the south. He eventually took post, on a strong mountainous position, at Tamames, in the northern approach to the pass of Banos. His force comprised twenty thousand infantry and about a thousand cavalry. Marchand, arriving very soon after him, with ten thousand infantry and twelve hundred cavalry, paused not to examine the ground or to give repose to his men, but rushed impetuously on. This occurred on the 18th of October. "The French troops commenced the attack with all their wonted spirit, anticipating an easy victory, and at first gained considerable success. But the main body of the Spanish army, trained in the campaign of Gallicia to a mountain warfare, falling back to their strong ground, made a vigorous resistance, and from behind inaccessible rocks showered down a murderous fire on the assailants. After a sharp conflict, the unusual spectacle was exhibited of the French eagles receding before the Spanish standards; and Marchand drew off with the loss of 1,500 men and one gun." The Duke del Parque's loss comprised only about 200 killed and 400 wounded. He was joined next day by Ballasteros' corps; and he then marched forward to the Tormes, and took possession of Salamanca, the enemy retiring from him to Toro, behind the Douro. Reinforcements were speedily sent against him from Madrid and its neighbourhood, so as to produce an aggregate of 36,000 men under Marshal Mortier. The Duke could not face these: yet fell back, not on Ciudad Rodrigo, but to a strong position at Bejar, as if expecting to achieve some great joint operation with the Spanish army of the centre.

The Spanish authorities were now in a delirium of presumption. The French corps on the Tagus, in the latter part of September, made certain concentrative movements, which were construed by the Spaniards to indicate apprehension for the capital, Soult advancing with his whole force to Oropesa and Arzobispo, and Victor advancing with 36,000 men into the centre of La Mancha. The Spanish army of the centre, then under the command of Eguia, was withdrawn from the menace of those movements to strong positions in the Sierra Morena. But the Central Junta, thinking Eguia too unenterprising, too, like Lord Wellington, appointed Areizaga to supersede him,—an inpetuous, flashy, inexperienced young general, who won the Junta's favour simply by his servility

to themselves and his arrogant talk about the enemy. When the Duke del Parque won the field of Tamames, took possession of Salamanca, and drew away so many of the French troops from the Tagus, the Junta and Areizaga imagined that an opportunity had arrived, not to strike for Madrid, but to run right into it and seize it. "Nay, such was the Junta's pitch of confidence that, forenaming the civil and military authorities, they arranged a provisionary system for the future administration of the capital, with a care that they denied to the army which was to put them in possession."

Areizaga marched on the 3d of November, and reached the vicinity of Ocana on the 10th. The Duke of Albuquerque advanced, at the same time, in flank operation, to the strong fastnesses of the Meza de Ibor. The French also, recalling the forces which they had sent against the Duke del Parque, concentrated themselves to the utmost in the vicinity of Toledo and Aranjuez. Areizaga, though having the advantages of the assailant, holding time by the forelock, and leading on no fewer than 43,000 infantry, 6,600 cavalry, and 60 pieces of artillery, displayed not one dash of strategy, made not one good semblance of a manœuvre, but was suddenly obliged by King Joseph and Marshal Soult, at the head of only 24,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and 50 pieces of artillery, to assume a defensive line of battle in one of the most open positions he could have chosen. He placed a wing of his army on each side of the town of Ocana, stationed his second line of infantry close to the first, arrayed his cavalry in four lines upon the right, and placed his guns in battery upon his flanks; and he himself, taking post on a steeple which overlooked the whole battle-field, remained there from beginning to end of the conflict, neither giving orders to the strong nor sending succours to the weak, but simply nodding over the bloody scene like an insensate idol nodding over a sacrifice. We need not describe what followed. The French onset, though well and even desperately resisted by a number of the battalions, was little else than a compound of butchery, capture, and dispersion. About four thousand of the Spaniards were slain, and all the rest went off in headlong flight. "The army," says Alison, "dispersed in all directions, while the French cavalry, spreading out from Ocana like a fan, thundered in pursuit over the wide and desolate plains which extend to the south towards the Sierra Morena. Twenty thousand prisoners, forty-five pieces of cannon, and the whole ammunition of the army, were the fruits of the battle. Wearied with collecting prisoners, the French at length merely took their arms from the fugitives, desiring them to go home, telling them that war was a trade for which they were not fit; and such was the wreck of the army, which lately numbered fifty thousand combatants, that ten days after the battle, Areizaga could not collect a single battalion to defend the passes of the Sierra Morena." The victors did not pursue farther than Villarta; though, but for the fear of being cut off from Madrid by an advance movement of Lord Wellington from

Badajos, conjointly with the Duke of Albuquerque from Arzobispo, they probably would have passed the defiles of the Sierra Morena, and entered the gates of Seville.

The Duke del Parque, on finding the French force in his vicinity weakened by the withdrawal of the troops to oppose Areizaga, descended from Bejar to the low country of Old Castile, in order to take part in the general movement on the capital. But owing partly to his own bad generalship, and partly to foolish controlling orders from the Central Junta, his operations were both rash and eccentric. He at first went boldly forward, and gained considerable success over a body of ten thousand French. But afterwards, when news reached him of the overthrow at Ocana, and when the enemy's troops which had been withdrawn from his neighbourhood began to return, he lost all spirit, and commenced an aimless irresolute retreat toward Ciudad Rodrigo and the mountains. On the 28th of November, Kellerman, with a body of horse, came up to him near Alba de Tormes. The Duke's cavalry all immediately fled, without raising a sword; and though his infantry made so stout a resistance as to beat off the enemy, and effect an orderly resumption of their own retreat, yet, next morning, when within two leagues of their recent victorious battle-field of Tamames, they were so wildly scared by the appearance of a French patrol of thirty dragoons, that in the utter absence of any danger, or even of any annoyance, they instantly abandoned their baggage and artillery, threw away their arms and knapsacks, and took all to flight as hotly as the fugitives from Ocana. Not so many of them kept together as to form a decent body-guard to their general; and though twelve or fifteen thousand collected, about a fortnight afterwards, at a place of rendezvous among the mountains, they were famished, foot-sore, chiefly unarmed, and wholly without ammunition or artillery, so that they looked more like a crowd of spectres than an assemblage of soldiers.

Lord Wellington, variously on account of the changes which were going on in Spain, of the unhealthy condition of his army, of the importance of saving Ciudad Rodrigo, and of the necessity of closing the northern highways of Portugal against the great reinforcements from France, had resolved to remove his head-quarters from Badajoz to Beira. He had foreseen the probability of his needing to make that movement, at the very moment of his first taking post on the Guadiana,—so that he declined, at that period, to promise that he would remain during any definite length of time at Badajoz; and as the probability ripened into certainty, he sent to the Central Junta due intimation of his intention. And thinking it unsafe for the cause of Spain, specially unsafe for Seville, that he should evacuate the line of the Guadiana till first a sufficient Spanish force should be in occupancy of the fastnesses of the Meza de Ibor and the Col de Mirabete, he wrote to the Junta a few days before the dispersion of the Duke del Parque's army, saying that he was about to remove to Beira, and recom-

mending them to reinforce the Duke of Albuquerque at Arroblejos with ten thousand men from the Duke del Parque. "The only reply of the Junta was an order directing Albuquerque immediately to quit the line of the Tagus and take post at Llerena behind the Guadiana; thus abandoning Estremadura to the enemy, and exposing his own front in a bad position to an army coming from Almaraz, and his right flank and rear to an army coming from La Mancha."

Such allies were worse than none. The throwing away of the two chief Spanish armies, the withdrawal of the small remaining one to a place where it would be useless and might soon be lost, and the manifest dementation of the Junta, their contemptuous persistence in folly, their "glorying in their shame," were both a kind and a degree of disaster which no mere heroism on Lord Wellington's part, even had it been backed by treble the amount of his actual resources, could possibly repair. Never was he nearer perplexity than at that moment,—never half so much annoyed at the strongest demonstrations or most skilful manœuvres of an enemy. "I lament," said he, "that a cause which promised so well a few weeks ago should have been so completely lost by the ignorance, presumption, and mismanagement of those to whose direction it was intrusted. I declare that, if they had preserved their two armies, or even one of them, the cause was safe. The French could have sent no reinforcements which could have been of any use; time would have been gained; the state of affairs would have improved daily; all the chances were in our favour; and in the first moment of weakness, occasioned by any diversion on the continent, or by the growing discontent of the French themselves with the war, the French armies must have been driven out of Spain. But no! Nothing will answer except to fight great battles in plains in which the defeat of the Spanish armies is as certain as is the commencement of the battle. They will not credit the accounts I have repeatedly given them of the superior number even of the French. They will seek them out, and they find them invariably in all parts in numbers superior to themselves. I am only afraid, now, that I shall be too late to save Ciudad Rodrigo, the loss of which will secure for the French Old Castile, and will cut off all communication with the northern provinces and leave them to their fate. I wonder whether the Spanish officers ever read the history of the American war, or of their own war in the Dutch provinces, or of their own war in Portugal."

The Supreme Junta, indeed, were not dismayed; the Spanish generals were still enthusiastic; the Spanish people were as furious as ever against the French; the Spanish armies were still likely to rise like phœnixes from the flames; and even Lord Wellington was not without hope that political and military changes might eventually or even speedily take place in Spain, of such a character as at length to elicit good results from the alliance with Britain. But till these

changes should occur, the new armies would be as useless, as delusive, as mere tools of folly, as the old; and in any event, they could not be produced in a day, and would be, at least as bad as the old in discipline, and decidedly inferior to them in spirit, even though they should consist largely or even chiefly of the very same men. "The Spanish soldiers," remarks Sherer, "had no confidence in themselves when they were arrayed for battle against the French troops in an open country. It has been acutely observed by the historian Napier, in speaking of the French under Soult, and their weariness and discontent, that 'the mind shrinks from perpetual contact with death.' Now if this be true, as it is with all troops too often led against an enemy, although they should be always victorious, in how great a measure will it be found so in men familiar only with defeat,—formed only to be broken, fighting only to be slain? For so it was; and let it be remembered, that death in the onward path is not invested with any of those terrors with which it meets its miserable victim 'in the lost battle borne down by the flying.' Napoleon well knew what he was about when he supplied the French generals in Spain with such large and seemingly disproportionate numbers of cavalry. Before the trampling of his numerous and war-like squadrons, the hearts of the Spanish soldiers, who had no confidence in their own discipline, no power of formation and movement, and for a long time no officers capable of instructing them, too often became fear-broken; and the glittering of French sabres was like the gleam of the axe and the signal of execution."

At the very time of the destruction of the Spanish armies, too, Buonaparte, it will be remembered, was adding tremendously to the means of hewing down all his antagonists in the Peninsula. Never at any previous moment had he been so terrible. He was then at the apex of his power. The Peninsula was the only part of Continental Europe which continued to defy him. Britain, indeed, had embittered all the joy of his triumphs by her unabated hostility, and was now gall and wormwood to him by her behaviour in the Peninsula. He therefore felt roused, in the beginning of December, amid the very day-dreams of his grandeur, to make displays and orations to his senate, expressive of his scorn for the Spaniards and his detestation of the British. "The flags taken at Espinosa, Burgos, Tudela, Somosierra, and Madrid, were presented to the legislative body; a detachment of the grenadiers of the imperial guard was introduced, and seated on the right and left of Buonaparte's statue, that the stage might be full: rhetorical speeches were delivered; and the session concluded like a stage spectacle, with a flourish of trumpets, and cries of 'Long live the Emperor!'" Being himself the chief orator on the occasion, Buonaparte did not fail to vapour about "glory being essential to the happiness of Frenchmen!" and intending at the time to lead on his hosts in person—though that intention was afterwards set aside by his espousals to the Archduchess of Austria—he said,—

"When I shall show myself beyond the Pyrenees, the Leopard in terror will plunge into the ocean to escape shame, defeat, and death. The triumph of my arms will be the victory of the genius of good over that of evil,—of moderation, order, morality, over civil war, anarchy, and the destructive passions."

Buonaparte knew as well as Wellington the distinctive offices of enthusiasm and force; and while using these means of pageantry and bombast, of pretension and mendacity, to stimulate the enthusiasm, he at the same time employed his business powers and his active despotism, vigorously and unscrupulously, to produce and maintain the force. His veteran troops were brought home from Germany; and fresh troops were raised by conscription. Reinforcements were poured so numerously into Spain as to raise the field forces there from the diminished number of 140,000 men to the number of 280,000,—and the total number, including garrisons and hospitals, from 226,000 to 366,000. New arrangements were made in the collocation of the Peninsular forces, with the view of increasing their efficiency,—the whole being amassed into nine corps d'armee instead of eight,—three of these, under Victor, Sebastiani, and Mortier, mustering about 65,000 men, being conjoined, under the command of Soult, to take possession of all the south of Spain,—and three, under Ney, Regnier, and Junot, mustering about 80,000 men, being conjoined, under the command of Massena, to capture Ciudad Rodrigo and conquer Portugal. New and very vigorous measures also were contrived—in particular, separate military governments were formed in Biscay, Navarre, Arragon, Catalonia, Old Castile, and Leon—for promptly, regularly, and sustainedly extorting from the Spaniards a complete sustenance, in food, clothing, and pay, for all the soldiers. "While the people of Paris were amused with the flattering statements of the moderate expense at which their vast army was maintained, the fact was carefully concealed that the whole troops engaged in foreign service, that is, two-thirds of the whole military establishment of the empire, were paid, fed, and lodged at the expense of the countries where hostilities were going forward. To such a length was this system carried, that we have the authority of Lord Wellington for the assertion, that the cost of the pay and hospitals for the French army, in Spain alone, was greater than the sum stated in the budget for the year 1809, as the expense of their whole military establishment."

The attitude of the native Spanish government, the attitude of Napoleon, the destruction of the Spanish armies, the reinforcements of the French, and the locking up of all the resources of Spain, on the one side by the selfishness of the Junta, on the other by the rapacity of Buonaparte, added vast weight to Lord Wellington's resolution to adopt the Fabian policy. His exertions for the liberation of the Peninsula seemed to have resulted in his being pushed into a corner, as a mark for both the absurdities of the Spaniards and the concentrated hostility of the French. He hoped for nothing, for the present, from

Spain; he hoped for little from Portugal; he could not hope for large reinforcements from Britain, and might expect to be occasionally embarrassed as he had been before by scarcity of money and paucity of supplies; and yet he must meet the onset of 80,000 efficient French soldiers, provided with every appliance, and backed, if need should be, by more than twice their own numbers. What could he do? Either, like the Central Junta, hurl his army to destruction; or, like many a brave general, withdraw it totally from conflict; or, like Fabius Cunctator, make it slowly victorious by a harassing system of delays and ambuscades. He felt determined to save the Peninsula, to exalt Britain, to dash to pieces the sanguinary despotism of Buonaparte, if any possible amount of skill and exertion on his part could do these things, and at the same time to occasion the smallest possible expense of human blood; and he therefore was driven by prudence, by humanity, by all the lessons of history, and by the grandest deductions of common sense, to become another Fabius. He saw well the tremendous difficulties of his position, but, on that very account, was all the more alert and energetic to confront them. He knew too that the results would be as momentous as the responsibilities were vast,—that they would affect the liberties and all the temporal interests of the greater part of Europe; so that, forgetting the folly of the Spaniards, forgetting the factious opposition to him at home, and thinking only of what had been good and true, he felt bound by every law of public duty to do his best and abide the consequences. "I do not despair," wrote he to his old friend Malcolm. "I have in hand a most difficult task, from which I may not extricate myself; but I must not shrink from it. I command an unanimous army; I draw well with all the authorities in Spain and Portugal; and I believe I have the good wishes of the whole world. In such circumstances, one may fail, but it would be dishonourable to shrink from the task."

One of his first cares, from the moment of taking post on the Guadiana, was the recovery of his army's health. He did great things, and did them vigorously, for subduing the deadly epidemic among his troops. He likewise made special efforts for destroying the gloom which brooded over the spirits of his officers. His own health also was an object of some solicitude. A sick general, constantly oppressed with a low fever, could be of little use in any circumstances,—still less in such arduous ones as were soon expected; so that he felt bound, in public duty, to re-acquire as speedily as possible his wonted health and hardiness. "For the sake of health and diversion of the mind, he went out daily with his fowling-piece upon the plains. He had one day of princely sport in the royal park of Villa Viçosa, a hunting-place of the kings of Portugal. Upon this occasion, one wild boar and twenty-five head of deer were heaped upon the sward as the trophy of the day. He was always gay and good-humoured with those about him, and inspiring others with the confidence which he evidently felt himself."

Another pervading care of Lord Wellington was to obtain, by correspondence, the requisite support for his intended plan of operations. That plan, in a general view, comprised the defence of Portugal, by special means, at vast expense, and with provision for retreat by sea in the event of ultimate defeat. It could not be carried out by the powers or with the means he already possessed, but required express sanction by the British government, large votes of money by the British parliament, active concurrence from the Portuguese authorities, and many a special aid, immediately in the way of preparation, as well as eventually in the way of co-operation, on the part of all classes of the great functionaries, both civil and belligerent. Hence arose a necessity for an enormous amount and variety of correspondence. Information, reasoning, entreaty, instruction, and inquiry had all by turns to be employed. All the parties concerned had to be duly yet variously influenced. A large proportion of the correspondence, too, was necessarily original,—could not be done by proxy. Hence, during the period of head-quarters being at Badajoz, a period somewhat short of seventeen weeks, though he was variously unwell, absent, and otherwise much employed in considerable parts of that period, Lord Wellington wrote despatches which occupy 281 of Gurwood's octavo pages.

Nor was the excogitation of his correspondence much less severe than the penmanship of it was bulky. Very many of his papers of that period abound in hard heavy thought. This would have arisen from the mere nature of his plan, yet was vastly increased by the political circumstances of the moment. A change of ministers in the British government, at a high crisis, amid a most excited conflict of public parties, took place at the very instant of his greatest need. He received queries upon his plan from one ministry, and had to answer them to another. He likewise wanted confidence in the new ministry,—did not think them wise and steady enough to behave well under the terrible shock which was approaching; and he felt obliged, in as far as regarded his own gigantic scheme of military manœuvre with the hosts of France, to write to them rather as their dictator than as their subject,—more as the conservator of their government than as their servant in the field. The sharpness and weight of his judgment, therefore, were necessarily as well tried in writing to them as his strategy was in an intricate campaign or his tactical skill in a critical battle.

Another measure of Lord Wellington was a personal visit, in the beginning of November, to Marquis Wellesley. This was not wholly or even chiefly a matter of pleasure or of health, but partook largely of the same character as the correspondence at Badajoz. Lord Wellington joined the Marquis at Seville, and accompanied him to Cadiz. The Marquis was then leaving Spain to assume the office of foreign secretary in the new British ministry; and he is understood to have accepted that office mainly from patriotic motives, with the hope of giving proper political guidance to the affairs of the war. "His brother," remarks

Napier, "had opened to him those great views for the defence of Portugal, which were afterwards so gloriously realized, but which could never have been undertaken with confidence by the General, unless secure of some powerful friend in the administration, embued with the same sentiments, bound by a common interest, and resolute to support him when the crisis of danger arrived." It was therefore wise and commendable in Lord Wellesley to sacrifice something of his own personal pretensions, to be enabled to forward projects promising so much glory to the country and his own family; and the first proceedings in parliament justified his policy." He was much the ablest member of the new ministry; and that fact co-operated with his very extensive, diversified, political experience to give him paramount influence over the affairs of the approaching campaign. The place which he had vacated as ambassador at Seville was transiently resumed by its old occupant Mr. Frere, and then regularly filled by our hero's and Lord Wellesley's brother, the Honourable Henry Wellesley, afterwards Lord Cowley.

Another preparational care of Lord Wellington, a pervading and very onerous one, was the improvement of the Portuguese army. This force, at that moment, was manifestly of enormous consequence. If, in the impending struggle, it should behave like the Spanish armies, everything would be desperate; while, if it should behave like the British, everything would be hopeful. But, at present, in both numbers and discipline, its condition was far from being promising. Lord Wellington, aided on the one side by the highest political functionaries, on the other by Marshal Beresford and the Anglo-Portuguese officers, and drawing important deductions from the experience it had undergone during the period of Marshal Beresford's holding the chief command, made vast exertions to raise it, with the utmost possible rapidity, into a state of the utmost possible efficiency; and though encountering severe obstacles in some quarters where he ought to have found the highest facilities, he obtained as much success as he hoped, and not very much less than he wished. The ancient military laws of Portugal were revived: a multitudinous body of the ordenança were enrolled; a powerful militia was put into serviceable condition; and a regular army of about fifty thousand was well cleansed from most kinds of abuse, and, to three-fifths of its amount, made almost as thoroughly British as so raw a body could be by the combined influence of British pay, British discipline, and British command.

"The men of the Portuguese army," remarks Major Sherer, "rapidly improved in appearance and discipline, and gave good promise of efficient aid in the approaching contest. But there was one branch of that army full of evil, stubborn, and intractable; its commissariat was inefficient for the troops, and oppressive to the people. Here reformation was opposed by all the cunning and intrigue to which self-interest and avarice so eagerly resort. There is no canker which does so surely eat out the heart of patriotic exertions as the sin of

covetousness. By this the success in Spain was ever much impeded; and by this the difficulty of the defensive war in Portugal was greatly increased. But by the close and earnest attention of Lord Wellington, many abuses were swept away, and others diminished. The exertions of Marshal Beresford were indefatigable; and certainly it was no light labour to reform an army so long and so shamefully neglected. Cleanliness, regularity, attendance at drills and parades, and prompt obedience to all orders, were rigidly enforced both upon officers and men. Equal justice was administered to the private soldier; and the fidalgo officer was taught to respect the rights, the character, and the person of the meanest peasant in the camp. Thus the dirty, indolent, and slovenly soldiers of the weakest and most perverted government in Europe soon learned that respect for themselves, which drew all fear out of their hearts, and enabled them to contemplate the war, not only without alarm, but with the hope of victory. It is a difficult task to reform and correct abuses, without exciting ill-will in the breasts of many; and thankful to Marshal Beresford for what he did, we must not complain unreasonably concerning that which he failed to do. It was his aim to inspire awe into all beneath him. The wisdom of this aim we question; it frightened only his worst officers, and discontented many of his best. His manners were harsh and unpopular, and formed a great contrast to the patient good-humour and quietness of Lord Wellington."

Another chief preparational measure of Lord Wellington for the defence of Portugal was the constructing of the Lines of Lisbon, or, as they are more commonly though inaccurately called, the Lines of Torres Vedras. All his other measures, his Fabian policy itself, the very defensibility of Portugal, were dependent on this. He got his first idea of it in the campaign of 1808; and he had nursed that idea, and matured it, in the course of all his subsequent thoughts on maintaining an extreme resistance to the French in the Peninsula. The Portuguese frontier contained no line of fastnesses which any amount of art could render tenable against a very strong hostile army; nor did the interior of Portugal contain any such line, except in the series of bold heights between the vicinity of the Tagus at Alhandra and the vicinity of the Atlantic at the mouth of the Sisandre; and even that line could be made tenable only by the suggestions of the loftiest military genius and the performances of very great engineering labour. Lord Wellington had exactly the genius which was requisite; and he felt perfect confidence that, if men and money could be obtained for the requisite engineering labour, that series of heights might, in good time, be rendered a rampart which not all the eighty thousand soldiers of Massena, with all their mighty manœuvres, could for one moment either scale or shake.

But before he could set any operation upon it agoing, or draw up proper instructions respecting it to his chief officer of engineers, he required to make a minute surveillance of the ground; and in order to effect his designs prudently,

so that no hint of them might reach the enemy, he needed to conduct both his own proceedings and those of the engineers under a cover of secrecy. He went to Lisbon on the 8th of October, and remained there till near the end of that month, gliding out as much as was necessary, first to examine the line of heights, and next to superintend the commencement of the fortifications. His plans were matured, and ten thousand labourers were set to work. He afterwards, as occasion required and as circumstances permitted, almost up to the moment of the crash with the enemy, revisited the works, to watch their progress, and to direct them onward to completion. Yet, for a long time, not a word was spoken, not an atom known, in the camp respecting them; and when at length a bruit of them got abroad, it was speedily smothered by a counter-rumour that they had been condemned and abandoned; so that, though steadily rising into an immense fortress for the ample, healthy, triumphant occupancy of his whole army, they never for an instant attracted that army's attention till the hour of need, nor were once heard of, or even suspected, by the French commander-in-chief, till, in hot and as he thought victorious pursuit, he arrived in the near vicinity of their batteries. These works turned the tide of Buonaparte's conquests, and gave permanent solidity to Wellington's fame. "Neither the Romans in ancient nor Napoleon in modern times," remarks Alison, "have left such a proof of their power and perseverance; and they will remain in indestructible majesty to the end of the world an enduring monument of the grandeur of conception in the chief who could design, and the nation which could execute, such a stupendous undertaking."

We shall afterwards have occasion to notice the Lines in their completed state. But both to illustrate Lord Wellington's genius in planning them, and as proper to the present stage of our narrative, we shall here insert his first memorandum respecting them to the commanding officer of engineers, Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, under whose inspection they were constructed. This bears date the 20th of October. It was drawn up after personal reconnoissance of every part of the ground; and though including the plain of Castanheira, which was afterwards left out,—and containing some other features, which were afterwards considerably modified,—it nevertheless accurately defined the greater number of the works, and distinctly suggested all the rest:—

"In the existing relative state of the Allied and French armies in the Peninsula, it does not appear probable that the enemy have it in their power to make an attack upon Portugal. They must wait for their reinforcements; and as the arrival of these may be expected, it remains to be considered what plan of defence shall be adopted for this country. The great object in Portugal is the possession of Lisbon and the Tagus, and all our measures must be directed to this object. There is another also connected with that first object to which we must likewise attend, namely—the embarkation of the British troops in case of

reverse. In whatever season the enemy may enter Portugal, he will probably make his attack by two distinct lines, the one north, the other south of the Tagus; and the system of defence to be adopted must be founded upon this general basis. In the winter season, the river Tagus will be full, and will be a barrier to the enemy's enterprises with his left attack, not very difficult to be secured. In the summer season, however, the Tagus being fordable in many places between Abrantes and Salvaterra, and even lower than Salvaterra, care must be taken that the enemy does not, by his attack directed from the south of the Tagus, and by the passage of that river, cut off from Lisbon the British army engaged in operations to the northward of the Tagus. The object of the Allies should be to oblige the enemy as much as possible to make his attack with concentrated corps. They should stand in every position which the country could afford, such a length of time as would enable the people of the country to evacuate the towns and villages, carrying with them or destroying all articles of provisions and carriages, not necessary for the Allied army; each corps taking care to preserve its communication with the others, and its relative distance from the point of junction.

"In whatever season the enemy's attack may be made, the whole allied army, after providing for the garrisons of Elvas, Almeida, Abrante, and Valença, should be divided into three corps to be posted as follows,—one corps to be in Beira, another in Alemtejo, and the third, consisting of the Lusitanian legion, eight battalions of caçadores, and two of militia, in the mountains of Castello Branco. In the winter, the corps in Beira should consist of two-thirds of the whole numbers of the operating army. In the summer, the corps in Beira and Alemtejo should be nearly of equal numbers. I shall point out in another memorandum the plan of operations to be adopted by the corps north and south of the Tagus in the winter months. In the summer, it is probable, as I have above stated, that the enemy will make his attack in two principal corps, and that he will also push one through the mountains of Castello Branco and Abrantes. His object will be by means of his corps south of the Tagus, to turn the positions which might be taken up in his front on the north of that river, to cut off from Lisbon the corps opposed to him, and to destroy it by an attack in front and rear at the same time. This can be avoided only by the retreat of the right centre, and left of the allies, and their junction at a point at which, from the state of the river, they cannot be turned by the passage of the Tagus by the enemy's left. The first point of defence which presents itself below that at which the Tagus ceases to be fordable is the river of Castanheira, and here the army should be posted as follows:—10,000 men, including all the cavalry in the plain between the Tagus and the hills; 5,000 infantry on the left of the plain; and the remainder of the army, with the exception of the following detachments, on the height in front, and on the right of Cadafoes. In order to prevent the enemy

from turning, by their left, the positions which the Allies may take up for the defence of the high road to Lisbon by the Tagus, Torres Vedras should be occupied by a corps of 5,000 men, the height in the rear of Sobral de Monte-agraço by 4,000 men, and Arruda by 2,000 men. There should be a small corps on the height east by south of the height of Sobral, to prevent the enemy from marching from Sobral to Arruda; and there should be another small corps on the height of Ajuda between Sobral and Bucellas. In case the enemy should succeed in forcing the corps at Torres Vedras, or Sobral de Monteagraço, or Arruda; if the first, it must fall back gradually to Cabeça de Montachique, occupying every defensible point on the road; if the second, it must fall back upon Bucellas, destroying the road after the height of Ajuda; if the third, it must fall back upon Alhandra, disputing the road particularly at a point one league in front of that town. In case any one of these three positions should be forced, the army must fall back from its position as before pointed out, and must occupy one as follows:—5,000 men, principally light infantry, on the hill behind Alhandra; the main body of the army on the Serra de Serves, with its right on that part of the Serra which is near the Cazal de Portella, and is immediately above the road which crosses the Serra from Bucellas to Alverca; and its left extending to the pass of Bucellas. The entrance of the pass of Bucellas to be occupied by the troops retired from Sobral de Monteagraço, &c., and Cabeça de Montachique, by the corps retired from Torres Vedras.

"In order to strengthen these several positions, it is necessary that different works should be constructed immediately, and that arrangements and preparations should be made for the construction of others. Accordingly, I beg Colonel Fletcher, as soon as possible, to review these several positions:—1st. He will examine particularly the effect of damming up the mouth of the Castanheira river; how far it will render that river a barrier, and to what extent it will fill. —2d. He will calculate the labour required for that work, and the time it will take as well as the means of destroying the bridge over the river, and of constructing such redoubts as might be necessary on the plain and on the hill on the left of the road, effectually to defend the plain. He will state particularly what means should be prepared for these works. He will also consider of the means and time required, and the effect which might be produced by sloping the banks of the river.—3d. He will make the same calculations for the works to be executed on the hill in front, and on the right of Cadafoes, particularly on the left of that hill, to shut the entry of the valley of Cadafoes.—4th. He will examine and report upon the means of making a good road of communication from the plain across the hills into the valley of Cadafoes, and to the left of the proposed position, and calculate the time and labour it will take.—5th. He will examine the road from Otta by Abregada, Labrugeira to Mercisna, and thence to Torres Vedras; and also from Mercisna to Sobral de Monteagraço. He will

also examine and report upon the road from Alemquer to Sobral de Monte-agraço.—6th. He will entrench a post at Torres Vedras for 5,000 men. He will examine the road from Torres Vedras to Cabeça de Montachique, and fix upon the spots at which to break it up as might stop or delay the enemy; and if there should be advantageous ground at such spots, he will entrench a position for 400 men to cover the retreat of the corps from Torres Vedras.—7th. He will examine the position at Cabeça de Montachique, and determine upon its line of defence, and upon the works to be constructed for its defence, by a corps of 5,000 men; of which he will estimate the time and the labour. 8th. He will entrench a position for 4,000 men on the two heights which command the road from Sobral de Monteagraço to Bucellas.—9th. He will entrench a position for 400 men on the height of Ajuda, between Sobral and Bucellas, to cover the retreat of the corps from Sobral to Bucellas; and he will calculate the means and the time it will take to destroy the road at that spot.—10th. He will construct a redoubt for 200 men and three guns at the wind-mill on the height of Sobral de Monteagraço, which guns will bear upon the road from Sobral to Arruda.—11th. He will ascertain the points at which and the means by which the road from Sobral to Arruda can be destroyed.—12th. He will ascertain the labour and time required to entrench a position which he will fix upon for 2,000 men to defend the road coming out of Arruda towards Villa Franca and Alhandra, and he will fix upon the spot at which the road from Arruda to Alhandra can be destroyed with advantage.—13th. He will construct a redoubt on the hill which commands the road from Arruda, about one league in front of Alhandra.—14th. He will examine the estuaries at Alhandra, and see whether, by damming them up at the mouths, he could increase the difficulties of a passage by that place; and he will ascertain the time and labour and means which this work will require.—15th. He will fix upon the spots, and ascertain the time and labour required to construct redoubts upon the hill of Alhandra on the right, to prevent the passage of the enemy by the high road, and on the left, and in the rear, to prevent by their fire the occupation of the mountains towards Alverca.—16th. He will determine upon the works to be constructed on the right of the position upon the Serra de Serves, as above pointed out, to prevent the enemy from forcing that point; and he will calculate the means and the time required to execute them. He will likewise examine the pass of Bucellas, and fix upon the works to be constructed for its defence, and calculate the means, time, and labour required for the execution. —17th. He will calculate the means, time, and labour required to construct a work upon the hill upon which the windmill stands, at the southern entrance at the pass of Bucellas.—18th. He will fix upon spots on which signal posts can be erected upon these hills, to communicate from one part of the position to the other.—19th. It is very desirable that we should have an accurate plan of the ground.—20th. Examine the island in the river opposite to Alhandra, and fix

upon the spot, and calculate the means and time required to construct batteries upon it, to play upon the approach to Alhandra.—21st. Examine the effect of damming up the river which runs by Loures, and calculate the time and means required to break up the bridge at Loures."

Lord Wellington's last great preparational measure was the removal of his army to an extensive position within the Portuguese frontier, between Portalegre and the Douro. This was rendered necessary partly by the continued bad health of the troops in the cantonments of the Guadiana, partly by the reduced condition and altered arrangements of the Spanish armies, but chiefly by the necessity of protecting Portugal against the gathering reinforcements of the French; and for the last of these purposes, the removal of the British army to its new position was accompanied, or speedily followed, by such a disposition of the Portuguese forces as promised to be most efficient for securing all the Portuguese places of strength, and the whole landward line of the Portuguese frontier. The head-quarters of the British army were removed from Badajoz on the 27th of December, 1809, and established at Viseu on the 12th of January, 1810. The infantry was organized in five divisions, under General Spencer at Viseu, General Picton at Celerico, General Cole at Guarda, General Robert Craufurd at Pinhel, and General Hill at Abrantes; and the cavalry continued to form one division, under General Cotton, along the valley of the Mondego, with a detachment, under the orders of General Hill, between Abrantes and Santarem. The regular Portuguese troops, under Marshal Beresford, with the exception of some in garrison at Almeida, Elvas, and Cadiz, were posted at Thomar and Abrantes. The four divisions at Viseu, Celerico, Guarda, and Pinhel, and the Portuguese at Thomar, aggregately numbered about 38,000 men; and the most of them could be concentrated, in two marches, at any point between the vicinity of Guarda, and the frontier part of the Douro; while Hill's division and all the Portuguese at Thomar and Abrantes, amounting to about 32,000, could quite as easily, or more so, be concentrated at any point in the vicinity of Abrantes. Thus, while the whole body of the regular forces formed an extended line along all the central and most exposed part of the kingdom, they were at the same time compressible at any moment into two compact corps for blocking up the two great roads of access toward Lisbon.

The fortresses of Valença on the northern frontier, Almeida on the north-eastern frontier, Elvas on the south-eastern frontier, Abrantes in the interior, and Peniche and Setuval on the coast, were garrisoned with Portuguese troops, partly regulars and partly militia. The provinces north of the Douro were occupied by twenty-one regiments of militia under General Baccellar. The eastern frontier between the sources of the Mondego and the mouth of the Elga, was guarded by the Lusitanian legion, ten regiments of militia, and a regiment of native cavalry: and at the same time could be rapidly reached, at any moment of

emergency, by the whole force of both Beresford and Hill. The frontier between the Tagus and Elvas was directly held by Hill, who, though his main position was at Abrantes, kept his head-quarters usually at Portalegre, and sent out patroles to the valley of the Guadiana. And the rest of the eastern frontier down to the ocean, was occupied by seven regiments of militia.

After placing all his forces, British and Portuguese, in this most extensive position, adjusted to the defence of all parts of the frontier, with apportionments of strength adapted to the needs of every part, Lord Wellington required to keep a watchful eye upon all, with a view to maintain health, prevent disorder, and produce, at the moment of need, the utmost possible resistance to the manœuvres and violence of the enemy's onset. He happily had no more distress on the ground of scarcity, and very little more on the ground of disease; for his troops were comfortably quartered, well fed, and highly cheerful, and soon became remarkably healthful. But he had immense cares, enormous obstructions, and few encouragements in preparing for the campaign; and yet managed, amidst all these, to superintend every important interest of the troops with an ease, a regularity, and a perfection which might have served as an excellent model for the commander of the most sequestered garrison in a time of peace. "During this period," remarks Sherer, "Lord Wellington was much and closely occupied in his bureau. There he worked alone with simplicity and with the common secrecy of reserve, but without the slightest ostentation; no solemn mystery, no pomp of concealment, and never one look of importance. He commanded the corps of Hill, with as much minute attention to the very detail of its movements, as if it had been under his own eye, though it operated far away from him in the south. In like manner, he directed every movement throughout the land, north as well as south; looking upon every road, and every stream, and every strong sierra, from the still observatory of his mind; while, as he bent over his maps and plans, he considered the correspondence and reports submitted to him. He answered all important communications with his own hand, and conveyed his instructions with that minute clearness which precluded the possibility of his being misunderstood."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CONQUEST OF ANDALUSIA—INCREASED PERILOUSNESS OF LORD WELLINGTON'S SITUATION—POPULAR CLAMOUR IN BRITAIN AGAINST HIS PROPOSED DEFENCE OF PORTUGAL—SPECIAL RESPONSIBILITY IMPOSED UPON HIM BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT—DIFFICULTIES ARISING TO HIM FROM THE TEMPER OF THE PORTUGUESE REGENCY, AND FROM THE BEHAVIOUR OF HIS TROOPS.

EARLY in January, 1810, the army under King Joseph and Marshal Soult moved forward to invade Andalusia. The grand barrier in its way was the Sierra Morena. Three principal passes penetrate this, all of great strength,—that of La Venta Quenada on the east, that of Despinas Perros in the centre, and that of Puerto del Rey on the west. The road through the first of these leads to Jaen and Granada; and the roads through the second and the third unite, upon the Guadalquivir, in a grand high way to Cordova, Seville, and Cadiz. The plan of the invasion was to force the three passes simultaneously, and to send Sebastiani's corps to Jaen and Granada, and the other two corps, together with the division of Dessolles, down the Guadalquivir.

The preparations of the Spaniards for resistance were very far from being efficient. The whole country still lay bleeding and distracted under the blows so recently inflicted on it at Ocana and Alba de Tormes. The patriot peasantry did not reassemble round the Spanish standard, either so numerously or so heartily as after former defeats. Many of the population were almost as indignant against the Central Junta as against the French; and all the best generals either hated the Junta, and would no longer act under it, or were hated by it, and either shut up in prison or mistrusted in the field. The Junta, too, were as irresolute, as imbecile, as vain-glorious as ever, and withal were now reduced to comparative poverty in both muniments and money. A decree was hastily issued by them to levy an hundred thousand men; but this was both too late and too feeble. Another decree was issued to enforce a public loan of one half of all private money, plate, and jewels; but this was regarded as little different from French spoliation. And a third decree was issued, to distribute among the people an hundred thousand poniards; but this only added the idea of absurdity to the idea of rapacity, "as if assassination were the mode in which a great nation could or ought to defend itself." The only forces which could be mustered were about six thousand men, scattered through various parts of Andalusia, —two bodies of respectively twenty-five thousand under Areizaga, and eight thousand under Echevaria, to defend the passes of the Sierra Morena,—and a

body of fifteen thousand under the Duke of Albuquerque, stationed in the south of Estremadura. This last body was the only one either under good command, in good spirit, or in a tolerable state of discipline; yet, though in a position where it could be of no immediate service to check the invasion, it was hindered by contradictory orders of the Junta from making any useful movement, until the danger became so imminent as to induce its commander to despise their orders, and to act on his own responsibility.

On the 20th of January, the French forces moved simultaneously into the three chief mountain passes. They got possession of two of them after very slight resistance, and traversed the other without firing a shot. Sebastiani then drove Areizaga's army from place to place till it was utterly dispersed. He then obtained easy possession of Jaen, with forty-six pieces of artillery on its walls; next entered Granada without resistance; and finally, after some sharp fighting, became master of Malaga. Nor were Joseph and Soult much less successful on the more important line of the Guadalquivir. Cordova fell before them without an effort. Seville, though containing seven thousand troops, a foundry of cannon, and immense arsenals, and though animated throughout its great population by a fiery spirit of resistance, yet for want of leaders, and through the effects of the Central Junta's mismanagement, made a prompt unconditional surrender. And even Cadiz, the last hope of Spain, so princely a harbour for commanding the seas, so powerful a stronghold for retaining the adjacent coasts, and so mighty a basis of military operations inland, scarcely inferior in this last respect to the peninsula of the Tagus within the lines of Lisbon,—even Cadiz escaped the general calamity only through the wisdom and energy of one man, the Duke of Albuquerque.

That city was unprepared for an attack, its defences being in a bad condition, with not one thousand troops to man them: and yet was eagerly eyed by the invaders, as by much the grandest prize in their conquest. The Duke of Albuquerque, at the head of 8,000 of his infantry and 500 of his cavalry, trying to obey the instructions of the Central Junta, but unable to extract from them any definite aim, received an order to march to the protection of Cordova, at a moment when he felt certain that there was not time for him to intercept the enemy even at Seville; and, judging that everything would be lost if he did not act upon his own knowledge of the emergency, he flung the order to the winds, and suddenly commenced a series of forced marches to Cadiz. The French proved to be nearer the city than he, and were pushing on under the twofold impulse of eagerness to seize the place, and of their boasted pride of rapid marching. Yet he reached Cadiz before them, though only by an hour or two; and he soon received considerable accessions to his force by volunteers on the spot, and by straggling incomers from the beaten armies, insomuch that, with little difficulty,

he was able to hold the place against the utmost exertions of the French, until he obtained more regular succours.

The corps of Mortier, in the meantime, went off by a flank movement from Seville to take possession of Estremadura. Lord Wellington's evacuation of the line of the Guadiana, followed by the necessity for the Duke of Albuquerque's marching to the south, seemed to lay that province completely open. But the Duke of Albuquerque, before commencing his march, took the precaution to throw a considerable part of his army into the fortress of Badajoz. The Marquis de la Romana also, though smarting under very bad treatment by the Central Junta, insomuch that he declined a request which they made to him in their hour of peril to take command of one of their corps for the defence of Andalusia, yet, amid the crash of what threatened to be the final destruction of the Spanish cause, hastened to give his services at Badajoz, to make a stand there for the retention of the circumjacent country. Mortier, therefore, on arriving in Estremadura, found that he could do no better than to take up Victor's old quarters at Merida.

The Central Junta, though valiant and vain-glorious when the French were at a distance, became cowardly and cowering when the French drew near. They made no attempt to stand their ground in Seville, even amid extensive muniments, and though the people seemed willing to rise in mass to arms; but struck with terror and eager only for flight, they ran in the manner of a routed mob, precipitately and without concert, to Cadiz. This act convinced their very creatures that they could not rule, and roused the people of Seville and of Cadiz to pronounce them deposed. The Junta themselves were at length convinced that any further attempt to wield power or to retain it would be useless; and, "making a virtue of necessity," they resigned. Yet, though never for one moment noble in their administration, they were truly noble in their fall,—proving that they knew well what the country needed, and had ruled ill only from baseness of heart; for they nominated a regency consisting of the very fittest men, and transferred to it their authority, with provision that all the interests of the kingdom should be submitted to a speedy convocation of the Cortes. Lord Wellington, writing on the 9th of February to Lord Liverpool, the then Secretary at War, says, "There is so far an improvement in Spain that the Regency have manifested a greater degree of confidence and a more conciliatory spirit towards His Majesty's government, and a greater regard to His Majesty's interests, than the Central Junta. It is composed of persons of integrity, experienced in business, thoroughly acquainted with the existing situation of affairs in Spain, and possessing the confidence of the people. I am apprehensive that these persons have been called to the government at too late a period to effect much good; but I am convinced that they are disposed to do everything in their power."

French and Spanish writers have said that Lord Wellington could have prevented the invasion of Andalusia, but that he stood aloof from rancour or from policy,—from a rankling recollection of the campaign of Talavera, or from a wish to see the Central Junta overthrown. He certainly, as we have seen, drew a permanent lesson of profound caution from the treatment he had received in Spain, and was resolved never again, without very special reason, to co-operate with the Spanish armies; yet had the saving of Andalusia appeared to be by any possible means within his power, he unquestionably would have attempted it, in defiance of all sinister considerations, from his mere high sense of public duty. And in point of fact, he did think of attempting it, and actually formed a plan for doing so,—which was to advance into Old Castile, on the same principle on which Sir John Moore had advanced to Sahagun, menacing the enemy's rear, cutting off his communications, and inducing him to wheel round and counter-march to the north. But on due reflection, he found that, at that moment, he could not prudently take any Portuguese troops into the field, and could not possibly take more than twenty thousand British, and would be met in Old Castile by a concentrated force of at least thirty thousand French, quite irrespective of the corps which were advancing to the south; so that, if he were to make the proposed attempt, he would only embroil his own army, perhaps seriously imperil it, without being able to do the slightest good to Andalusia, or to accomplish any other beneficial result.

Nor did Lord Wellington merely despair of saving Andalusia. He even felt induced, at that juncture, to review the far higher question of his attempting to retain possession of Portugal. In all his gigantic calculations for defending that kingdom, he had assumed that the French would operate against it principally through the plains of Leon; but he now foresaw that, if they chose, they might operate also down the valley of the Tagus, or upward from Seville through Alemtejo, or even in all the three ways at once. He likewise had hoped that, though Spanish armies could no longer be relied on for regular campaigning, they nevertheless might continue to do much service in effecting diversions, and in entangling large bodies of the enemy; but now he began to fear that they were about to cease from existence, or at best to dwindle away into guerilla parties. Not alone Massena's gathering army of eighty thousand men, but a very large portion of the other field forces of France in the Peninsula, seemed now disposable for invading Portugal, and might possibly come against the greater part of its landward frontier in a simultaneous assault. Thus, in spite of the prosperous activities in furbishing up the Portuguese forces, and in constructing the Lines of Lisbon, the prospect of the approaching campaign was now much darker, much more charged with the appearance of hurricane and tornado, than at the time when Lord Wellington submitted his plans of it to the British cabinet.

Our hero himself felt not one qualm of heart at the prospect. Had he been chief master of the affairs of the defensive as Buonaparte was of those of the offensive, he would have gone steadily on with his preparations, without saying a word about them to any one, simply making every possible addition to his diligence, and abating very little his high hopes of triumph. Hence, on the 14th of January, when the French had commenced their movement toward Andalusia, and when he could not fail to see easily what would follow, he wrote to Mr. Villiers,—"Circumstances have certainly altered materially since I sent my plan to Ministers; but the question for me is, have they altered in such a manner as to induce me to think that, with 30,000 men, which I have reason to believe I shall have in the course of a few weeks—together with the Portuguese army, which, by the bye, is better than I ever expected it would be, and wants only to be equipped as it ought—I shall not be able to save Portugal, or at all events to sell the country dearly? I conceive that the honour and interests of the country require that we should hold our ground here as long as possible; and, please God, I will maintain it as long as I can; and I will neither endeavour to shift from my own shoulders on those of the Ministers the responsibility for the failure, by calling for means which I know they cannot give, and which perhaps would not add materially to the facility of attaining our object; nor will I give to the Ministers, who are not strong, and who must feel the delicacy of their own situation, an excuse for withdrawing the army from a position, which, in my opinion, the honour and interest of the country require they should maintain as long as possible."

Yet Lord Wellington felt bound in honesty to apprize the British government of the increased amount of danger, or rather to let them know that he was perfectly aware of it, and to give them an option of reviewing or even cancelling his plans. Accordingly, writing to Lord Liverpool, on the 31st of January, when his latest intelligence of the French fell short of their reaching Cordova—after portraying the condition of the Portuguese forces, and giving a predictive view of the approaching state of Spain, in remarkably near accordance with what actually happened—he said,—"When the affairs of Spain shall be brought to the state which I have described, and when all regular resistance shall cease, there will exist no probability of a renewal of the contest in that country on such a scale as to afford any chance of a successful result, notwithstanding that the possession of each of the parts of it may be precarious, and may depend upon the strength of the French armed force maintained within it, and that the possession of the whole may be a burden rather than an advantage to the French government. The question will then arise whether the continuation of the contest will 'afford any reasonable prospect of advantage against the common enemy, or of benefit to his Majesty's allies.' And adverting to the probability, in the case supposed likely to exist, that the whole

or the greater part of the French army in Spain will be disposable to be thrown upon this country, I should be glad to know whether it is the wish of his Majesty's government that an effort should be made to defend this country to the last; or whether, as soon as I shall find affairs in Spain in the state in which I have above described, I shall turn my mind seriously to the evacuation of the country, and to the embarkation of as large a body of people, military as well as others, as I can carry away. Whatever may be the decision of the Government upon this subject, and whatever may be the force with which the enemy shall invade Portugal, I am of opinion that in all events I shall be able to bring away the British army."

Lord Wellington wrote thus to the Government, probably not so much to guide their own proper deliberations, as to provoke a full open discussion of his plans in parliament. This was rendered, if not strictly necessary, at least eminently desirable, by the hot temper and extreme measures of the parliamentary oppositionists. These gentlemen were backed by the majority of the public; they had hoped to acquire the ruling power at the recent ministerial crisis, and hoped to make another and better effort to attain it by forcing on another crisis; they pursued their party objects chiefly on the principle or the policy of denouncing the Continental war; they found ample materials for invective in the blunders and failures of the expeditions against the French, down to the recent Walcheren one; and most of them, amid the feverish heats of party excitement, could make no exception in favour of Lord Wellington's projects, but denounced these as simply a continuation of the scroll of disaster, "written within and without with weeping and lamentation and woe." They spoke lugubriously enough, as we formerly saw, when our hero simply retreated from Talavera; and they passed almost into sobs of grief or shrieks of horror when they heard successively of the destruction of the Spanish armies, the invasion of Andalusia, and the enormous reinforcements of the French. Our hero's conduct in the campaign of the Tagus was considered by some as, in a great degree, the cause of these calamities; and his resolution to defend Portugal, notwithstanding their occurrence, was regarded by most as either mad absurdity or butcherly foolhardiness. Loud denunciations were uttered against him in parliament, echoed by as loud or louder denunciations out of doors, on all possible occasions between November 1809 and March 1810, particularly on occasion of the address in reply to the King's speech, and on occasion of motions for respectively thanks for the victory of Talavera, for the pension of £2,000 to Lord Wellington, and for a subsidy of about a million of pounds to the Portuguese army. A few specimens of these must here be quoted, as foils to our hero's character, as back-lights to his immediately subsequent history, and as a "memorable example of the well-known truth, that real greatness in public life has rarely been attained save by those who, at one period, have resolutely

acted in opposition to the opinions and clamours of the great body of the people."

The common council of the city of London, both petitioned parliament against the annuity to Lord Wellington, and petitioned the King for "an inquiry into the circumstances connected with the failure of the late expedition into the interior of Spain." "Admitting the valour of Lord Wellington," said they, "the petitioners can see no reason why any recompense should be bestowed on him for his military conduct. Profiting by no lessons of experience, regardless of the inference to be drawn from the disgraceful convention of Cintra, and calamitous retreat of Sir John Moore, a third army, well equipped under the orders of Sir Arthur Wellesley, was precipitated into the interior of Spain, with the same ignorance of the force and movements of the enemy. After a useless display of British valour, and a frightful carnage, that army, like the preceding one, was compelled to seek its safety in a precipitate flight, before an enemy, who, we are told, had been conquered—abandoning many thousands of our wounded countrymen to the French. That calamity, like the others, had passed without any inquiry; and as if their long-experienced impunity had put the servants of the Crown above the reach of justice, Ministers have actually gone the length of advising your Majesty to confer honourable distinctions on a general, who has thus exhibited, with equal rashness and ostentation, nothing but a useless valour."

Mr. Whitbread said, in his place in parliament,—"Let our relative situation with the enemy be well considered, Austria totally gone, the French force concentrated, and Spain the only object of Napoleon. We are told that Portugal may be defended by 30,000 men. But would not Buonaparte know our force to a drummer? And where we had 30,000, he would have threescore. Who would struggle against such fearful odds? We held our ground in that country just at the will of the French emperor; and at his option, he could drive us out of it. And what could we expect from our present ministry—or, rather, from a single man? The Marquis Wellesley, of whom such account had been made, might be considered as completely insignificant. Who was he? The governor of India,—the man who had scarcely escaped the censure of that house for his cruel tyranny,—the man who had assailed the press, that sacred palladium of the people,—the friend of despotism,—the foe of liberty! Could this man say to Buonaparte, in the noble indignation of insulted virtue, I have not done as you have? Alas! if such a man had strength, he would indeed be a fearful acquisition to such a government; but he was known, and therefore weak and harmless."

Mr. Calcraft said,—"With the grant of the peerage to Lord Wellington, parliament had nothing to do. He was sorry it had been conferred. But though there was no remedy for it, the house ought not to add to it the pension. Pen-

sions and thanks might be voted, but they could not permanently blind the country. Whatever the public opinion might be now, it would not be with Ministers upon this subject a month hence, when the whole fruits of Lord Wellington's victories and campaigns would develop themselves to public view. It was mournful and alarming to hear that Lord Wellington had said that he could defend Portugal with 50,000, provided 30,000 of them were British; for if the French were in earnest in their designs upon that country, before three months Lord Wellington and his army would be in England. Neither Portugal, nor any other country, could be defended by victories like that of Talavera."

Earl St. Vincent, though one of the ablest and most famous of Britain's admirals, whose heart might have been expected to beat in unison with Lord Wellington's, spoke of the battle of Talavera as a victory which had been purchased with the useless expenditure of our best blood, which led to no advantage, and which had all the consequences of defeat; and then said,—"It is high time that parliament should adopt strong measures, or the voice of the country will resound like thunder in their ears. The conduct of his Majesty's government has led to the most frightful disasters, which are nowhere exceeded in the annals of history. The country is in that state which makes peace inevitable. It will be compelled to make peace, however disadvantageous; because it will be unable to maintain a war so shamefully misconducted, and so disastrous in its consequences."

Lord Grenville said,—"It was a sacred duty imposed upon parliament to see that not one more life was wasted, not one more drop of blood shed unprofitably, where no thinking man could say that, by any human possibility, such dreadful sacrifices could be made with any prospect of advantage. Was there any man that heard him, who in his conscience believed that even the sacrifice of the whole of that brave British army would secure the kingdom of Portugal? If," said he, "I receive from any person an answer in the affirmative, I shall be able to judge by that answer of the capacity of such a person for the government of this country, or even for the transaction of public business in a deliberative assembly. If these 30,000 regular Portuguese soldiers were not composed of undisciplined peasants and raw recruits, but consisted of British troops, in addition to the British army already in Portugal, he should consider it nothing but infatuation to think of defending Portugal even with such a force. Against a power possessing the whole means of Spain, as he must suppose the French to do at this moment, Portugal was the least defensible of any country in Europe. It had the longest line of frontier, compared with its actual extent, of any other nation. Besides, from its narrowness, its line of defence would be more likely to be turned; and an invading enemy would derive great advantages from its local circumstances. As to the means of practical defence afforded by its mountains, he should only ask, whether the experience of the last seventeen years had

taught the world nothing; whether its instructive lessons were wholly thrown away? Could it be supposed that a country so circumstanced, with a population without spirit, and a foreign general exercising little short of arbitrary power within it, was capable of any effectual defence?"

And even the Earl of Moira, (afterwards Marquis of Hastings,) though one of the bravest and wisest of Britain's generals, said,—"Everything which the Ministers attempted, betrayed, as the universal opinion of the public pronounced, a total want of judgment, foresight, and vigour; and, as the climax of error, they now seemed resolved to defend Portugal, according to a plan of defence, too, which was perfectly impracticable. For it was utterly ridiculous to suppose that the ideas of Count La Lippe, as to the practicability of defending Portugal from invasion, could now be relied upon. We should be allowed to retain Portugal, under our present system, just so long as Buonaparte thought proper. The administration of these men had been marked by the annihilation of every foreign hope, and the reduction of every domestic resource. They who vaunted of their resolution and power to protect and liberate the Continent, had only succeeded in bringing danger close to our own shores? And why? Because they sacrificed the interests of the nation, and violated every principle of public duty, to gratify their personal ambition and personal cupidity. He was speaking the language of ninety men out of a hundred of the whole population of the country, when he asserted, that they deserved marked reprobation and exemplary punishment."

"To comment upon the language of the opposition in these debates," remarks Southey, "would be superfluous. The ignorance which they displayed of the national character of the Spaniards and Portuguese, and of the nature of the seat of war, the contemptuous superiority which they assumed, and the tone in which they ridiculed and reviled our allies, were of little moment; but the debate on the subsidy of the Portuguese army was of main importance, because the party committed themselves completely upon the defence of Portugal, declaring, in the most confident and positive terms, that it was hopeless, and ought not to be attempted. Their journalists took up the subject in the same strain. One of two things, they said, must necessarily happen to the 30,000 Portuguese troops; either they must fall into the hands of the French, or we must bring them out of Portugal. A thousand Portuguese, they said, would fly before a single French company, just as so many gipsies would run away from a constable. We might raise a better legion in Norwood. Was there an English colonel who would give five shillings a dozen for such recruits, or a sergeant who would be at the expense of a bowl of punch for fourscore of them?"

The ministry might well have staggered under such a load of opposition; but they felt so strong in Lord Wellington's generalship, in his steadiness, and in his high hopes of success, that they stood firmly up to continue the contest, and

to vindicate their resolution. "Admitted," said Marquis Wellesley, "that great disasters had befallen the Spanish cause, he would still contend that it was neither politic nor just to manifest any intention of abandoning Portugal. What advantage could be derived from casting over our own councils, and over the hopes of Portugal and Spain, the hue and complexion of despair? To tell them that the hour of their fate was arrived,—that all attempts to assist, or even to inspirit their exertions in their own defence, were of no avail,—that they must bow the neck and submit to the yoke of a merciless invader,—this indeed would be to strew the conqueror's path with flowers, to prepare the way for his triumphal march to the throne of the two kingdoms. Was it then for this that so much treasure had been expended,—that so much of the blood had been shed of those gallant and loyal nations? Whatever disasters had befallen them, they were not imputable to the people of Spain. The spirit of the people was excellent; and he still ventured to hope that it would prove unconquerable. All their defeats and disasters were solely to be ascribed to the vices of their government. It was the imbecility or treachery of that vile and wretched government which first opened the breach through which the enemy entered into the heart of Spain,—that delivered into hostile hands the fortresses of that country, and betrayed her people, defenceless and unarmed, into the power of a perfidious foe. Let us not contribute to accomplish what they have so inauspiciously begun. Let not parliament come to any resolution that can justify Portugal in relaxing her exertions, or Spain in considering her cause as hopeless. Yet what other consequences would result from prematurely withdrawing the British troops from Portugal, or retracting the grounds upon which we had hitherto assisted her."

But the ministry, though bold before parliament and before the nation, were timid in their communications with Lord Wellington. The secretary at war was incompetent for his office; the premier, though an able statesman, was a mere civilian, almost entirely ignorant of military affairs; and the whole cabinet, excepting in some degree Marquis Wellesley, in their determination to carry on the struggle in Portugal, acted twenty-fold more on Lord Wellington's judgment than on their own. They knew, too, that their tenure of power was critical, that the preponderance of parliamentary opinion in favour of continuing the Peninsular contest was small, and that both might be destroyed, suddenly and irreparably, by the occurrence of another accident in the field, or even by any considerable delay in the achievement of some decided triumph. They, therefore, told Lord Wellington, pointedly and repeatedly, that he must act on his own responsibility. They told him also to be very cautious,—to risk nothing,—to retain his ground no longer than he should see a perfectly clear prospect of success. They had sent him a reinforcement of five thousand men since the beginning of the year, and were enabled by parliament to subsidize the thirty thousand Portuguese; but they intimated, distinctly and strongly, that, even

though it were to prevent the termination of the entire war, they could do no more. They even, in a few weeks, became uneasy about having done so much, and began to be seriously affected by the popular alarm. "The state of opinion in England," wrote Lord Wellington, on the 21st of April, "is very unfavourable to the Peninsula. The ministers are as much alarmed as the public, or as the opposition pretend to be; and they appear to be of opinion that I am inclined to fight a desperate battle which is to answer no purpose. Their instructions are clear enough, and I am willing to act under them, although they throw upon me the whole responsibility of bringing away the army in safety, after staying in the Peninsula till it shall be necessary to evacuate it."

Our hero would have been more than human, or would have forgotten all his habitual prudence, had he, in the near prospect of such tremendous conflict with the enemy, paid no attention, or only small attention, to such hot denunciations from the popular party of his countrymen, and such anguished sensibility among his most powerful friends. But he dexterously separated the smoke and dust and ashes from the live coals; and seeing at once the precise amount of the latter, he was not seriously annoyed, or at least saw not any occasion to flinch from his plans or to falter in his resolution. "You see," said he to Mr. Villiers, "the dash which the common council of the city of London have made at me. I act with a sword hanging over me, which will fall upon me whatever may be the result of affairs here. But they may do what they please; I shall not give up the game here as long as it can be played." "I assure you," said he to Lord Liverpool, "that what has passed in parliament respecting me has not given me one moment's concern, as far as I am personally concerned; and indeed I rejoice at it, as it has given my friends an opportunity of setting the public right upon some points on which they had not been informed, and on others on which the misrepresentations had driven the truth from their memories. But I regret that men like Lord ——— and others should carry the spirit of party so far as to attack an officer in his absence, should take the ground of their attack from Cobbett and the *Moniteur*, and should at once blame him for circumstances and events over which he could have no control, and for faults which, if they were committed at all, were not committed by him." "I can give you no news," wrote he on the 31st of March to the Secretary of the Commander-in-chief. "The French threaten us on all points, and are most desirous to get rid of us. But they threaten upon too many points at a time to give me much uneasiness respecting any one in particular, and they shall not induce me to disconnect my army. I am in a situation in which no mischief can be done to the army, or to any part of it; and if I am in a scrape, as appears to be the general belief in England, although certainly not my own, I'll get out of it."

Nor did the popular outcry in Britain merely fail to damp the British hero's spirit, but it indirectly assisted to bear him on to his ultimate triumph, by con-

tributing to produce a momentous effect, which the authors of it little dreamed that it would do, upon the policy of Buonaparte. "The constant repetition in parliament, and in all public meetings, of the dreadful burdens which oppressed England from the continuance of the war, and the unbounded extent of the calamities which had befallen her armies in the last campaign," remarks Alison, "naturally inspired the belief among the French government and people, either that the contest would speedily be terminated by the complete destruction of the English forces, or that the British nation would interfere, and forcibly compel the government to abandon it. This opinion was adopted by Napoleon, who trusted to these passionate declamations as an index to the real feeling of Great Britain, and who, having never yet been brought into personal collision with the English troops, was ignorant alike of the profound sense of the necessity of resistance which animated the great body and best part of the people, and of the prowess which an admirable discipline and their own inherent valour had communicated to the soldiers. All the speeches on this subject in Britain were ostentatiously quoted in the *Moniteur*, and they compose at least a third of the columns of that curious record for the year 1810. The Emperor was thus led to regard the war in the Peninsula as a conflict which could at any time he pleased be brought to a conclusion, and which, while it continued, would act as a cancer that would wear out the whole strength of England. And to this impression, more perhaps than to anything else, is to be ascribed the simultaneous undertaking of the Russian and Spanish contests, which proved too great a strain upon the strength of his empire, and was the immediate cause of his ruin."

Lord Wellington, amid his vast plans and preparations for the campaign of 1810, besides being laden with the cares which we have already mentioned, experienced much annoyance from the internal state of things in Portugal. There was still an unpatriotic, disaffected, Buonapartean party in the country. For that, however, as it was not numerous, he cared but little. There was also an acrimonious adverse faction, headed by a quondam member of the Regency, the Marquis das Minas. But for that too, as it was neither large nor strong, he did not care much. The great mass of the people, including all the army, were enthusiastically with him, looking confidently to him as their protector, and eager to do his bidding in whatever he might order against the French; so that he could almost speak with the voice of a king in calling out the hosts to battle. He likewise was vigorously and wisely supported by Don Miguel Forjas, who acted as secretary to the Regency, and by Mr. Charles Stuart, (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay,) who succeeded Mr. Villiers as British ambassador at Lisbon. Nevertheless, the majority of the Regency, including its most bustling and intriguing members, particularly Principal Souza and the Patriarch of Lisbon, (formerly the Bishop of Oporto,) were against him.

Principal Souza, indeed, was not made a member of the Regency till after

the commencement of the campaign; but he was as busy as a bee from the first moment of his appointment. He and the other disaffected regents were men of similar mould to the ruling members of the Spanish Central Junta,—sordid, vain, vulgarly ambitious, afraid of men of merit, and fond of the plaudits of the mob; so that "they measured the stability of the country and the probable issue of the contest, not by the number of troops they could bring into the field, or the magazines and equipments they had provided for the army, but by the lists of persons who attended their levees, and the loudness of the cheers which they received when passing through the streets of Lisbon." They likewise had a pecuniary interest in many of the administrational abuses which had been slowly established during the period of repose preceding the first French invasion; and therefore they opposed, as strenuously as they could, all Lord Wellington's exertions for reviving the old military institutions, and for organizing the population into a state of activity. They did not oppose him openly, indeed; but they employed every kind of artifice and intrigue to thwart his plans, and therefore were all the more troublesome. Principal Souza, too, besides being an indefatigable, versatile, unscrupulous man, corresponded with political agents of the highest rank, all near relations of his own, at the courts of Britain, Brazil, and Spain; so that his intrigues were sometimes as entangling by their intricacy as they were obstructive by their strength.

Lord Wellington had neither time nor tortuosity to counterwork these men in their own manner. He seldom, when they stood before him, flourishing courtesies and playing off finesses, did more than simply satisfy himself that they were in his way, and then either vaulted over them, or struck them aside with a single, strong, open blow. His grand preventive against their interference with his mastery over the native military force did not even recognise their hostility to him, and yet was remarkably effective. Simply assuming that their promises of support could not be heartier than the people's enthusiasm, yet concluding, from his experience in Spain, that, in spite of both, many hinderances would occur to him, "he insisted that his own authority, as Marshal-General of Portugal, should be independent of the local government, and absolute over all arrangements concerning the English and Portuguese forces, whether regulars, militia, or ordenanças."

Yet, on all points on which this paramount authority did not shield him, the disaffected regents, in very spite of it, were the more earnest to thwart and embarrass him,—working with a zeal, an inventiveness, and a perseverance which might have graced a very noble cause. Nor did they attempt only small objects, or stop when the enemy burst within the frontier; but they impugned the highest affairs of the campaign, even its entire plan and general principles, and became most energetic when the events of the invasion were at the thickest. Lord Wellington was annoyed by them chiefly because they were ever whisking round

him, and ever on his path; and, in order to show how even the grandest mind may be provoked to strike down such pertinacious meddlers, we may here so far anticipate our narrative as to quote two letters which His Lordship wrote to Mr. Stuart respecting them, in September and October, the busiest period of the campaign. And though these letters, as coming from so mild a pen, may seem not a little acrid; yet, as Mr. Macfarlane has well remarked, "there was not another general officer in the army whose patience would have stood the enormous draughts made upon it. As for fiery Picton and impetuous Craufurd, it may be seriously doubted whether they would not have shot Patriarch and Principal, and involved us in a war with our allies."

"In order to put an end at once to these miserable intrigues," said Wellington, "I beg that you will inform the Portuguese government that I will not stay in the country, and that I will advise the King's government to withdraw the assistance which His Majesty affords them, if they interfere in any manner with the appointments of Marshal Beresford's staff, for which he is responsible, or with the operations of the army, or with any of the points, which, under the original arrangement with Marshal Beresford, were referred exclusively to his management. I propose also to report to His Majesty's government, and refer to their consideration, what steps ought to be taken if the Portuguese government refuse or delay to adopt the civil and political arrangements recommended by me, and corresponding with the military operations which I am carrying on. But it appears that the Portuguese government have lately discovered that we are all wrong. They have become impatient for the defeat of the enemy, and, in imitation of the Central Junta of Spain, call out for a battle and early success. If I had had the power, I would have prevented the Spanish armies from attending to this call, and the cause would now have been safe. But, now, having the power in my hands, I will not lose the only chance which remains of saving the cause, by paying the smallest attention to the senseless suggestio s of the Portuguese government."

Again:—"You will do me the favour to inform the Regency, and above all the Principal Souza, that, His Majesty and the Prince Regent having intrusted me with the command of their armies, and likewise with the conduct of the military operations, I will not suffer them, or any body else, to interfere with them; that I know best where to station my troops, and when to make a stand against the enemy; and I shall not alter a system formed upon mature consideration upon any suggestion of theirs. I am responsible for what I do, and they are not; and I recommend them to look to the measures for which they are responsible, and which I long ago recommended to them, namely, to provide for the tranquillity of Lisbon, and for the food of their own army and of the people, while the troops will be engaged with the enemy. As for Principal Souza, I beg you to tell him from me, that I have had no satisfaction in transacting

the business of his country since he has been a member of the Government; that, being embarked in a course of military operations, of which I hope to see the successful termination, I shall continue to carry them on to the end, but that no power on earth shall induce me to remain in the Peninsula for one moment after I shall have obtained His Majesty's leave to resign my charge, if Principal Souza is to remain either a member of the government or to continue at Lisbon. Either he must quit the country or I will; and if I should be obliged to go, I will take care that the world, or Portugal, at least, and the Prince Regent, shall be made acquainted with my reasons. From the letter of the 3d, which I have received from Don M. de Forjaz, I had hoped that the Government was satisfied with what I had done, and intended to do, and that instead of endeavouring to render all further defence fruitless by disturbing the minds of the populace at Lisbon, they would have done their duty by adopting measures to secure the tranquillity of the town; but I suppose that, like other weak individuals, they add duplicity to their weakness, and that their expressions of approbation, and even gratitude, were intended to convey censure."

Nor was Lord Wellington annoyed merely by the strong secret opposition of the corrupt magnates of the Peninsula; he was annoyed scarcely less by their constant, bold, open demands upon him for army-equipments, army-provisions, army-pay, and all other sorts of public assistance. "I believe," said he, at nearly the busiest moment of his immense preparations for the campaign of 1810, when he might reasonably have asked from the British government twofold or even threefold more means than were actually at his disposal, and might well have expected that the Peninsular governments would rather strive to add to these means than seek to obtain any share of them,—"I believe there never was an officer, but certainly never a British officer, placed in so difficult a situation as I am in. Everybody looks for British assistance in every thing. Money, stores, provisions, and all that can keep an army together, are required by both Spaniards and Portuguese; and they and the British nation, and even the Government, conceive that I have all at my command, and that I have only to say the word to supply all their wants, and satisfy all their demands. The fact is, however, that I have not more than enough for my own army, and I have received the order of the Government to give nothing."

His Lordship was much annoyed also by the discontentment of some of his own officers. This at first seemed no more than a gloominess arising from sickness and inaction, and likely soon to be dissipated; but it afterwards deepened into mistrust of Lord Wellington's plans, reluctance to obey his orders, and anxiety to get away from the Peninsula. "The temper of some of the officers of the British army," said he, at one of the busiest moments of the campaign, "gives me more concern than the folly of the Portuguese government. I have

always been accustomed to have the confidence and support of the officers of the armies which I have commanded; but, for the first time, whether owing to the opposition in England, or whether the magnitude of the concern is too much for their minds and their nerves, or whether I am mistaken and they are right, I cannot tell. But there is a system of croaking in the army which is highly injurious to the public service, and which I must devise some means of putting an end to, or it will put an end to us. Officers have a right to form their own opinions upon events and transactions; but officers of high rank or situation ought to keep their opinions to themselves. If they do not approve of the system of operations of their commander, they ought to withdraw from the army. And this is the point to which I must bring some, if I should not find that their own good sense prevents them from going on as they have done lately. Believe me, that if any body else, knowing what I do, had commanded the army, they would now have been at Lisbon if not in their ships."

The embarrassments arising from such serious indiscretion on the part of the officers were materially aggravated by continued general misconduct on the part of the common soldiers. Lord Wellington, it will be remembered, had, in the preceding June, made special complaint of this to the Government, and commenced special exertions to overcome it. But it proved to be a fever of the soul, needing subtler medicines and stronger ones than any possible application of either hemp or steel. "I am concerned to tell you," wrote he on the 24th of January to Lord Liverpool, "that notwithstanding the pains taken by the General and other officers of the army, the conduct of the soldiers is infamous. They behave well generally when with their regiments, and under the inspection of their officers, and the general officers of the army; but when detached, and coming up from hospitals, although invariably under the command of an officer, and always well fed and taken care of, and received as children of the family by the housekeeper in Portugal, they commit every description of outrage. I certainly think they are improved. They are a better army than they were some months ago. But still these terrible, continued outrages give me reason to apprehend, that, notwithstanding all the precautions I have taken, and shall take, they will slip through my fingers, as they did through Sir John Moore's, when I shall be involved in any nice operation with a powerful enemy in my front."

Writing again to Lord Liverpool on the 6th of April, Lord Wellington informed him that desertion, even desertion to the enemy, had become remarkably frequent, which he ascribed partly to the bad character of recent recruits from Ireland, and partly to the predatory habits acquired by the stragglers from Sir John Moore's army; and he added,—"Desertion is not the only crime of which the soldiers of this army have been guilty to an extraordinary degree. A detachment seldom marches, particularly if under the command of a non-commis-

sioned officer, (which rarely happens,) that a murder, or a highway robbery, or some act of outrage is not committed by the British soldiers composing it. They have killed eight people since the army returned to Portugal in December; and I am sorry to add that a convoy has seldom arrived with money that the chests have not been broken up, and some of the money stolen by the soldiers in whose charge it was placed, although invariably under the command of an officer; and they have never brought up either shoes or other necessaries which could be of use to them, or which they could sell, that they have not stolen some of the articles committed to their charge."

Courts-martial were almost constantly sitting,—sometimes three of them at once; but they often sat to no purpose; for "perjury was as common as robbery and murder, and the consequence of swearing the soldiers to tell the truth before a regimental court-martial was that they invariably committed perjury when examined before a general court-martial." Convictions could be obtained chiefly on the deposition of the natives; but these "people had almost universally such an affection for the British nation, that they were unwilling to prosecute the unworthy soldiers in cold blood for injuries received from them." All convicted culprits were punished with the utmost rigour; all great punishments, whether floggings or executions, were inflicted with the utmost solemnity; and all the means of warning, impression, and intimidation which Lord Wellington either possessed, or could lawfully invent, were most vigorously plied. Yet, when the business of the campaign thickened, the effect of all this discipline was only to make both crimes and punishments "most horribly familiar." The men in almost every battalion became so bad,—so ready to steal, or take bribes, or get drunk whenever they could,—that at length they could not be trusted to serve in commissariat escorts. Lord Wellington felt obliged either to let the muleteers travel unescorted, or to place them under the care of detachments of the ordenança; and when officially describing how brutally and criminally his own troops had been in the habit of behaving on escorts, before he ceased to let them serve on them, he concludes,—"I do not think that two companies of a veteran battalion would behave better than the other British troops employed on this service. No soldier can withstand the temptation of wine. This is constantly before their eyes in this country, and they are constantly intoxicated when absent from their regiments; and there is no crime which they do not commit to obtain it, or, if they cannot get money, to obtain it by force."

The professed Protestantism of his army, taken along with the fact that many of the soldiers were Roman Catholics, or rather the collision of that professed Protestantism with the established religion of the Peninsula, likewise occasioned Lord Wellington some anxiety. This source of embarrassment, indeed, was small compared with the other sources which we have mentioned,—and also was

fully developed before the close of the campaign of Talavera; yet it deserves notice here for the sake of showing how critically, throughout the otherwise most critical campaign of 1810, Lord Wellington was situated with regard to the Portuguese priests, and what sort of sentiments, on the subject of religious toleration, he expressed at the head of a British army in a Roman Catholic country. "The soldiers of the army," wrote he to the British ambassador at Lisbon, "have permission to go to mass so far as this,—they are forbidden to go into the churches during the performance of divine service, unless they go to assist in the performance of the service. I could not do more; for in point of fact, soldiers cannot by law attend the celebration of mass, excepting in Ireland. The thing now stands exactly as it ought; any man may go to mass who chooses, and nobody makes any inquiry about it. The consequence is, that nobody goes to mass; and although we have whole regiments of Irishmen, and of course Roman Catholics, I have not seen one soldier perform any one act of religious worship in these Catholic countries, excepting making the sign of the cross to induce the people of the country to give them wine. Although, as you will observe, I have no objection, and they may go to mass if they choose it, I have great objections to the inquiries and interference of the priests of the country to induce them to go to mass. The orders were calculated to prevent all intrigue and interference of that description; and I was very certain, that when the Irish soldiers were left to themselves either to go or not, they would do as their comrades did, and not one of them would be seen in a church. I think it best that you should avoid having any further discussion with the priests on this subject; but if you should have any, it would be best that you should tell them what our law is, and what the order of this army. Prudence may then induce them to refrain from taking any steps to induce the Roman Catholic soldiers to attend mass. But if it should not, and their conduct should be guided by religious zeal, I acknowledge, that however indifferent I should have been at seeing the soldiers flock to the churches under my orders, I should not be very well satisfied to see them filled by the influence of the priests, taking advantage of the mildness and toleration which is the spirit of that order."

Some of the great difficulties which formerly obstructed Lord Wellington's operations,—such as the bad working of the commissariat, the tardy command of money, and the want of harmony between the British and the Portuguese military systems,—were not yet overcome. He likewise had, at this time, an unusually large proportion of most of the ordinary difficulties which try the patience and test the genius of all great commanders in the field. But the peculiar difficulties which we have illustrated in this chapter and the preceding one—the resisting of the hosts of France by a comparatively small army, the necessity for adopting a Fabian policy, the constructing of the Lines of Lisbon, the absence of any efficient co-operating army in Spain, the doubtful bravery of the Portuguese

army, together with the enormous exertions requisite to produce a fair chance of its efficiency, the popular clamour in Britain, the hostility of the British parliamentary opposition, the feebleness and timidity of the British ministry, the perversity of the Portuguese regency, the discontentment of the British officers, and the manifold bad conduct of the British troops—these, and the other difficulties, both great and ordinary, all acting simultaneously, constituted a load of care which might have readily been pronounced too heavy to be borne by even the mightiest mortal. Buonaparte's hot temper and fiery enterprize would not have brooked them for an hour. All the great commanders of antiquity, the very types of the fabulous gods of mythology, would have turned away from them either in conscious incompetency or in disgust. Only the British hero, among the many conquerors known to history, as imperturbable as he was enterprising, as plodding as he was inventive, as patient as he was strong, as minutely painstaking as he was comprehensively far-sighted, could have had sufficient moral courage to endure them, sufficient mental energy to contend with them, and a sufficient aggregate of penetration, strength, and genius to overcome them.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ASSEMBLING OF MASSENA'S ARMY OF INVASION—THE SIEGE OF ASTORGA—CRAUFURD'S OPERATIONS ON THE AGUEDA—THE SIEGE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO—COMBATS ON THE DUAS CASAS AND THE COA—MASSENA'S PROCLAMATION TO THE PORTUGUESE—OBSCURE MOVEMENTS OF THE FRENCH CORPS TOWARD THE INVASION OF PORTUGAL.

THE hosts of France, destined for the invasion of Portugal, gathered slowly and cautiously round the Portuguese frontier. The plan of the invasion was very long in being developed,—perhaps also was very long in being formed. The organizement of the invading army under Massena was delayed several months by the Emperor's irresolution about holding the command himself or giving it to Ney. Lord Wellington's defensive position, particularly with its entire possession of the two great accesses to the Portuguese interior, was stronger than the French had calculated. Andalusia, too, almost immediately after the conquest of it, began to give the French vast trouble, by accumulating strength against them in Cadiz, by manifesting everywhere a fiery spirit of insurrection, and by increasing the difficulties of repressing La Mancha and the districts around Madrid. The guerillas likewise underwent great and sudden increase in both numbers and enterprise,—sometimes acting with both the force and the efficiency of veteran divisions; and several Spanish garrisons, or small Spanish armies, in the tracts adjacent to Portugal, suddenly emitted blazes of bravery which, under the circumstances of recent universal Spanish humiliation, were almost as startling as the eruptions of a volcano. All these things—together, no doubt, with the recollections of Lord Wellington's former campaigns—combined to render the preliminaries of Massena's invasion very cautious, very fitful, and marvellously protracted. Our hero, writing about the invaders at an advanced period of the season, remarked,—"They are proceeding with the utmost caution and circumspection. I hope their progress will not turn out to be as sure as it has been slow. This is not the way in which they have conquered Europe."

The French, nevertheless, kept steadily assembling on the frontier, maintained a constant display of activity, and made many a demonstration as if they would suddenly overrun all Portugal. Mortier's corps remained for some time menacing all the parts of the frontier between Elvas and the Mediterranean; and, though withdrawn for a while to quell disturbances in La Mancha, went back again to threaten Alemtejo. The quondam corps of Soult, after being some time commanded by Mermet, passed under the command of Regnier,

received strong reinforcements, and took steady post, in communication with the corps of Mortier, to enter Portugal by the highway of the Tagus. Ney's corps, coming once more under Ney's own command, and strongly reinforced both in the increase of its own proper troops, and by the support of Kellerman's local divisions, continued to occupy the line of the Tormes. Junot's corps, in full strength and newly equipped, possessing the same efficiency as any of the best of the original eight corps, marched in from France, took post in Asturias and the northern part of Leon, and seemed to menace a descent on Oporto, through Gallicia and by way of Chaves. Divisions and detachments spread out from the wings of all these corps, so as to produce a nearly continuous catena of occupancies and operations, from Avamonte at the mouth of the Guadiana to Gijon on the Bay of Biscay. Thus was there a line of environment quite as extensive as Lord Wellington's line of defence; with its points of concentration exactly opposite the positions where he had placed his greatest strength.

The Spaniards within or near this line of environment, according to their usual character, gave ready vent to their indignation, and came as often as they could to blows. The Portuguese Regency also became so alarmed as to invoke Lord Wellington to demand more troops from Britain, even though they had of late been scandalously remiss in assisting to feed those already in the field. Many of the Portuguese and the British officers likewise, together with large proportions of their men, soon became impatient for action; while others, beginning to regard the contest as desperate, scarcely concealed a desire to retreat to the sea. But Lord Wellington himself was firmly resolved to postpone, as much as possible, all measures of any kind, all movements from the ground he occupied, or any modifications of his original arrangements, till he should see some distinct development of the enemy's plans. And so late as the 2d of April, when the timid ministry at home had nervously begun to ascribe to him the very opposite state of mind, he wrote to Lord Liverpool,—"Depend upon it, whatever people may tell you, I am not so desirous as they imagine of fighting desperate battles. If I was, I might fight one any day I please. But I have kept the army for six months in two positions, notwithstanding their own desire and that of the allies, that I should take advantage of many opportunities which the enemy apparently offered of striking a blow against them; in some of which the single operation would certainly have been successful. But I have looked to the great result of maintaining our position on the Peninsula, and have not allowed myself to be diverted from it by the wishes of the allies, and probably of some of our own army, that I should interfere more actively in some partial affairs, or by the opinion of others, that we ought to quit the country prematurely; and I have not harassed my troops by marches and counter-marches, in conformity to the enemy's movements. I believe that the world in the Peninsula begin to believe that I am right."

The operations of the Spaniards near the frontier need not be particularly mentioned,—the more so as, with one or two exceptions, they left the general balance of the war almost totally untouched. Immensely the most important of them was the steady retention of Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo; though this was aided by a strong show of British support. First Mortier and then Regnier made many a demonstration against Badajoz, but were always deterred from attempting anything serious by the prompt appearance of Hill. "The French marshal, whenever the humour took him," remarks Lord Londonderry, "would advance, as if with the design of investing Badajoz,—certain that, by so doing, he would draw Hill from his quarters; whilst Hill no sooner showed himself than the marshal would again retire, and take up his former positions." Romana was, in this way, so well secured in possession of the fortress as to find ample time for skirmishing in the surrounding country; and he would have been highly gratified, and did everything he could, to draw Hill into more extensive operations.

Don Perez de Herrasti, who had succeeded the Duke del Parque in the command of Ciudad Rodrigo, was more cautious than the Duke, more circumspect than Romana, and had no need to go far in search of the French, but found them close at hand, in both force and steadiness enough for all his enterprise. Ney early adopted bold measures against Ciudad Rodrigo,—first threatening to escalade it, next bringing up apparatus for investing it, next concentrating a strong force in its near neighbourhood, and altogether behaving in such a manner as soon to convince Lord Wellington that the besieging of that fortress would be the first grand act of the campaign. His Lordship, therefore, so early as the middle of March, sent forward Craufurd to occupy the left bank of the Agueda, over all the space from Novas Frias, past Ciudad Rodrigo, to the Douro, a distance of twenty-five miles; and, in order to equip him for so arduous a duty, he strengthened him with two battalions of Portuguese light infantry, the first German hussars, and a troop of horse artillery, and ordered Picton and Cole to obey any sudden call he might make upon them for support; and at the same time, he sent Picton's head-quarters forward from Celorico to Pinhel. Don Perez de Herrasti had superseded the Duke del Parque in the command of Ciudad Rodrigo, at the special request of Lord Wellington, or rather by his demand; and he proved, at this critical time, and throughout the siege which followed, a perfectly true and eminently able man, cool, steady, intelligent, and brave,—abundantly vindicating the wisdom of our hero's interference in requiring him to be appointed.

Santocildes, who had succeeded Romana in defending Gallicia and Asturias, likewise acted with strong cool resolution. He had maintained the walled town of Astorga against a considerable French force in the preceding September; and now, amid the movements preliminary to the invasion of Portugal, he made

stout efforts to maintain it anew against 12,000 men of the corps of Junot. Its walls were old and massive, but had gone to decay, and, notwithstanding some hasty recent repairs, did not seem to be defensible against any regular attack. The garrison comprised only about 2,500 fighting men, and was very ill provided with stores. Junot formally invested the place on the 21st of March; but met such strong, pertinacious, diversified resistance that he could not open his batteries till the 20th of April. He soon made a breach, but was instantly obstructed by the pulling down of a house behind it. He then bombarded the town, set much of it on fire, and took advantage of the consequent confusion to assault the breach. Two thousand of his men rushed forward, but were repelled once, again, and a third time; and then, three-fourths of them having fallen, the rest retired. Santocildes' stores and ammunition, however, were so nearly exhausted that he turned his success to the account of immediately opening a negociation, with the view of obtaining the best possible terms of surrender. The atrocious Loison, so abhorred throughout Portugal and the north of Spain, was the commanding general in the siege; and from neither him nor the gory Junot was any mercy expected. Yet the terms granted were security, in both person and property, for the inhabitants, and the honours of war for the garrison,—that the privates should keep their knapsacks, and the officers their swords, horses, and baggage. The number of the French killed in the course of the siege was about 2,500.

Lord Wellington was strongly importuned to go to the relief of Astorga, and seems to have deliberated well whether he should go; but he concluded that it was too distant to be reached without entailing serious risk upon his grand defensive position in Portugal, and not at all important enough to offer fair compensation or counter-benefit for that risk. And here, as usual, the sagacity of his decision was well proved by the event. For Junot, immediately on obtaining possession of Astorga, deflected from the line of invasion which it seemed to command, and began to put his corps into close concentration with that of Ney.

Craufurd's division, in its long line of observation upon the Agueda, occupied very critical ground, and required to exercise surpassing alertness; for, though supported at no great distance by two other divisions, it was often liable, with the shortest possible warning or without any warning whatever, to be assailed by very powerful masses of the French. It lay, in its small numbers, opposite the gathering hosts of Ney and Junot, like a pair of dogs watching a herd of bullocks; and, what it wanted in bulk and strength, it compensated in perfect training and the most agile nimbleness. It was thoroughly true to the name it bore, the light division. Its British infantry regiments, besides wearing the fame of their remarkable march into the battle-field of Talavera, wore the fame of previous arduous service in the campaign of Sir John Moore; and they commenced on the Agueda a series of bold, brilliant, dexterous performances

which soon won the admiration of all the British army, and of all the French, and did not cease or falter till the whole war merged in triumph. And they were worthily supported on the Agueda by the hussars and the horse-artillery. The course of the river along all the front of their position was in the bottom of a deep, rocky, wooded ravine. The stream, though often so full as to be a good defence, was likewise often so low as to be easily fordable; and it rose and fell suddenly and capriciously, sometimes many feet in a night, without any corresponding change in the weather. "When it was fordable," says Napier, "Craufurd always withdrew his outposts, and concentrated his division; and his situation demanded a quickness and intelligence in the troops, the like of which has never been surpassed. Seven minutes sufficed for the division to get under arms in the middle of the night; and a quarter of an hour, night or day, to bring it in order of battle to the alarm-posts, with the baggage loaded and assembled at a convenient distance in the rear. And this not upon a concerted signal, or as a trial, but at all times and certain." Lord Wellington's despatches to Craufurd, while the latter was on the Agueda, were remarkably numerous and minute, indicating deep confidence in Craufurd and a perfect knowledge of his troops, but at the same time checking his impetuosity, and exercising all the care of a scrutinous superintendence.

On the night of the 19th of March, the French made a small trial of Craufurd's mettle. This occurred at the bridge of Barba del Puerco, the only bridge between Ciudad Rodrigo and the Douro. The ravine there is so deep and narrow that four companies of the 95th were esteemed a sufficient force to hold the place against any possible number of assailants. The village of Barba del Puerco stands adjacent on the west side, and the village of San Felices de Gallegos stands adjacent on the other. General Ferey, a dashing French officer, having quietly collected a brigade of infantry at San Felices, glided out, at the head of six hundred grenadiers, immediately after moonrise, when the bridge and the parts of the ravine above it were mantled in dark shadow; and he passed the bridge so stealthily, and assailed the picquet so impetuously, driving them headlong before him into the village of Barba del Puerco, that the companies of the 95th had not time to form, but were obliged to meet him pell-mell, every single man making fight for himself. Yet, in about fifteen minutes, they pushed him back to the ravine and were completely victorious, with a loss on his side of seven men killed and six taken prisoners, and a loss on their own side of three men killed and ten wounded. The French were so much discouraged by this affair as to be in little hurry afterwards to disturb any more of Craufurd's outposts.

About the 25th of April, a rumbling rumour broke the dead silence over the encampments of both armies, and told that Massena had arrived in Madrid. This man alone of all the French marshals, after Buonaparte found that he

could not take the field in person, was esteemed strong enough to lead on the eighty thousand soldiers against Wellington. "No general in the French service had enjoyed so high a reputation since Hoche and Pichegru and Moreau had disappeared. Buonaparte, in his first campaigns, called him, in his own inflated style, the favourite child of victory, and after the late Austrian war, created him Prince of Essling, because his skill and exertions had contributed mainly to the escape of the French from utter destruction at the battle of Aspern. He was appointed Commander-in-chief of the provinces of the north of Spain, including the kingdoms of Old Castile, Leon, and Asturias, the provinces of St. Andero, Soria, Valladolid, and Palencia, Toro, Zamora, Salamanca, and Avila; the army under him was named the army of Portugal; and, as Soult had done before him, it is believed that he went to make the conquest of Portugal, expecting to be rewarded with its crown for his success." In other words, besides commanding an army almost double the invading armies of Junot and Soult if these had been combined, he was made perfectly independent of the caprices and interferences of King Joseph, with full power to levy all requisite supplies for his troops by his own direct authority, and at the same time was so enclouded by Napoleon in the vapour of flattery that he imagined the crown of Portugal to be floating brightly over him in the phantasmagoria.

An immediate commencement of brisk, rapid, whirling operations was now expected. Lord Wellington moved his head-quarters to Celerico, and all the British generals in Beira became keenly alert. But, from whatever cause, Massena appeared to hesitate, or at all events was very slow to advance. Four divisions, indeed, between the latter part of April and the middle of May, sat down in the near vicinity of Ciudad Rodrigo; but the rest of Ney's and Junot's troops continued till then, and many of them a fortnight longer, at such a distance as to have the option of marching to the passes of Perales and Banos, while the whole of Regnier's corps remained steadily in Estremadura. Ney, also, on the 1st and 3th of June threw trestle-bridges over the Agueda in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo,—and on the 11th of June made a regular investment of that fortress; and yet, not till the 27th of June did Massena appear there in person, or even formally assume the command of "the army of Portugal." All this was the more surprising that Ciudad Rodrigo was a comparatively weak fortress,—in fact, was pronounced by Lord Wellington "the worst fortified place in the world;" and was not expected to make any protracted resistance. There seems little doubt that Massena was long in hesitation whether to invade by way of Ciudad Rodrigo or by way of the Tagus, or perhaps by way of both. Lord Wellington, writing on the 11th of June, says,—"Yesterday our communication with Ciudad Rodrigo became difficult, but, as I understand from General Craufurd, not impossible. This bicoque has been in part invested for nearly two months; and a fortnight has elapsed since the guns

moved from Salamanca; and the French are not yet in possession of the ground they must have for the siege. I think that I might have delayed still longer the complete investment of the place, and the chances of war and chapter of accidents, which in these days are not allowed to be counted for any thing, might have enabled me to prevent the siege altogether, if the government possessed any strength or desired to have anything done but what is safe and cheap."

Ciudad Rodrigo contained about five thousand fighting men, and about the same number of citizens; and was well provided with artillery, ammunition, and all kinds of stores. "This fortress," says Colonel Jones, "is built on a rising ground, on the right bank of the Agueda, and has a double enceinte all round it. The interior wall is of an old construction, of the height of thirty-two feet, and is generally of bad masonry, without flanks, and with weak parapets and narrow ramparts. The exterior enclosure is a modern fausse-braie, of a low profile, constructed so far down the slope of the hill as to afford but little cover to the interior wall; and from the same defect of the rapid descent of the hill, the fausse-braie itself is very imperfectly covered by its glacis. On the eastern and southern sides there are ravelins to the fausse-braie, but in no part is there a covered way, nor are there any countermines. Without the town, at the distance of three hundred yards, the suburbs were enclosed by a bad earthen entrenchment, hastily thrown up. The ground without the place is generally flat, and the soil rocky, except on the north side, where there are two hills called the upper and the lower Teson. The one at 180 yards from the works rises nearly to the level of the ramparts, and the other at 600 yards distance, to the height of thirteen feet above them. The soil on these hills is very stony, and during open weather in winter, water rises at the depth of six inches below the surface.".

On the 15th of June, the French broke ground on the upper Teson. Their force at that moment, in the valley of the Agueda, for conducting the siege or supporting it, comprised not fewer than about 57,000 effective soldiers, including about 9,500 horsemen. Ney, wishing to produce a grand sensation, and caring little to sacrifice some hundreds of his men, aimed to make the speediest possible breach in the fortress, and therefore paid little attention to the play of its batteries. But the Spaniards soon gave him evidence that, notwithstanding the badness of their ramparts, he held their resistance much too cheap. Their fire was so well directed as to blow up three of his magazines, and make dire havoc among his troops. A guerilla party of two hundred horsemen, who had been driven into the city by his investing hosts, suddenly broke out, cut their way through his legions, and rode clear off to a junction with Craufurd. The garrison, though little else than a rabble in tactical discipline, stood to the guns behind the walls with a bravery like that of veteran heroes. "Even the women and children, when they saw their houses burning, gave way to

neither fear nor lamentation, but exerted themselves to quench the flames, and carried refreshment and ammunition to the troops amid the hottest fire. There were two blind beggars in the city; no one supposed that these unfortunate men could render any service during the siege; but zeal taught them how to be serviceable; they carried water to the walls by day and ammunition by night, with such unwearied activity that it was the intention of the governor and the junta, if the town had been saved, to have rewarded them with pensions for life." All classes within the walls did wonders. Though, so early as the 26th of April, the loss in the city amounted to 150 killed and 500 wounded, yet both soldiers and citizens fought on as resolutely as if not one man had fallen.

On the 1st of July, Massena having become convinced that the plan of the siege was bad, instructed the engineers to raise counter-batteries, to push their parallels to the lower Teson, and to work regularly forward, blow in the counterscarp, and pass the ditch in form. The Spaniards employed the consequent breathing-time in repairing injuries and strengthening their flank defences to the utmost of their power; but from the state of the fortress, the paucity of their resources, and the smallness of their numbers, they could not do anything at all proportionate to the offensive preparations of the French. On the 9th, the batteries on the lower Teson opened; and in twenty-four hours, a considerable part of the town was destroyed, a reserve magazine on the walls was exploded, most of the guns of the fortress were silenced, the counterscarp to the extent of twelve yards was blown in, and a way over the ditch and into the breach was made, broad enough for a carriage. A debate had run high among the council of the garrison about fighting to desperation—about even sallying out, and cutting their way through the enemy's masses—but was checked by concern for the lives of the citizens; and when that wide breach in the walls was laid open, just as a strong column was advancing to enter it, Herrasti sent up the white flag on the ramparts, and stood forth alone on the ruins, signifying by gestures that he wished to capitulate.

Ney would have refused him any terms,—sternly remarking that a formal surrender was now too late; but Massena, in admiration of the garrison's bravery, agreed that they should have all the advantages of marching out with the honours of war; yet he declined to give any written ratification, and was afterwards so paltry as, in a chief degree, to break his word. The soldiers were deprived of their arms: the civil officers were made prisoners of war; all persons of any consequence were marched off to Salamanca; and the citizens who remained were abused and plundered. No fewer than about two thousand of the soldiers, however, made their escape either from the city or on the way to Salamanca. The French loss of troops during the siege was estimated by the Spaniards at 8,400. "Adverting," says Lord Wellington, "to the nature and position of the place, to the deficiency and defects of its works, to the advantages which

the enemy had in their attack upon it, and to the numbers and formidable equipment by which it was attacked, I consider the defence of Ciudad Rodrigo to have been most honourable to the governor and its garrison."

Lord Wellington regarded the commencement of the siege, and much more its progress, with intense anxiety. He strengthened Craufurd's force, removed his own head-quarters to Alverca, a village mid-way between Celorico and Almeida, and made every other possible display of support; yet felt obliged to stand there, within hearing of the salvos from the besiegers' batteries, without seeing his way to make one active effort toward a rescue. He revolved in his mind every conceivable project for saving the place, consistently with the policy which he had adopted, and which he still believed to be the only safe policy for the Peninsula; but he could not discover one which promised to be in any degree practicable. Romana came to him from Badajoz to urge him to activity; and Lord Wellington then consented to a joint operation with that general for effecting a surprise; but, though keeping an earnest outlook, he could not find an opportunity for performing it; and he firmly resisted all entreaty to do battle with the besiegers, or to attempt to carry off the garrison by force. His reasons for inaction figure prominently in several of his despatches; and they form a very striking instance of the clear comprehensive view which he took of a far-spread chaos of circumstances, together with the indomitable decision which that view produced. Napier eloquently states them as follows:—

"This," the juncture of Romana's visit, "was a trying moment. The English general had come from the Guadiana with the avowed purpose of securing Rodrigo; he had, in a manner, pledged himself to make it a point in his operations; his army was close at hand, the garrison brave and distressed; the governor honourably fulfilling his part. To permit such a place to fall without a stroke struck, would be a grievous disaster, and a more grievous dishonour to the British arms. The troops desired the enterprise; the Spaniards demanded it as a proof of good faith; the Portuguese, to keep the war away from their own country. Finally, policy seemed to call for an effort, lest the world might deem the promised defence of Portugal a heartless and a hollow boast. Nevertheless, Romana returned without his object. Lord Wellington absolutely refused to venture even a brigade; and thus proved himself a truly great commander, and of a steadfast mind. It was not a single campaign but a terrible war that he had undertaken. If he lost but five thousand men, his own government would abandon the contest; if he lost fifteen, he must abandon it himself.

"His whole disposable force did not exceed fifty-six thousand men. Of these twelve thousand were with Hill, and one half of the remainder were untried and raw. But this included all, even to the Portuguese cavalry and garrisons. All

could not, however, be brought into line, because Regnier, acting in concert with Massena, had, at this period, collected boats, and made demonstrations to pass the Tagus and move upon Coria. French troops were also crossing the Morena, in march towards Estremadura; which obliged Lord Wellington to detach eight thousand Portuguese to Thomar, as a reserve; and these and Hill's corps being deducted, not quite twenty-five thousand men were available to carry off the garrison in the face of sixty thousand French veterans. This enterprise would also take the army two marches from Guarda; and Coria was scarcely more distant from that place; hence a division must have been left at Guarda, lest Regnier, deceiving Hill, should reach it first.

"Twenty thousand men of all arms remained, and there were two modes of using them; first, in an open advance and battle; second, in a secret movement and surprise. To effect the last, the army might have assembled in the night upon the Azava, and filed over the single bridge of Ciudad Rodrigo, with a view of capturing the battering train, by a sally, or of bringing off the garrison. But without dwelling on the fact that Massena's information was so good that he knew, in two days after it occurred, the object of Romana's visit, such a movement could scarcely have been made unobserved, even in the early part of the siege, and certainly not towards the end, when the enemy were on the Azava. An open battle a madman only would have ventured. The army, passing over a plain, in the face of nearly three times its own numbers, must have exposed its flanks to the enemy's bridges on the Agueda, because the fortress was situated in the bottom of a deep bend of the river, and the French were on the convex side. What hope, then, for twenty thousand mixed soldiers cooped up between two rivers, when eight thousand cavalry and eighty guns should come pouring over the bridges on their flanks, and fifty thousand infantry followed to the attack? What would even a momentary success avail? Five thousand undisciplined men brought off from Ciudad Rodrigo, would have ill supplied the ten or twelve thousand good troops lost in the battle, and the temporary relief of the fortress would have been a poor compensation for the loss of Portugal.

"For what was the actual state of affairs in that country? The militia deserting in crowds to the harvest, the Regency in full opposition to the General, the measures for laying waste the country not perfected, and the public mind desponding? The enemy would soon have united his whole force and advanced to retrieve his honour; and who was to have withstood him? Massena, sagacious and well understanding his business, only desired that the attempt should be made. He held back his troops, appeared careless, and in his proclamations taunted the English general, that he was afraid,—that the sails were flapping on the ships prepared to carry him away,—that he was a man who, insensible to military honour, permitted his ally's towns to fall without risking a shot to save them, or to redeem his plighted word! But all this subtlety failed. Lord Wel-

lington was unmoved, and abided his own time. 'If thou art a great general, Marius, come down and fight!' 'If thou art a great general, Sulla, make me come down and fight!'"

During all the operations of the French against Ciudad Rodrigo, General Craufurd maintained a bold attitude in their vicinity, sometimes making displays as if the whole British army were behind his banners, and never yielding ground except by inches. So early as the 8th of June, he was obliged to withdraw from the Agueda, and to concentrate his forces at Gallegos, behind the Azava, nearly midway between Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida; yet though there without any strong ground to defend him, in the midst of a tract which was everywhere free for cavalry and artillery, and though strictly enjoined by Lord Wellington to manœuvre only and not to fight, he succeeded for nearly four weeks in so overawing the enemy as both to encourage the besieged garrison against their fire, and to protect the circumjacent villages against their foraging.

On the 4th of July, he was compelled by a strong body of the French to retire toward Almeida; yet even then he covered his movement by brilliant skirmishing, put two troops of hussars and two guns in position to check the pursuit, and took post with all his force behind the Duas Casas, which is only about fourth way from Gallegos to Almeida; while the commanding officer of one of the rear-guard troops, a German, forgetful of the orders not to fight, and irresistibly tempted by the opportunity of performing an exploit, at a moment when the pursuing columns of horsemen were narrowing to a point in the approach to a bridge, "rode full speed against the head of these columns with such a shock that he killed the leading officers, overthrew the front ranks, and drove the whole back." Lord Wellington, in officially noting this affair to the Secretary at War, affords an instance that he knew as nicely when to forbear as when to reprimand; for he makes no mention of the breach of orders, but simply says that "the officer had an opportunity of distinguishing himself."

Another affair of a different kind happened on the 11th. The enemy's patroles and marauding parties having become unusually troublesome, Craufurd formed an ambuscade, in a wood near the villages of Barquillo and Villa de Puerco, to carry them off. His force on the occasion comprised six squadrons of cavalry and eight companies of infantry. A little after day-break, two parties of French were discovered, the one of about thirty cavalry, and the other of about two hundred infantry. "They were advantageously posted in an open space, just beyond a narrow defile,"—says Lord Londonderry; "and to reach them, it was necessary to thread that defile in a long line. The consequence was, that though the hussars who led formed up in succession as they got through, and charged their opponents with great gallantry, they effected nothing more than the dispersion of the handful of horse; for the infantry had time to form a square, and not all the efforts of our people could succeed in breaking it.

The hussars rode bravely up to the bayonets, but were repulsed by a volley closely thrown in, which killed or wounded upwards of a dozen men. The remainder wheeled off, and pursuing the French cavalry, made way for a squadron of the 16th. These galloped forward, but also took to the left, and leaving the infantry uninjured, joined in pursuit of the cavalry. When the last charge was made, the French square was without fire, every man having discharged his piece, and none having been able to load again; but, when a third attempt was made, they were better prepared to receive it. It fell to the lot of Colonel Talbot of the 14th to lead this attack. It was made with daring intrepidity; but the enemy remained perfectly steady, and reserving their fire till the bridles of the horses touched their bayonets, gave it with such effect, that Colonel Talbot, with several of his men, were killed on the spot. The rest drew off; upon which General Craufurd, despairing of success by the exertions of cavalry alone, despatched an orderly to bring up the infantry. While this was doing, the enemy's little column began its retreat, which it conducted with singular steadiness and great order. The 14th dragoons, seeing this, prepared to launch another squadron against it; and it was already in speed for the purpose, when Colonel Arenschild, of the hussars, observed cavalry advancing both in front and flank, and checked the movement. It was much to be regretted afterwards that he took this step, for the horse which alarmed him proved to be detachments from our own people on their return from pursuing the enemy's dragoons, the whole of whom they had captured. The French infantry lost no time in availing themselves of the indecision of our cavalry. They marched on, and returned to their main body, without having lost a single prisoner, or suffered in killed or wounded." Lord Wellington praises the gallantry of these French infantry, but says also that he had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the British troops; and instead of blaming Craufurd's attempt as rash, rather implies an eulogy upon it by simply remarking that it was "made immediately in front of the enemy's army."

Craufurd, though already suspecting that Ciudad Rodrigo had fallen, and calculating that the hosts who had been detained there would instantly be upon him, felt more inclined than ever to affront and check them by deeds of daring. Nor was he much, if at all, repressed by the Commander-in-chief, except that the former order not to fight beyond the Coa was repeated. He first withdrew to a strong position, about a mile and a half in front of Almeida, around a small fort, called Fort Conception, which Lord Wellington had caused to be repaired; and after holding this till the 21st, when he could hold it no longer, he blew up Fort Conception, and retired to the ground along the edge of the ravine of the Coa, with his left resting on an unfinished tower about eight hundred yards from Almeida. This latter position, especially for so small a force as his against the greater part of two French corps, was a very dangerous one; for the tract in

front of it was sufficiently open for rapid practices of the enemy, and the only path of retreat was a difficult winding road, a mile in length, down an intricate declivity, to a bridge across the Coa at the bottom of the ravine. Yet in hot impetuosity or in feverish desire for distinction, forgetful of repeated orders, and anxious to prevent the investment of Almeida, though really without the possibility of attaining either that object or any other important one, Craufurd chose to abide there the brunt of battle.

Amid a thick haze on the morning of the 24th, the heads of strong hostile columns were seen approaching the right of the position. Craufurd immediately sent cavalry and artillery forward to support the picquets. But a sudden clearing of the atmosphere disclosed the whole of Ney's corps, of all arms, approaching; and then Craufurd had no alternative but to order an instant retreat in echellon of companies, beginning at the left. "The men had to retreat through thick vineyards, intersected with deep trenches, and with walls six or seven feet high. They could not take advantage of this ground, for the enemy were in such force, that there was imminent danger of being overpowered, and cut off before they could reach the bridge. One of these walls Craufurd had considered as a complete defence against cavalry. It enclosed a vineyard, in which some companies had been stationed; but there had been a heavy rain during the whole of the preceding night, and the troops had pulled down this wall in many places to make use of the stones for forming a shelter. Through these openings the enemy's horse entered; and here they made about eighty prisoners. To retire in order over such ground was impossible; but the retreat was made with characteristic coolness." The acclivity on the other side of the river was equally unfavourable for re-forming; and a position close in front of the bridge was maintained by the 43d regiment and part of the 95th, as long as was necessary to give time to the other troops to take up the best position they could on that acclivity. This latter position was firmly taken and tenaciously held. The French accumulated into masses on the right bank, and exerted there a prodigious power of fire, with both small arms and great, all to no purpose. Three assaulting parties, also, at considerable intervals in the day, attempted to storm the bridge, but were completely repulsed, and suffered fearful carnage. A heavy fall of rain and the approach of night alone terminated the conflict; the French then returning to the open ground above the ravine, and Craufurd preparing to fall back on the main body of the British army. Craufurd's total loss in the action amounted to 36 killed, 193 wounded, and 83 missing; and he estimated that of the French in killed and wounded at a thousand.

Why did a fortnight elapse between the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the appearance of the French columns before Almeida? Massena wished to make Ciudad Rodrigo a strong base of operations, and therefore paused to repair its walls, and to replenish its magazines. He also was still undecided as to the best

direction of invading Portugal. He likewise waited to see the moral effects of the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo upon the circumjacent country, and to increase them, and profit by them. These effects were great. The Spaniards far and near were momentarily disgusted with the British. A Spanish corps which had been co-operating with Craufurd instantly broke connexion with him, and marched away to Badajoz. Even some of the previously friendly Portuguese became disaffected. All correspondence between the Spanish frontier and the British camp ceased. The general tide of popular confidence suddenly ebbed away from Wellington, and began to flow steadily toward Massena. The French marshal marked well those phenomena, estimated highly their value to his warlike operations, and employed vigorous measures of appeal and conciliation to extend them. He was specially desirous to evoke them as largely as possible in Portugal, and therefore issued the following proclamation:—

"Inhabitants of Portugal, the Emperor of the French has put under my orders an army of 110,000 men,* to take possession of this kingdom, and to expel the English, your pretended friends. Against you he has no enmity. On the contrary, it is his highest wish to promote your happiness; and the first step for securing it is to dismiss from the country those locusts who consume your property, blast your harvests, and palsy your efforts. In opposing the Emperor, you oppose your true friend—a friend who has it in his power to render you the happiest people in the world. Were it not for the insidious counsels of England, you might now have enjoyed peace and tranquillity, and have been put in possession of that happiness. You have blindly rejected offers calculated only to promote your benefit, and have accepted proposals which will long be the curse of Portugal. His Majesty has commissioned me to conjure you that you would awake to your true interest,—that you would awake to those prospects which, with your consent, may be quickly realized,—awake so as to distinguish between friends and enemies. The King of England is actuated by narrow and selfish purposes; the Emperor of the French is governed by principles of universal philanthropy. The English have put arms into your hands,—arms which you know not how to use. I will instruct you. They are to be the instruments of annihilation to your foes; and who those foes are I have already shown. Use them as you ought, and they will become your salvation. Use them as you ought not, and they will prove your destruction. Resistance is vain. Can the feeble army of the British general expect to oppose the victorious legions of the Emperor? Already a force is collected, sufficient to overwhelm your country. Snatch the moment that mercy and generosity offer. As friends you may respect us, and be respected in return; as foes you must dread us, and in

* This computation seems to have included either Mortier's corps, which was expected to co-operate with him, or the new ninth corps under Drouet, which followed him some time afterward and reinforced him, or perhaps a part of both.

the conflict be subdued. The choice is your own, either to meet the horrors of a bloody war, and see your country desolated, your villages in flames, your cities plundered, or to accept an honourable and happy peace, which will obtain for you every blessing that by resistance you would resign for ever."

On the 10th of July, the same day on which Ciudad Rodrigo fell, Regnier marched from Merida, with the view of reaching the north bank of the Tagus. He left a strong rear-guard to mask his intentions; and, proceeding by Truxillo and Caceres, he crossed the Tagus at Alconete and Almaraz, and established his head-quarters at Coria. Hill, getting early intelligence of his movement, made a rapid parallel march to Castello-Branco; and being reinforced there by a strong body of Portuguese cavalry under General Fane, he made such a disposition of his forces as to cover all the avenues through southern Beira, and at the same time to communicate with the British division at Guarda. A large part of Beresford's corps had previously been ordered to the north, to strengthen the defence there against the threatened descent of Junot upon Chaves and Oporto; and now a new corps, which became a permanent division of the allied army, comprising two thousand British infantry just arrived from Britain, and eight thousand Portuguese, was assembled at Thomar under General Leith,—to hold the line of the Zezere, and to be in readiness, as a reserve, either to support Hill or to march to the north.

Not till Massena received intelligence of Regnier having passed the Tagus did Ney's corps advance to Almeida, and drive Craufurd across the Coa. But even then Massena's plan of procedure was not developed, nor the purpose of it formed. Whether he might pause to besiege Almeida was doubtful; and what direction he might take with his army, or whether he might take more directions than one, was very far from certain. Ney's corps, indeed, lay closely round Almeida; but they remained for several days as inactive as if neither fort nor foe had been in their neighbourhood. The possession of Ciudad Rodrigo, even though Almeida should stand untouched, might perhaps be deemed sufficient on that frontier for the support of all Massena's intended operations. Junot's corps, together with Kellerman's divisions, retrograded to a position between the Tormes and the Esla much more suitable for marching through Tras os Montes upon Oporto than for proceeding by any inland route toward Lisbon. Regnier's corps began to manœuvre so strongly against Hill, and to look with so keen an eye down both the valley of the Tagus and the valley of the Zezere, that it seemed quite as likely to be followed southward by Ney as to go northward to join him. Mortier's corps, also, though it was then in Andalusia, appeared to be on the march back to Estremadura, either to resume there the menaces against Badajoz, or quite as probably to unite in a general concentric advance upon Lisbon.

Not even Lord Wellington's penetrating mind could divine what was about

to happen. No, nor could Massena himself tell; for, if we search his purposes in the light of subsequent events, he was at present arranging his corps irresolutely and contingently, and was waiting the upshot of a whirl of occurrences in Andalusia, to see, before deciding on his plan of invasion, how far he was likely to be aided through Alemtejo by Mortier or Soult. Lord Wellington was most critically situated. He could not know where the storm would burst. Yet with Ney so near the one flank of his army and Regnier so near the other, he felt that he was now in too forward a position,—that he might there be suddenly compelled to accept a general battle in a tract disadvantageous to his intended retreat to the Lines; and therefore, on the 28th of July, leaving only Cole's division in its former station at Guarda, he withdrew all the rest of the main body of his army behind the Mondego, stationing the light division at Celerico, the other three divisions at Penhancos, Carapichina, and Fornos, and the Portuguese troops connected with the main body a march farther back. His cavalry, under General Cotton, however, he pushed out to the front to do the duties which had hitherto been done by the light division. And they continued for many weeks to do these duties to admiration; insomuch that in a despatch to Lord Liverpool of the 20th of September, he says,—"Since the end of July they have alone done the duty of the outposts, and the enemy has never been out of sight of some of them; and on every occasion their superiority has been so great that the enemy does not use his cavalry excepting when supported and protected by his infantry."

CHAPTER XXX

THE BLOCKADE OF CADIZ—LORD WELLINGTON'S PROCLAMATION TO THE PORTUGUESE—THE SIEGE OF ALMEIDA—EFFECTS OF THE FALL OF ALMEIDA—EMBARRASSMENTS FROM THE PUBLICATION OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE—ADVANCE OF MASSENA INTO THE VALLEY OF THE MONDEGO—MOVEMENT OF LORD WELLINGTON TO INTERCEPT HIM

CADIZ, by the results of the invasion of Andalusia, became the last hope of Spain. But that hope had great breadth and high promise. The city itself, girt by the sea and standing upon rocks, is one of the strongest in the world. Its connexion by a long narrow isthmus, with a considerable island, the Isle of Leon, whose landward sides are defended by wide, deep, natural waters, gives it a mighty outer strength. Its harbour also is at once strong, safe, and capacious, —altogether one of the noblest in Europe. When Victor arrived at this place on the 5th of February, wretchedly provided though it was in both munitions and men, he could do no better than sit down before it, and establish a regular blockade with a line of contravallation twenty-five miles in extent. The Duke of Albuquerque contrived measures of defence as rapidly as Victor multiplied his means of offence. The newly constituted Spanish Regency felt themselves comparatively secure. Though holding only this small piece of territory, and holding even this beneath the guns of the blockaders, they acted as if all the kingdom had been in their possession, adopting measures for the convocation of the Cortes, and negociating with the British government new plans of military defence.

The Duke of Albuquerque soon went to England, and died there,—crushed to the ground with vexation for his personal injuries, and with grief for his country's woes. But a British force, with a Portuguese contingent, all under able officers, entered the city by arrangement of the Regency, and more than supplied the loss of the Duke's distinguished service. Successive reinforcements arrived till, in the month of July, the British troops in Cadiz amounted to 8,500 men, and from the 24th of March, they were under the command of one of the most brilliant generals of the period, General Graham, afterwards successively Sir Thomas Graham and Lord Lynedoch. Victor and Soult did great things, but General Graham did quite as great: so that at the end of July, Cadiz was better secured to the Regency than in the middle of February, and began also to have hope of soon spreading its wings again over Andalusia.

Lord Wellington had an interest in this state of things in Cadiz, not merely

by its being a co-operation with him in the common cause of the Peninsula, nor merely by its acting as a diversion in his favour, retaining Victor in the south, and keeping a drag on the movements of Mortier, but also by its offering an extension of his authority, through an option which was given him of taking Graham under his command, and also by presenting him with another sphere of enterprize, a new base of operations for another struggle with the French legions, in the event of his being driven from Portugal. The general popular opinion that he could not withstand Massena fast ripened, after the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, into general belief that he would then need to make a rapid run to his ships. But the British ministry, though so feeble in hope as to share in that belief, were not so feeble in purpose as therefore to think of abandoning the Peninsula. On the contrary, they instructed Lord Wellington, if he should be driven to the sea, to sail right to Cadiz, and to begin there anew.

Our hero, however, felt little fear of being driven from Portugal. He was now at the crisis of the campaign,—at the perilous juncture of exposure to the speedy or immediate shock of the invading army, he knew not where or how; yet he was as full of hope as at any previous moment. His grand point now, after all the careful elaborate preparations he had made, was to sweep the country behind him of everything which could obstruct his own retreat or assist the enemy's pursuit. His plan for this, like all his other plans, was well laid. He had arranged with the Regency that, in as far as he should be able, he would oblige the invaders to keep constantly together in one mass,—that all the ordenanza within reach of the line of invasion should be drawn out by their officers, to hang on the invaders' flanks and rear, with the view of driving in their foragers and cutting off their stragglers,—and that, along the line of retreat and throughout as much country as might be likely to lie within range of the enemy's out-posts and foraging parties, the local magistrates and the whole body of the population should be instructed to destroy their mills, remove their boats, break down their bridges, lay waste their fields, abandon their dwellings, and carry off their property, so as to leave to the enemy no local means of subsistence and as scanty means as possible of communication or shelter.

Lord Wellington necessarily intrusted the execution of this plan to the joint care of the Regency and his own proper officers: but in order to give it the full benefit of his authority, and at the same time to destroy the influence of Massena's promises, by appealing to flagrant violations which had already begun to be practised, he issued on the 4th of August, the following proclamation:—"The time which has elapsed during which the enemy has remained on the frontiers of Portugal, must have proved to the Portuguese nation what they have to expect from the French. The inhabitants of some villages have remained in them, confiding in the promises of the enemy, and hoping that by treating the enemies of their country well, they might conciliate and mollify them, and inspire them with

humane sentiments; that their property would be respected, their females preserved from brutal outrage, and their lives secured. Vain hopes! The inhabitants of these submissive places have suffered all the evils which a cruel enemy could inflict. Their property has been plundered, their habitations burnt, their women atrociously violated, and those whose age or sex did not provoke the brutal violence of the soldiers, have fallen victims to the imprudent confidence which they placed in promises made only to be broken. The Portuguese must now see that no other means remain to avoid the evils with which they are threatened, but a determined and vigorous resistance, and a firm resolution to obstruct, as much as possible, the advance of the enemy into the interior of the kingdom, by removing out of his reach all such things as may contribute to his subsistence or facilitate his progress. These are the only and most certain means to prevent the evils with which the country is threatened. The army under my command will protect as large a proportion of the country as is possible; but it is obvious that the people alone can deliver themselves by a vigorous resistance, and preserve their goods by removing them out of the reach of the enemy. The duties therefore that bind me to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent of Portugal and to the Portuguese nation, oblige me to make use of the power and authority with which I am furnished, to compel the careless and indolent to make the necessary efforts to preserve themselves from the dangers which threaten them and to save their country. In conformity with this, I make known and declare that all magistrates and persons in authority, who shall remain in the villages or towns, after having received orders from the military officer to remove from them, and all persons, of whatever class they may be, who shall maintain the least communication with the enemy, or aid and assist him in any manner, shall be considered as traitors to the state, and tried and punished as such an enormous crime requires."

So well was this proclamation obeyed in the vicinity of the allies' camps, so well did Lord Wellington expect it to be obeyed throughout all the tracts between these and the Lines, and so largely did he count upon this obedience as a means of successfully resisting the invasion, that he said, sixteen days afterwards, in a letter to his brother Henry,—"Notwithstanding that the French have so large a force opposed to us, it is not sufficient for their object, which will become every day more difficult. The people of Portugal are doing that which the Spaniards ought to have done. They are removing their women and properties out of the enemy's way, and taking arms in their own defence. The country is made a desert; and behind almost every stone wall the French will meet an enemy." In the tracts not immediately under Lord Wellington's influence, however, this state of things, as we shall afterwards have occasion to notice, was really, to a great and most injurious extent, prevented, not only by the incredulity of some of the people, the indolence of others, and the disaffection,

resentment, recklessness, or hardihood of others, but above all by the perverse conduct of the ruling faction in the Regency.

Lord Wellington estimated well the odiousness of sweeping the country. But he also had estimated well the temporary unpopularity of the whole Fabian policy, of which it was a consequence. He, therefore, amid the sad scenes of preparing to drive the population before him, and to let in the enemy, made a ready sacrifice of his personal feelings, and looked cheerily to the ultimate results,—anxious only to inspire the ministry at home with a confidence similar to his own. Hence wrote he on the 19th of August to Lord Liverpool,—"Nothing can be more irksome to me than the operations which have been carried on for the last year; and it is very obvious that a continuance of the same cautious system will lose the little reputation which I have acquired, and the good opinion of the people of this country. Nothing, therefore, could be more desirable to me personally, than that either the contest should be given up at once, or that it should be continued with a force so sufficient as to render all opposition hopeless. In either case, the obloquy heaped upon me by the ignorant of our own country, as well as of this, and by those of this whom I am obliged to force to exertion, and who, after all, will be but imperfectly protected in their persons and property, would fall upon the Government. But seeing, as I do, more than a chance of final success, if we can maintain our position in this country, although probably none of a departure from our cautious defensive system, I should not do my duty by the Government if I did not inform them of the real situation of affairs, and urge them, with importunity even, to greater exertion."

The gaining of time was a great object with Lord Wellington, for effectually clearing the country, for completing the works of the Lines, and especially for increasing the difficulties of the enemy by means of the autumnal rains. This object seemed likely to be accomplished by the siege of Almeida. Massena, after waiting in inactivity till the 15th of August, when he received intelligence of Mortier's certain advance from the Guadalquiver, at length commenced that siege. The fortress had great defects,—the ramparts being too high for the glacis, and the bottom of the ditch being visible from some near ground on the most assailable side; yet it was regularly constructed with six bastions, ravelins, and an excellent ditch, and might be expected to make a stout resistance. The soil around it was very difficult to be worked, and would give tough employment to the besiegers; the garrison was about four thousand strong, in good spirits, full of self-confidence, and well accustomed to the sight of the French; and the governor, Colonel Cox, "an obstinate fellow," with cool calculation of his resources and situation, expressed a conviction that he should be able to hold out ninety days. The worst circumstance about the whole place was the want of a good powder magazine; for though there were three bomb proofs

in an old square castle in the centre of the town, the doors of these were not secure.

Lord Wellington, on a comprehensive view of facts, as soon as he learned that the fortress was regularly invested, had no doubt that it would detain the enemy at least from six to eight weeks. He immediately moved his army back again to the head of the Mondego and the vicinity of the Coa, placing the British brigades at Pinhel, Frexadas, and Guarda, and the Portuguese ones at Celerico, Govea, Melho, and Trancoso. His intention in this movement was variously to oblige the enemy to keep his troops in a mass, so that their difficulties of subsistence might be increased,—to oblige him to draw off his forces from Castile, so that the guerillas and the general patriot population there might have better scope for hostilities,—and to be at hand with the greater part of his own force, to seize any opportunity which might offer for relieving or carrying off the garrison. But most of his hopes respecting Almeida were soon and terribly overthrown.

The French were not in readiness to open their fire upon the fortress till the morning of the 26th; and then they opened it from sixty-five guns in ten batteries at once. The garrison were nothing daunted; the counter-fire was brisk and furious; and till dark, except the burning of some houses, no damage of any consequence was sustained. "But just after dark, the ground suddenly trembled, —the castle, bursting into a thousand pieces, gave vent to a column of smoke and fire,—and, with a prodigious noise, the whole town sunk into a shapeless ruin. Treason or accident had caused the magazines to explode; and the devastation was incredible. The ramparts were breached, the greatest part of the guns thrown into the ditch, five hundred people struck dead on the instant, and only six houses left standing. The stones thrown out hurt forty of the besiegers in the trenches; and the surviving garrison, aghast at the horrid commotion, disregarded all exhortations to rally." [Napier.]

The French were too much confounded by the catastrophe to think of taking advantage of it for making an immediate assault; yet, during the whole night, they poured upon the ruins a shower of shells; and early next day, they demanded an immediate surrender. Colonel Cox still purposed to attempt to hold the place two or three days, in the hope of obtaining relief from Lord Wellington; but he was counterworked by a despairing or mutinous spirit on the part of many of his garrison, and by subtile treachery on the part of some of his chief officers. He felt compelled to yield; nor could he obtain better terms than that his regular troops should be prisoners of war, but that the militia, who composed nearly two thirds of his garrison, should return home and serve no more.

Lord Wellington inferred from the tremendous detonation on the night of the 26th, and from the disappearance of the town's steeple and the silence of the fortress's guns on the morning of the 27th, that the powder magazine had ex-

ploded; but he did not learn till the morning of the 29th, by observing through his telescope many French officers on the glacis, that the garrison had surrendered. He did not conceal, in his despatches, "that this unfortunate event disappointed him much." His penetrating mind instantly saw in it, not only the loss of all the advantages which would have accrued from a protracted siege, but also vast moral effects, grievously damaging to himself, and powerfully assistive to the enemy. But with his usual energy, while making a clear reconnoisance of his altered circumstances, he simply determined to coerce these as surely toward triumph as if no disaster had happened. He immediately withdrew to his former position behind the Mondego; and five days afterwards, finding that Regnier made a sudden advance to Sabugal, and that Ney drove in the British picquets in the neighbourhood of Pinhel, and inferring thence that Regnier and Massena were about to concentrate near the sources of the Mondego, he removed his head-quarters to Govea, placed all his infantry in positions south and west of Celerico, and stationed his advanced-guard of cavalry at Celerico, with posts of observation at Guarda and Trancosa. But Regnier wheeled back again to the Tagus, Massena went once more to sleep, and the British Fabius, he knew not why, was quietly permitted some portion of that gain of time which he had so anxiously but vainly expected from the resistance of Almeida.

One of the general moral effects of the fall of Almeida was an enormous increase, in Castile and Beira, of the mistrust of the British and the toleration of the French, which had followed the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo. The native Buonapartists, in particular, waxed very bold. And one of the chief of these, a Portuguese nobleman, the Marquis D'Alorna, who had taken a commission in Massena's army, became so audacious as to issue public entreaties to the people to flock round the French eagles,—entreaties so insidiously expressed as to give much uneasiness even to the heroic General Hill. But, said Lord Wellington, writing to Hill, in his characteristically unmoved, quiet, sarcastic manner,—"If the people of the country are in earnest in their desire to defend themselves, and to be saved from the French, the proclamations of the Marquis D'Alorna, which contain nothing but sophistical nonsense, can have no effect upon them. I have no doubt that they are inclined to defend themselves, and that the country will yet be saved; but it is necessary that every person should do his duty, and that no encouragement should be given to the notions propagated by Alorna and other traitors, whose only object is to facilitate the entry of the country to the French. And yet it is extraordinary that any man in his senses should act this part, which is, after all, only that of the jackal; but the French would certainly not be satisfied with even the lion's share of the plunder, but would take all. The conduct of the Marquis D'Alorna can be accounted for only by imputing to him extreme folly and inordinate vanity and ambition."

Another effect of the fall of Almeida was the revival of the old spirit of insub-

ordination and disorder among many of the Portuguese militiamen and artisans. Immediately after the news of the event reached Lisbon, two regiments of militia, who happened to be in the city on their way to garrison two neighbouring forts, were called out to assist in quenching a street-fire; and going afterwards into the coffee houses to refresh themselves, talking freely there of the fall of Almeida, the proclamations of Massena and D'Alorna, and the probability that the retreat of the British would terminate in embarkation, they concurred in opinion that the militiamen and citizens ought to seize the towers of Lisbon, with the view of wielding thence a mastery over the war. These towers are the forts of the city; and in virtue of their position and structure, would be very formidable in the hands of mutineers. One of the most remarkable of them, Belem Castle, is the subject of one of our illustrations. Lord Wellington, instantly on receiving intelligence of the disaffection, ordered the two militia regiments up to the army, directed some new arrangements which seemed likely to secure the towers, and writing on the 9th of September to Mr. Stuart, said,—"I hope soon to have it in my power to secure the command of all the communications with Lisbon in such a manner as to set at defiance these patriotic citizens. In the meantime, however, the temper of mind of Lisbon becomes a subject of importance; and, as the French appear inclined to afford us leisure to adopt any arrangements we may think proper on any subject, I think we cannot employ our time better than in accustoming these gentry to the discipline to which it is obvious they must submit as soon as matters become at all critical." He then proposed that the Regency should immediately carry into execution a plan of police which he had formerly submitted to them, based on his experience in repressing the mobs of Ireland, and excellently fitted to keep in check the turbulence of Lisbon.

But another effect of the fall of Almeida, worse than this second, and going far to annul Lord Wellington's remedy for it, was the powerful excitation of the perverse spirit of Principal Souza's party in the Regency, inducing them openly to impugn the British commander's measures, and to pander to the mob. Lord Wellington, informing the British Secretary at War with the bad appearances at Lisbon, expressly ascribed these "in some degree" to the influence of the Portuguese government's own behaviour, and added,—"In imitation of the fatal conduct of the Central Junta, the Portuguese regency, since the late changes," when Principal Souza was introduced, "have flattered instead of coercing the mob of Lisbon, which will become more dangerous in proportion as this new system is persevered in. They have likewise, in imitation of the same body, interfered in the military operations, have deliberated upon the propriety of adopting offensive measures, and of moving the army into Spain; and I have no doubt that, from the usual indiscretion of this same gentleman," Principal Souza, "these deliberations and opinions are as well known to the mob of Lisbon as they



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are to me." But for their own sake, for their country's sake, for the sake of Europe, Lord Wellington required to overawe both the Souza faction and the citizens, or at any rate to oblige the Regency to carry out his proposed plan of police, in order that, against the time of the army retiring within the Lines, the multitudinous population of Lisbon, at so critical a moment, in so small a space, with so riotous a disposition, should be trained to habits of subordination. Accordingly he wrote to Mr. Stuart,—"I can only declare this, that if I find the Government hesitating upon this subject, and alarmed by the mob of Lisbon, and inclined to allow them to go to the lengths in which they will be really formidable, I shall forthwith embark the army, whatever may be the prospects of final success in our military operations. In taking this step, I shall literally obey the instructions which I have received; and the Portuguese nation will have the satisfaction of losing itself and the Peninsula, notwithstanding the prospects of salvation, by the folly of the people and the pusillanimity of the Government."

Another evil accompanied those which we have mentioned, and greatly aggravated them. This was the abusing of the public mind with injudicious or false intelligence respecting the operations of the allied army. It had many forms and many effects; and though very far from originating at the fall of Almeida, it appeared then in its worst forms and with unprecedented virulence. Often and variously had it embarrassed Lord Wellington's operations; but at that time it rose upon his path in such vast magnitude as to obstruct his movements nearly as much as the worst of the difficulties which we noticed in our twenty-eighth chapter. It was also a subtle evil,—due, in some degree, to the influence of the free institutions of Great Britain,—yet monstrously perverting that influence, and converting privilege into perversity, liberty into licentiousness. Lord Wellington was never an enemy to perfectly free postal correspondence, or to the most perfect freedom of the press; but, at this time, it required all the strength and clearness and catholicity of his judgment to prevent him from becoming so. And while he was merely provoked to utter some sharp words respecting the newspaper press of Britain, many generals, in any such situation as his, would have been provoked to attempt some sharp actions.

One form of injudicious intelligence was the publication of letters from well-informed Spaniards, written on the faith that they would be kept secret, giving acquaints of the military plans or preparations of the French. This brought the writers of the letters into trouble, and cut off from Lord Wellington important sources of secret information for his military guidance. Another form was the publication of two official accounts, for example Lord Wellington's own and either Marshal Beresford's or Mr. Stuart's, of any one military operation. Several official accounts, for official purposes, were in most cases necessary; but being written from different points of view, in different styles of thought, however truly harmonious in substance or even in details, they unavoidably presented dif-

ferences of shading or of grouping, quite unfit to meet the eye of an excited captious public. "It is impossible," remarked Lord Wellington, "to lay before the public two reports on the same transactions, in which the ingenious public, or rather the newswriters, will not discover an inconsistency: this I want to avoid."

Another form of abuse was the publication of letters from British officers in the camp, expressing bad opinions of Lord Wellington's plans, gloomy views of the campaign, or confident predictions of speedy discomfiture by the French or of ignominious flight to the sea. Many such letters found their way into the British newspapers, and were all ostentatiously reprinted in Napoleon's press, with the effect of exacerbating Lord Wellington's political opponents, enfeebling his supporters, dispiriting his troops, and stimulating the confidence and courage of his antagonists.—But a still worse form was the publication of letters from the same quarter, giving such information respecting his positions, preparations, and proceedings as enabled the enemy to countermine his plans of operation or to construct or improve their own. He read with astonishment, early in the season, in a London newspaper, an accurate account of the batteries and other works erecting at Cadiz and on the Isle of Leon, with the number of guns, the calibre of each, and their distance from one another and from the enemy's works; and, knowing how equally open every part of his extensive field of operation lay to the view of officious letter-writers, he felt just alarm lest not only some circumferential points of his own vast plans, but the very centre of them, should be divulged. What a wonder that the constructing of the Lines of Lisbon remained so long a secret from the public!

False intelligence, however, did more harm than injudicious intelligence. One form of this was ignorant, prejudiced, or spiteful accounts of military disasters, arising from mistakes or failures on the part of subordinate officers. Lord Wellington, after showing that most of such mistakes and failures admit of a perfectly honourable explanation, remarks,—"All this would not much signify if our staff and other officers would mind their business, instead of writing news and keeping coffee houses. But as soon as an accident happens, every man who can write, and who has a friend who can read, sits down to write his account of what he does not know, and his comments on what he does not understand; and these are diligently circulated and exaggerated by the idle and malicious, of whom there are plenty in all armies. The consequence is that officers and whole regiments lose their reputation,—a spirit of party, which is the bane of all armies, is engendered and fomented,—a want of confidence ensues,—and there is no character, however meritorious, and no action, however glorious, which can have justice done to it."

Another mischievous form of false intelligence was exaggerated statement of the strength or achievements of the enemy, either published in the British

newspapers, or set privately afloat in great circles of the Portuguese population. This, in the one way, mightily aided the unpopularity of Wellington's cause in Britain, and, in the other, created most injurious alarm in Portugal. An instance in the latter way, producing much private disaster, giving a severe blow to the British army's local resources, and threatening serious derangement to some of its most important operations, occurred about the time of the fall of Almeida. Letters were sent by British officers of rank to friends in Oporto, stating that an hundred thousand French soldiers were advancing under Massena in front of the allied army, and that eighty thousand more were moving in the rear upon Lisbon. The contents of the letters ran like wildfire through the city, and set it all in a blaze. The whole of the British merchants in the place applied for ships to carry away their families and property; the native citizens became mad with terror or rushed into tumult, insomuch that Colonel Trant required to leave his post in the army in order to overawe them; and all the north of Portugal so trembled with excitement as to demand the assuaging influence of the Marshal-General's authority, both by proclamation to the people and by a general order in his army.

Many a commander, situated as Lord Wellington was at that juncture, would have reprimanded the authors of the alarm, with the probable effect of provoking resentment at his undue interference with the liberties of the bureau; or might even have launched some shattering fulmination against them, with the possible effect of kindling a smouldering fire in the camp, not many degrees less dangerous than the open conflagration in the country. But our shrewd hero took both a surer and a safer way. He declined to inquire who the offenders were,—addressed them only in cumulo with all the other officers of his army,—reasoned briefly and pithily, in terms which could not fail to commend themselves to every officer's conscience, on the dangers of rash private communications from the camp on army affairs,—and concluded,—"Although the difficulties inseparable from the situation of every army engaged in operations in the field, particularly in those of a defensive nature, are much aggravated by communications of this description, the Commander of the Forces only requests that the officers will, for the sake of their own reputation, avoid to give opinions, upon which they cannot have a knowledge to enable them to form any, and that if they choose to communicate facts to their correspondents regarding the positions of the army, its numbers, formations of its magazines, preparations for breaking bridges, &c., they will urge their correspondents not to publish their letters in the newspapers until it shall be certain that the publication of the intelligence will not be injurious to the army or to the public service."

Nor did Lord Wellington, notwithstanding the vexations and embarrassments which accrued to him from the communications of his officers to the public press, think of any remedy in the slightest degree incompatible with even military

men's most perfect enjoyment of the privileges of free institutions. His strongest wish was "that somebody would take pains to inform the public and guide their opinion, and not allow every newswriter to run away with the public mind, upon points essential to the interests of the country." Yet even this he valued far less than the influence of perfect openness on the part of the authorities. "I do not think," said he, writing to Mr. Stuart from Celorico, "that any measure can be adopted with propriety to prevent the circulation of false reports, or to remedy the evil which results from them. I believe that false reports respecting the operations of armies are always circulated, particularly where British armies and officers are concerned. These reports are circulated even in this town, where there is no reserve upon any subject, and every person who chooses to call at head-quarters sees the reports of intelligence received. Then we are the most indefatigible writers of letters and of news that exist in the world; and the fashion and spirit of the times give encouragement to lies. I know no mode of getting better of the inconvenience, which is certainly the consequence of the circulation of these false reports, excepting to have no reserve on the subject of the real and well-founded intelligence from the armies. I would not recommend publication, as it might lead to inconveniences of another description, and is beneath the dignity of every government; nor would I, as Colonel Peacock very innocently but indiscreetly did last year, check by any public order or proclamation the circulation of any description of report."

Buonaparte at Paris knew the state of affairs in Portugal sufficiently well to think himself capable of sending instructions to Massena respecting it. He was not pleased with Massena's dilatoriness, nor would he admit an excuse which Massena sent him as to the difficulty of obtaining subsistence. "Lord Wellington," wrote he to him, "has only eighteen thousand men; Hill has only six thousand. It would be ridiculous to suppose that twenty-five thousand English can balance sixty thousand French, if the latter do not trifle but fall boldly on, after having well observed where the blow may be given. You have twelve thousand cavalry, and four times as much artillery as is necessary for Portugal. Leave six thousand cavalry and a proportion of guns between Ciudad Rodrigo, Alcantara, and Salamanca, and commence operations with the rest. The Emperor is too distant, and the positions of the enemy change too often, to direct how you should attack; but it is certain that the utmost force the English can muster, including the troops at Cadiz, will be twenty-eight thousand." Buonaparte was correct in his computation of the British forces; but he erred egregiously in taking no account of the Portuguese troops,—probably misled by the contemptuous misrepresentations of the English opposition newspapers, that they were "not worth five shillings a dozen."

Massena was in motion before the arrival of Buonaparte's letter; and, forming a juster estimate of Lord Wellington's strength than his master did—pre-

farring also the risk of a scarcity of provisions to the risk of a paucity of force—he left no more of his troops behind than were barely necessary to garrison Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida. He did not even provide for security of communication in his rear; for as his mode of procedure was to extort all requisite supplies at the point of the sword, wherever he might be, he had no need to communicate with the country behind him except in sending and receiving intelligence. His ambiguity of purpose, as to whether he would menace Lisbon by two lines of invasion or by one, was maintained to the last. His commencing movements also were as sudden and dexterous as his previous proceedings had been slow and slovenly. His purpose was to amass his forces into one compact host, to issue to every soldier a supply of bread for thirteen days, and to penetrate to Coimbra, by way of Viseu, before the British commander could effect such a concentration as to be able to dispute his progress. Hill was still about Castello-Branco, intently guarding the line of the Tagus; Wellington had not a thought that the road of Viseu, which he regarded as "the worst road in Portugal," would be attempted; and the tract of country between the French army and the allied army was highly favourable for feints and manœuvres; so that, for so great a stroke of strategy as Massena intended, he might congratulate himself on having a wide scope and good facilities.

Three roads lead from Almeida, and from a number of places west of it, to Lisbon. They are, for a long way, widely divergent from each other, and separated by strong features of ravine and mountain. The central and shortest one proceeds southwestward through Celorico, and down the left bank of the Mondego, screened by the northwest side of the Serra D'Estrella,—then crosses the river Alva and the west end of the Serra de Murcella,—then deflects to the south, and passes on to Espinal. The left-hand road first leads southeastward through Guarda, and through a mountain pass of the Serra D'Estrella, then goes southwestward down the valley of the Zezere, overhung by the south-east side of the Serra D'Estrella, and then proceeds southward to Thomar. The right-hand road leads westward through Trancoso to Viseu, and then goes southward and south-southwestward, across the Criz, across the lower end of the Serra de Busaco, and down the right bank of the Mondego, to Coimbra. Lord Wellington's position after the fall of Almeida was chosen with the view of blocking the first and second of these roads, and also of commanding, through the second, a clear and direct communication with Hill. But though taking no thought about the third, he happily could command the advanced part of that also, either by crossing at various fords and bridges to the right bank of the Mondego, or at the worst by making a flank march upon the northern environs of Coimbra Yet, owing both to the features of the country and the distance of Hill, he could not attempt a full concentration of his force at any point eastward of the Serra de Murcella on the left bank of the Mondego, or of the Serra de Busaco on the right bank.

On the 12th of September, Regnier suddenly decamped from the valley of the Tagus, destroying his boat-bridge at Alcantara, and marched to the north. On the 15th, in order to mask Massena's intentions, and to menace simultaneously all the three roads to Lisbon, one strong French detachment drove away the British outpost at Guarda, another forced back the cavalry in front of Celorico, and a third chased to a distance the outpost at Trancoso. On the 16th, Regnier and Ney marched into junction at Celorico, as if to drive Lord Wellington before them, and move right along the central road to Lisbon; while Junot marched from Pinhel direct toward Viseu, as if either to menace Oporto, or to turn the allied army's left flank. The cavalry at Celorico retired without resistance as the French approached, yet gave them a sufficient specimen of their fiery spirit to prevent any serious pursuit. When the head of the conjoint corps of Regnier and Ney reached Cortiço, a few miles south of Celorico, the leading brigade deflected to the left along a road which ascends thence to Govea, and to the pass through the Serra D'Estrella, toward the head of the valley of the Zezere; while the main body, under cover of that march, and hidden also by the features of the ground, deflected to the right, along a road which descends to a bridge across the Mondego at Fornos, and proceeds thence north-westward to Viseu.

All these complexities of movement and of demonstration were masterly on Massena's part, and most tantalizing to Lord Wellington. Yet there were British officers both bold and shrewd enough to penetrate and defeat them. Colonel Waters—the famous pioneer of the passage of the Douro, afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir John Waters—with only a few dragoons, hung a whole day on the skirts of the advance-brigade, sometimes just out of range of musket-shot, till he ascertained its march to be a feint, and then, coming close after it when it retrograded, cut off several of its stragglers and captured some of its baggage. Captain Cocks, also, with a small body of cavalry, descended from the Serra D'Estrella, through Celorico, in the rear of Massena's host, and ascertained that it was all unreservedly onward, without a single rear-post or even a vestige of any kind to connect it either with the road down the Zezere or with the road to Almeida. Other officers, too, in the same manner, though not so rapidly, yet in good time to enable Lord Wellington to make efficient defensive arrangements, ascertained that Massena's whole force was really marching upon Viseu.

The only ultimate effect of Massena's manœuvres was inconvenience to himself. He suffered great annoyance also from the badness of the roads, the wetness of the weather, the desertedness of the country, and the practices of the armed Portuguese. The roads were so bad that, in many places, his men required to make long halts, in order to repair them. The rain fell in torrents. The fields and farms were stripped of all their produce; while the houses every-

where, even in the towns, displayed scarcely anything but bare walls. The militia, to the number of about ten thousand, hung upon the flanks of Junot's corps; and the ordenanças, in considerable numbers, though dispersedly, emulated the Spanish guerillas in activity against the foragers. Colonel Trant, at the head of about three thousand militia, learning that the military chest and the reserve artillery were detained far in the rear by the badness of the roads, made a sudden descent upon them in a narrow defile; and, though failing to carry them off, made about an hundred prisoners, and caused great confusion. The result of all was that Massena did not thoroughly concentrate at Viseu till the 23d.

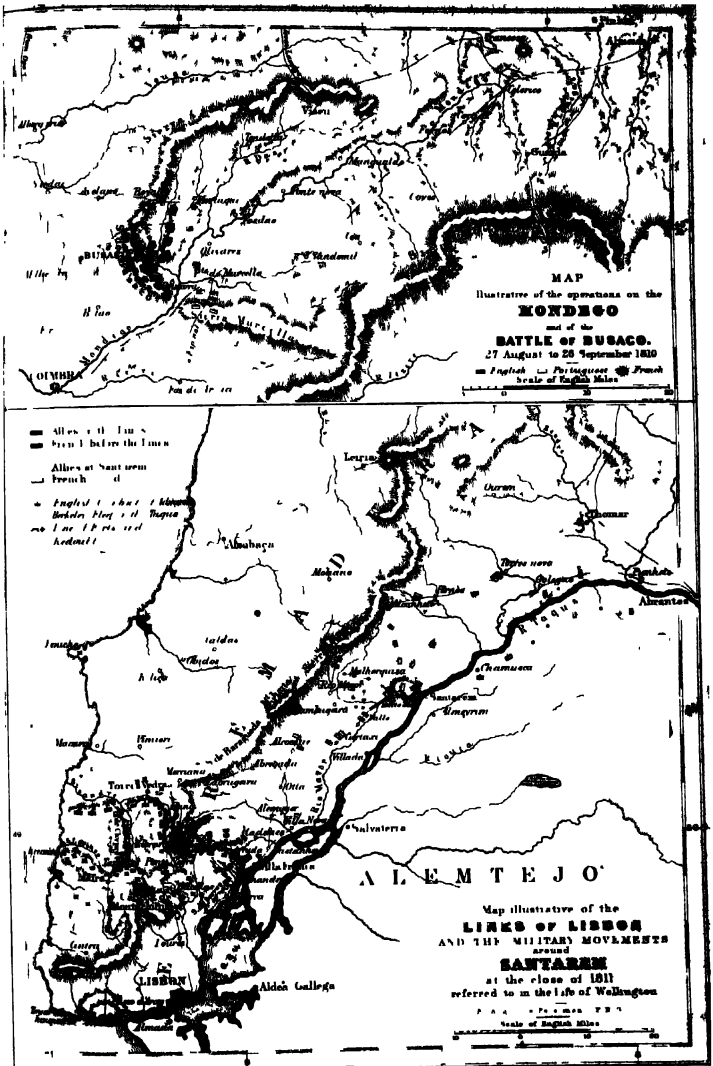
Lord Wellington displayed all his usual coolness, comprehensiveness, carefulness, skill, and promptitude in adopting measures to contravene Massena's advance. On the 15th, the instant he knew that the head of Regnier's corps had passed the Serra D'Estrella, he sent orders to Hill and Leith, conditional on their own intelligence respecting Regnier, to march with all convenient speed upon the Alva. On the 18th, also, knowing how deep an impression the French movements would make on the mob of Lisbon and on the Souza faction in the Regency, he wrote to Mr. Stuart, saying,—"You will hear a good deal of these movements, and I conclude that it will be necessary to appease the mob by the imprisonment of a few French partisans. But I think the enemy are mistaken in their plan. They evidently do not know the country; and in the meantime we are safe." He likewise, as soon as the enemy's intentions became stage by stage developed, made dispositions to block the Oporto road against the possible advance there of Junot's corps,—to protect Coimbra against any attempt at mischief by the enemy's scouting parties,—to empty that town of its people and substance, by obliging them to depart timeously for the south,—to send onward the hospitals and the reserve stores and ammunition,—to destroy the bridges on the ravine of the Criz, which intersects the road between Viseu and the Serra de Busaco,—and to transfer the greater part of the allied army to strong positions adjacent to that serra, and eventually to the ridge of the serra itself, there to make a stand for curbing the pride and checking the advance of the enemy, for whetting the courage of the allied troops, for reassuring the confidence and stimulating the efforts of the British ministry, for correcting the humours of the Souza faction in the Portuguese government, and for quelling the murmurs of the British nation and rebuking the despondency of the Portuguese people. A general battle, though formerly so much to be deprecated, seemed at length, if not inevitable, at least very desirable; and though rendered so far more by political causes than by military ones, far more by the state of feeling among the allies than by the relative circumstances of the antagonist armies, yet, if it should result in a decided victory, it promised to be eminently conducive to the grand objects of the defensive war.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SERRA DE BUSACO AND THE TRACT AROUND IT—THE BATTLE OF BUSACO—MORAL EFFECTS OF THAT BATTLE—MOVEMENT OF MASSENA ROUND THE LEFT OF WELLINGTON'S POSITION—RETREAT OF WELLINGTON TO THE LINES OF LISBON, FOLLOWED BY MASSENA—SKIRMISHES AT COIMBRA, LEIRIA, AND ALCOBENDA.

THE ground from the right bank of the Criz southwestward to Mortagao, a distance of about two miles, is a low table-land. The ground thence to the Serra de Busaco, a distance of about eight miles, is a series of ridges and hollows, the former gradually increasing above one another in altitude. The Serra de Busaco rises about 250 feet higher than the last of the ridges, and is separated from it by a very deep and very narrow ravine. This serra is about eight miles in length, and extends from north-west to south-east. Its upper end is separated only by a rugged lofty pass from the Serra de Caramula, which extends in a north-easterly direction beyond Viseu, and separates the valley of the Mondego from the valley of the Douro. Its highest point is about two miles from that end, and is crowned by a lonely convent of barefooted Carmelites, in the midst of a highly-enclosed, densely-wooded, cultivated tract. Its general surface is roughly or sharply rocky, and its acclivities difficult of ascent by regular foot-tread, yet interspersed with patches of short coarse grass, which afford easy footing for masses of men, and intersected by a few defiles and long hollows which mules and flocks can readily traverse. Its lower end stoops precipitously to the Mondego, opposite the influx of the Alva, about twelve miles above Coimbra. Its lower side, continuously with the west end of the Serra de Caramula, is flanked by a plain, down which passes the road from Oporto to Coimbra, joined by cross-roads from Viseu round and over the Caramula. The valley of the Mondego at the influx of the Alva is suddenly narrowed to a strong gorge,—differing from a mountain pass chiefly in the lowness of its bottom, and in having there a confluence of rivers; for while the end of the Serra de Busaco blocks up its own side, the end of the Serra de Murcella, rising steeply from both the Mondego and the Alva, on the latter's left bank, blocks up the other. This serra is of the same general character as that of Busaco, equally difficult for the practices of an army, and extends eastward into connexion with the Serra D'Estrella, and with other heights which overhang the Zezere.

Lord Wellington fixed his head-quarters at the convent on the summit of the Serra de Busaco. That point, besides being central to all the three princi-



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pal directions by which the French could approach, commanded an extensive view of the circumjacent country, particularly toward the Criz and up the Mondego. Practicable paths or even easy roads diverged from it, or were readily accessible from it, along the western shoulder of the serra, and round its base, affording good facility for arranging the ultimate battle-position of the army in the form which might prove most suitable. His forces, in the first instance, were disposed in four masses, all at a comparatively great distance from one another,—one on the Criz, to block the direct road from Viseu to Coimbra,—another on the Serra de Murcella and in front of the Alva, to hold the road down the left bank of the Mondego, and secure the right of the whole position,—another on the plain behind the Serra de Busaco, to watch the Oporto road, in reference to its connexions with the cross-roads from Viseu,—and the fourth and largest on the serra itself, in readiness either, in the event of an emergency, to rush down to the support of any of the other three, or, in the event of the approach of the French in one mass by the way of the Criz, to form the cover of a grand battle-array for the whole. The latter event was what our far-seeing hero clearly expected,—the other arrangements being mere precautions; and so early as the 23d, when the French rear-guard entered Viseu, he began to get evidence that his expectation was to be realized; and on the three following days, as the advance of the whole French army became developed, he gradually altered his dispositions with the view of giving battle along the whole ridge of the Busaco.

This battle-position had several faults. First, it was too extensive; for the allied army "did but thinly garnish it." But that fault was compensated partly by the ruggedness of the ground in front of it, and partly by the facility of communication in the rear. Again, its left flank was liable to be turned through the roads of the Serra de Caramula. But Lord Wellington hoped to remedy that fault by sending orders to Colonel Trant to block up the roads with his militia,—orders, however, which miscarried. And next the position was much too formidable to be accepted as a battle-field by any prudent enemy,—almost totally impracticable for cavalry, very poorly practicable for artillery, and even not easy to be assailed, in a duly compact manner, by infantry. Some of the British Commander's officers, accordingly, expressed apprehension that Massena would not attack it. But the Commander himself thought otherwise; he did not doubt, from analyses he had made of Massena's character, that he would assail it; and, of course, he was all the better pleased with it, little short of delighted, quite confident of victory, that it was so formidable. "Unless some terrible accident happen," wrote he on the 24th to Mr. Stuart, "or unless the French raise the siege of Cadiz, I hope there will be no occasion to embark this winter. The French advanced guard is on this side the Criz,—ours at the bottom of this serra; their whole army between the Criz and Tondella, or Viseu at the farthest,

—ours upon this serra or that of Murcella. We are in an excellent position,—indeed one which cannot easily be attacked in front; and if they wait another day or two, they will be unable to turn it on the only vulnerable point. The army is in good spirits, and all going on well."

The British mass stationed on the Criz, comprised the light division, General Pack's Portuguese brigade, a regiment of heavy cavalry, and three squadrons of light cavalry, all under the command of General Craufurd. This eventually served as the advanced-guard of the whole army, to cover the final formation of the battle-array, and to fall slowly back before the accumulating force of the enemy. Lord Wellington, alluding to the ground over which it had to pass, so eminently favourable for manœuvring, wrote to Craufurd,—"You will make a handsome retreat from your present situation, if you are only prepared in time." Both Craufurd and his men, however, proved for the moment to be in a mood very different from that of all their former exploits, and of all their future fame. On the 23d, they were obliged to withdraw to a position in a pine wood among the ridges behind Mortagao; and after encamping there for the night, the light division exhibited one of the most extraordinary panics ever known in the British army. "No enemy was near, no alarm was given, yet suddenly the troops, as if seized with a phrenzy, started from sleep, and dispersed in every direction. Nor was there any possibility of allaying this strange terror, until some persons called out that the enemy's cavalry were amongst them; when the soldiers mechanically ran together in masses, and the illusion was instantly dissipated."

On the 24th, after some skirmishing with the picquets, Craufurd retired four miles further, to a piece of strong ground near the foot of the Busaco. And on the 25th, when the enemy were approaching in stupendous force, masses of cavalry already at hand, three columns of infantry in view, and a great cloud of dust in the horizon indicating the near march of myriads, he was so obstinate as to assume the appearance of defying the whole host. Lord Wellington, either suspecting his temper, or otherwise probed by the instinct of danger, hastily led down a troop of horse-artillery and two regiments of infantry to assist his retreat, and arrived just in time to find his cavalry-skirmishers coming to blows. His Lordship, assuming the local command, instantly ordered the division to withdraw to the ridge of the serra. "Nor," says Napier, "was there a moment to lose. The enemy, with incredible rapidity, brought up both infantry and guns, and fell on so briskly that all the skill of the General and the readiness of the excellent troops composing the rear-guard, could scarcely prevent the division from being dangerously engaged. Howbeit, a series of rapid and beautiful movements, a sharp cannonade and an hour's march, brought everything back, in good order, to the great position."

Both Ney's corps and Regnier's drove on this sharp retreat; and they inme-

diately took ground on the ridge in front of Busaco, Ney's on the right, and Regnier's on the left. Both marshals, observing that the serra was not half occupied, and that many of the troops on it were not yet fairly formed into position, wished to make a general attack early next morning. But Massena, who was still with Junot's corps at Mortagao, had given them no authority to do so great a deed; and, on receiving a message from them, describing the state of things and asking permission to do battle, he replied that they must wait his personal arrival, and was in no hurry even to give that reply. Nor did he arrive on the ground, on the 26th, till about mid-day. The allied battle-array on the serra was then firmly fixed, and looked resolutely bold. Ney and Regnier had passed from all their eagerness for attack into increasing reluctance. But Massena, after a careful reconnoisance, seeing nothing in his front which he could esteem impregnable, and no doubt thinking how inglorious and dispiriting it would be to counter-march, from the mere sight of the allied army, to seek some other avenue of approach to Lisbon, resolved to hold his cavalry, most of Junot's corps, and most of his artillery in reserve, and gave orders to Ney and Regnier to attack, each to his own front, in the morning.

The movements of the French throughout the early part of the 26th, over all the country between Mortagao and the nearest ridge, were clearly seen by the allies on Busaco. The weather being cloudless, and the natural landscape so picturesque, the whole prospect was singularly brilliant. "Nothing," says Leith Hay, "could be conceived more enlivening, more interesting, or more varied than the scene from the heights of Busaco. Rising grounds were covered with troops, cannon, or equipages. The widely extended country seemed to contain a host moving forward, or gradually condensing into numerous masses, checked in their progress by the grand natural barrier on which the allies were placed, and at the base of which it became necessary to pause. In imposing appearance as to numerical strength, there has been rarely seen anything comparable to that of the enemy's army from Busaco. It was not alone an army encamped before us, but a multitude. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, cars of the country, horses, tribes of mules with their attendants, sutlers, followers of every description crowded the moving scene upon which Lord Wellington and his army looked down."

Lord Wellington's final arrangements placed the great body of his cavalry behind the Serra de Busaco, to hold the roads upon the plain, and to watch any attempt which might be made to penetrate to these roads round the north end of the serra,—a brigade of Portuguese infantry, a division of Portuguese cavalry, and a regiment of British dragoons, upon the river Alva and the Serra de Murcella, to give security to the right flank of the whole position,—and all the rest of his infantry, together with one reserve regiment of heavy dragoons, along the crest of the Busaco, in line of battle. Hill's division was

posted on the extreme right or lower end of the serra, athwart one of four roads which led over it. Leith's division, with the Lusitanian legion in reserve, stood next to Hill's, but at a considerable interval, and impinging with its left flank on the easiest and most direct of the four roads. Picton's division, with a Portuguese brigade in reserve, stood contiguous to Leith's. Spencer's division, with the regiment of cavalry in reserve behind its right flank, occupied the highest part of the serra, between Picton and the convent, and rested with its left on the third road. Cole's division stood on the extreme left of the serra, at a considerable interval from Spencer, and commanded the fourth road. Pack's brigade and Craufurd's division, the latter supported by a German brigade, formed an advanced guard to Spencer,—Pack's brigade about half way down the descent, Craufurd's division within the rim of a crateriform hollow projecting about half-a-mile in front, and both well concealed from the enemy by the features of the ground. Skirmishers lay in ambuscade along all the front of the position; and about fifty guns were disposed upon the salient points.

These dispositions instantly commended themselves to almost every officer on the spot, for most masterly adaptation to at once the security of the troops, the retention of the ground, the defence of the avenues to Coimbra, and the general achievement of a signal victory. "The confidence placed in the combinations and arrangements of Lord Wellington, preparatory to battle," remarks Sir Henry King, with special reference to Busaco, "infused into his soldiers of all grades an enthusiastic devotion and anticipation of victory. No apprehensions of defeat or exposure to attack, in rear or on flank, were ever felt or expressed. Every exigency was known to be foreseen and provided for, and that, in the event of repulse, succour was near. This feeling actuated the whole British army in the Peninsula, and was attended by those brilliant successes which distinguished the war." And well might that feeling exist,—well might it produce these successes; for not even the bravery of the troops was ever more remarkable than the skill with which the British victor managed his battle-positions,—in selecting them, when he could,—in making the most of them, when he could not,—and in doing all, in every case, which man could do, in the circumstances, to render them invincible.

The number of British and Portuguese troops in position at Busaco, and also the total number of regular troops at that time under Lord Wellington's command in the Peninsula, together with the estimated number of the French opposed to him at Busaco, are stated as follows by His Lordship himself:—"The British army in Portugal at the time of the battle of Busaco consisted of 27,188 rank and file; of which number 2,839 were cavalry. Two thousand two hundred infantry were at Lisbon,—1,900 of which just arrived; 1,350 infantry were on their march to join; leaving in the battle not quite 24,000 men. The Portuguese army at the same time consisted of 26,000 effective rank and file of

infantry, and 3,375 of cavalry. Of the infantry, 1,350 were at Elvas, 1,142 at Cadiz, and 563 at Abrantes; leaving 23,800 infantry in the battle. Of the cavalry, 500 were at Elvas, 600 at Badajoz, 500 north of the Douro, and 200 at Lisbon; leaving 1,375 with the army; making a total of 25,175. The two armies amounted to about 49,000 men, besides artillery, of which there were four brigades and two troops of British, and six brigades of Portuguese. The French army consisted of 89 battalions of infantry, which, according to the latest returns, consisted of 56,000 men,—54 squadrons of cavalry, of 8,000 men, —and about 6,000 artillery. The whole army, including sappers, &c., was not less than 72,000 men."

In the evening of the 26th, many broken numbers of the French light troops dropped into the bottom of the deep ravine between the French position and the British, and stole up thence among the rocks and brushwood into the vicinity of the British picquets. The first of them were driven back; but others followed in such swarms and so pertinaciously as to indicate the intention of a night attack; though, as the event proved, they only sought to be in readiness for the most advantageous action at early dawn. The night was clear, the dark profile of the hills was impressive, the innumerable fires of the bivouacs along both positions were suggestive of the hundred thousand weapons of death, which lay ready for their gory work on the morrow; and these, together with the threat of the night attack, drove sleep away from the raw British recruits, and perhaps from most of the Portuguese,—doing much to unnerve them for cool, clear, steady bravery in the approaching battle. The veterans of both armies, accustomed to such exciting circumstances, lay calmly enough in cold repose; but the younger soldiers, who formed a vastly larger proportion of the allies than of the French, could not disenthral themselves from "thick-coming fancies" of what might await them on the morrow.

A rustling noise among the hollows, at the first streak of day-light, announced the approach of the French tirailleurs. The British artillerymen instantly stood to their guns, and the rank and file to their arms. Only half an hour elapsed, in spite of the difficulties of the acclivity, and of the fierce resistance of the British skirmishers and artillerymen, till the heads of the French columns reached the brow of Busaco, to dispute there the possession of the whole serra. Two columns were led on by Regnier and three by Soult,—the former toward the ground occupied by the right of Picton's division, and the latter toward that occupied by Craufurd's division and by Pack's brigade. Regnier believed that he was moving against the extreme right of the British position, for neither he nor Massena imagined that Leith and Hill could have marched from respectively Thomar and Castello-Branco in time to be on the field of Busaco; and he aimed both to turn the right flank, with the view of sweeping the ridge till he should make a junction with Ney on the top of it, and to take

possession of the road on which Picton's right rested, with the view of securing the shortest and easiest access to Coimbra. He was in high feather as he ascended to the combat; and Merle, who led one of his columns, consisting of very select troops, had won great fame at Austerlitz, and imagined that he was now to win still greater in a decisive blow for the conquest of Portugal.

Regnier's point of assault and Ney's were three miles asunder. The fire from the latter, deep and earnest, was first heard, and was also in front of the British head-quarters; yet that from the former, though muffled by distance, no sooner fell on Lord Wellington's ear than it took his keenest attention. He guessed at once what Regnier intended,—inferred at once that the collision with Picton would involve a critical struggle,—and galloped instantly off to give there his personal attendance. The event, as usual, exactly accorded with his anticipations: but to what extent it did so—how dire was the struggle, how critical the result—is matter of conflicting testimony among competent eye-witnesses and has been the subject of keen controversy among military writers. Some say that Picton only yielded a little ground for a few minutes, without suffering any disorder: while others, with Napier at their head, say that he was in part forced back and in part broken to pieces, insomuch that Regnier began evolutions on the ground won from him to "sweep the summit of the serra." Yet all agree that he owed much to the prompt personal interference of Lord Wellington,—that he received aid, in some manner or other, from both Leith and Hill, moving flankwise to his support,—and that, after a brief contest, and with the help of his succours, he was signally victorious, by so overthrowing his assailants as to leave them no heart for attempting either a rally or a renewed charge. The following account of the affair, in the "Victories of the British Armies," though brief, is perhaps as impartial, and also as graphic, as any:—

"With their usual impetuosity the French pushed forward, and the British as determinately opposed. Under a heavy fire of grape and musketry they topped the heights; and on the left of Picton's division, gained the summit of the mountain, their leading battalions securing themselves among the rocks, and threatening the ridge of the serra. The disorder of a Portuguese regiment, the 8th, afforded them also a partial advantage. But the fire of two guns with grape opened on their flank; in front, a heavy fusilade was maintained; while, advancing over the crown of the height, the 88th and four companies of the 45th charged furiously with the bayonet, and with an ardour that could not be resisted. Both French and English were intermixed in a desperate mêlée; both fought hand to hand; both went struggling down the mountain,—the head of the French column annihilated, and covering the descent, from the crown to the valley, with heaps of its dead and dying. When a part of the serra had been gained, Leith, perceiving that the French had occupied it, moved the 88th on their right flank, with the royals in reserve. The 9th formed line under a heavy

fire, and without returning a shot, fairly deforced the French grenadiers from the rocks with the bayonet. The mountain crest was now secure, Regnier completely repulsed; and Hill, closing up to support, prevented any attempt being made to recover it."

Ney's attack was more difficult than Regnier's,—up a steeper acclivity, and against a stronger position. One of his three columns was led by Loison against Craufurd, another was led by Marchand against Pack, and the third remained upon the skirts of the acclivity in reserve. Craufurd's own proper troops were hid from the ascending enemy; swarms of his riflemen and caçadores also hived over the surrounding ground unseen; only the Germans who supported him, on ground between his own proper position and that of Spencer, were in view; and his very guns so lay in natural embrasures of the crater-like rim before him as practically to form a kind of bastion battery. So fiery a general, in so formidable a position, was likely to give the foe a terrible reception. But General Simon, whose brigade formed the head of Loison's column, ascended with an audacity as terrible.

"Reckless of the constant fusilade of the British light troops, and the sweeping fire of the artillery, which literally ploughed through the advancing column, from its leading to its last section, he came steadily and quickly on. The horse-artillery worked their guns with amazing rapidity, delivering round after round with such precision, that the wonder was how any body of men could advance under such a withering and incessant cannonade. But nothing could surpass the gallantry of the assailants. On they came; and in a few moments, their skirmishers, 'breathless and begrimed with powder,' topped the edge of the serra. The British guns were instantly retired; the French cheers arose; and in another second their column topped the height. General Craufurd, who had coolly watched the progress of the advance, called on the 43d and 52d to charge. A cheer that pealed for miles over the serra answered the order, and 'eighteen hundred British bayonets went sparkling over the brow of the hill.' The head of the French column was overwhelmed in an instant; 'both its flanks were lapped over by the English wings;' while volley after volley, at a few yards' distance, completed its destruction, and marked with hundreds of its dead and dying, all down the face of the serra, the course of its murderous discomfiture. Some of the light troops continued slaughtering the broken columns nearly to the bottom of the hill, until Ney's guns opened from the opposite side and covered the escape of the relics of Simon's division."

Marchand's column moved more slowly to the attack than Loison's. It broke into several masses in the ascent, took ground in a pine wood half way up the acclivity, and sent thence a cloud of skirmishers to the summit; and not till about the moment of Loison's overthrow, did it threaten any close combat. "But so greatly did it struggle with the difficulties of the ascent, so severely was it

raked in flank by Craufurd's guns, and so much was it dispirited by the array of Spencer's division, waiting to repel it from the crown of the serra, that it failed to make any serious impression upon even the brigade of Pack. Ney, who was superintending it in person, kept it tenaciously under fire for about an hour; and then seeing no hope of improving its situation, seeing also that Leison made no attempt to rally, he gave up the contest, and retreated across the ravine.

About two o'clock, the dropping fire of all the light troops ceased, and the roar of battle was succeeded only by the hum of the victors and the groans of the fallen. A momentary truce was granted to the French to carry away their wounded; and for some time the victors and the vanquished were amicably intermixed, occasionally even lending mutual aid, in performing the common duties of humanity. But one of the French companies, forgetful alike of good faith and ordinary prudence, took the opportunity to seize a village within pistol-shot of Craufurd's position; and, though politely requested by him to retire from it, were so absurd as to defy him. Craufurd—far too fiery a soldier to ascribe any such conduct to temporary hallucination, or to let pity or patience toward it take the place of vengeance—"turned his artillery on the village, overwhelmed it in an instant with his cannonade, and, when the guns ceased firing, sent down a few companies of the 43d to clear the ruins of any whom his grape might have left alive."

Lord Wellington never doubted for a moment that the battle of Busaco would terminate in victory. Yet, with his usual profound caution, clear circumspection, active diligence, and perfect freedom from presumption and from self-indulgence—the more so as the scene of conflict was so great in extent, so diversified in surface, and so beset with deep ravines in front and in flank—he rode about during the whole time, to direct such changes, in person or by message, as were rendered desirable by the shifting phases of the battle. He could afford to be cooler on that serra than at either Assye or Talavera, and of course was as cool as an ice-pond; yet when victory once more alighted on his standard—when the defeated hosts of France were fleeing tumultuously down the hill, closely chased by his army's bayonets—he warmed for an instant from the usual frigidity of his manner in the battle-field, and, turning to his next in rank, who happened to be at his side, said, "Beresford, look at them now!" A poor enough utterance, perhaps, if interpreted upon the common rules of rhetoric; but a great speech from Wellington amid the roar of battle,—and accepted by his army, when afterwards familiarly reported among them, as a high eulogium on their prowess.

The Battle of Busaco, too, was less dismal than most great battles are to the crowd of actors in it, officers and men. "There was something exhilarating, to a degree," says Leith Hay, "in the whole day of Busaco. As it advanced, a bright sun shone on the armies; no event had occurred to counteract the full

tide of success attending the defensive warfare adopted by Lord Wellington; strength of position, with great firmness of purpose, had enabled the allies to repel very serious attacks with comparatively trifling loss; and," he adds—though how that could be "exhilarating" can be understood, we should think, only by warriors, accustomed to the slaughter of their fellow-men—"the glacis of the mountain-barrier on which they stood was heaped with bodies of the enemy."

The loss of the allies in the battle of Busaco, and in the skirmishes of the three preceding days, amounted to 197 men killed, 1,014 wounded, and 58 missing. The loss of the French was estimated, at the time, very low by themselves and very high by the British, and is now a subject of great diversity of opinion among writers. Jones, for example, states it at 2,000 killed, from 5,000 to 6,000 wounded, and 300 prisoners; while Napier states it at 800 killed and about 3,700 wounded and prisoners. Four generals were among the French loss,—General Grain D'Orge killed, Generals Foy and Merle wounded, and General Simon taken prisoner.

All the advantages which Lord Wellington had expected from giving battle at Busaco, and more than all, were attained. "This battle," says Alison, "produced an astonishing effect at the time at which it was fought; and, in its ultimate consequences, was beyond all question one of the most important that took place in the whole Peninsular war. It for the first time brought the Portuguese troops into battle with the French, and under such advantageous circumstances as at once gave them a victory. Incalculable was the moral effect of this glorious triumph. To have stood side by side with the British soldiers in a pitched battle, and shared with them in the achievement of defeating the French, was a distinction which they could hardly have hoped to attain so early in the campaign. Wellington judiciously bestowed the highest praises upon their conduct in this battle, and declared in his public despatch that they were worthy of contending in the same ranks with the British soldiers in this interesting cause, which they afford the best hopes of saving. It may safely be affirmed that, on the day after the battle, the strength of the Portuguese troops was doubled. The sight of this auspicious change dispelled every desponding feeling from the British army. No presentiments of ultimate discomfiture were any longer entertained. The plan of defence which the far-seeing sagacity of their chief had formed, revealed itself to the meanest sentinel in the ranks; and the troops of both nations prepared to follow the standard of their leader wherever he should lead them, with that ready alacrity and undoubting confidence which is at once the forerunner and the cause of ultimate triumph."

Massena, according to all the rules of the military art, when he was so severely beaten in his attempt to force so strong a position, ought to have returned by the way he came. But whether irritated by his defeat, or impelled by the necessities of his own and the Emperor's circumstances, he resolved to

make another great effort to go forward. He first, on the evening of the 27th and the morning of the 28th, made demonstrations of a renewed general assault on Busaco, more to the left than the former one; yet, though making these on so grand a scale as to induce even Lord Wellington to believe that they were real, he intended them only as a feint. He next turned a keen eye to the gorge of the Mondego, at the right of the allied position; but soon saw that any attempt to penetrate there would be vain. He next, with the aid of information from the peasantry, directed his attention to a circuitous detour, backward to Mortagao, and thence onward to a pass over the Serra de Caramula, leading through Boyal\a to the road from Oporto to Coimbra; and he determined, notwithstanding that the march along the mountain pass would be both difficult and perilous, to proceed by that way, so as to turn the left of Busaco, and reach the plain in its rear.

Few of Lord Wellington's curt extemporaneous orders, amid reconnoisance or evolution in the presence of the enemy, have been preserved; but five on Busaco —two of them on the evening of the 27th to General Cole, one in the morning of the 28th to General Leith, and two, in the course of that day, to General Hill —were given in writing, and have found a place among the Despatches; and these may be quoted here, both to show how rapidly our hero's mind descried every phasis of change in the enemy's movements, and to illustrate how promptly, in the present instance, he detected the seeming purposes of Massena, and adopted measures to defeat them. In his first note to General Cole, he said,—"I see the columns behind the wood in front of your right, but not standing to their arms. I cannot see anything to your left of them. I think that if you see nothing upon your left, you had better collect at least one regiment of Colonel Harvey's brigade to support your centre and right." And in his second, he said, —"As General Craufurd is threatened as well as you, you had better not draw towards you, in the first instance, more than two battalions of the Germans. You need not move any of the Germans till you are certain that you are about to be attacked." In his note to General Leith, he says,—"Have you had any patrol out to the front of your right, towards Gondalem or beyond Carvalho Velho? Has General Hill any intelligence from the left bank of the Mondego?" In his first note to General Hill, he says,—"Send to Le Cor," who was in command of the infantry on the Serra de Murcella, "and desire him to have at least a battalion and two guns on the northern extremity of the Serra de Murcella, in order to defend the right flank of the post of Na. Sa. del Monte. Let Fane," who was in command of the cavalry in front of the Alva, "watch well the movements of the enemy's left, and give me the earliest intelligence of them. Foz D'Alva is a very important point." And in his second, written at the close of the afternoon, he said,—"Observe the enemy upon the right; and if there is no attack directed upon that side, close the British infantry to the right."

Lord Wellington began to have little doubt, on the afternoon of the 28th, from what he then observed of the enemy's movements, that these pointed toward the pass of Boyalva; yet, on a full view of his circumstances, he did not see that he could do better than immediately recommence his retreat to the Lines. Writing to Lord Liverpool, from Coimbra, on the 30th, he says,—"The enemy did not renew his attack, excepting by the fire of his light troops on the 28th; but he moved a large body of infantry and cavalry from the left of his centre to the rear, from whence I saw his cavalry in march on the road from Mortagao over the mountains towards Oporto. Having thought it probable that he would endeavour to turn our left by that road, I had directed Colonel Trant, with his division of militia, to march to Sardaô, with the intention that he should occupy the mountains; but unfortunately he was sent round by Oporto, by the general officer commanding in the north, in consequence of a small detachment of the enemy being in possession of S. Petro do Sul; and notwithstanding the efforts which he made to arrive in time, he did not reach Sardaô till the 28th at night, after the enemy were in possession of the ground. As it was probable that, in the course of the night of the 28th, the enemy would throw the whole of his army upon the road; by which he could avoid the Serra de Busaco and reach Coimbra by the high road of Oporto, and thus the army would have been exposed to be cut off from that town, or to a general action in less favourable ground, and as I had reinforcements in my rear, I was induced to withdraw from the Serra de Busaco. The enemy did break up in the mountains at eleven at night of the 28th, and he made the march I expected. His advanced guard was at Avelans, on the road from Oporto to Coimbra yesterday; and the whole army was seen on march through the mountains. That under my command, however, was already in the low country, between the Serra de Busaco and the sea; and the whole of it, with the exception of the advanced-guard, is this day on the left of the Mondego."

Again, in his general memorandum, he says,—"It would have been impossible to detach a corps from the army to occupy the Serra de Caramula after the action of the 27th, when it was found that Colonel Trant had not arrived at Sardaô. But that corps might have been hard pressed, and obliged to retreat, in which case it must have made its retreat upon Sardaô and the north of Portugal. It could not have rejoined the army, and its services would have been wanting in the fortified position near Lisbon. It was therefore determined to rely upon Colonel Trant to occupy the Serra de Caramula, whose line of operations and of retreat was to the northward. Nothing that could have been done, excepting to detach a large corps, could have prevented the French from throwing a large force into the Serra de Caramula. Even after their loss on the 27th, they had at least 12,000 or 14,000 men more than we had; and good as our position was, theirs was equally good. When they took the road of the

Serra de Caramula, therefore, there was nothing for it but to withdraw from Busaco." Lord Wellington said also on the 30th,—"Throughout the contest on the serra, and in all the previous marches, and those which we have since made, the whole army have conducted themselves in the most regular manner. Accordingly, all the operations have been carried on with ease; the soldiers have suffered no privations, have undergone no unnecessary fatigue; there has been no loss of stores; and the army is in the highest spirits."

Hill's corps crossed the Mondego in the neighbourhood of Busaco, to move by way of Espinal, Thomar, and Santarem; and was covered by the Portuguese cavalry and a regiment of British dragoons. The main body, under Lord Wellington himself, crossed the Mondego at Coimbra, to move by way of Pombal and Leiria, and thence in two bodies by respectively Alcobaça and Rio Mayor; and it was covered, in the vicinity of Busaco, by the light division, and, over the rest of the way, by the main body of the British cavalry. Hill's retreat differed little from an unobstructed advance march, so orderly was it, and unmolested; but Lord Wellington's retreat, especially in the early part, was accompanied with much incident.

When the retreat commenced, both Coimbra and the country behind it continued to be largely inhabited. Lord Wellington's proclamation, requiring the people to flee and to take their goods with them, had been little attended to; his subsequent entreaties, sent forward at the time of the concentration of the French army, had been equally disregarded; the days of leisure, afforded by his stopping the French at Busaco, had been improved only by some of the richest and most reflecting. But when the allied army approached, the whole population were struck with alarm. They remembered that, in terms of the proclamation, punishment would be the only alternative of flight, or that if they should defy that punishment and escape it, they would nevertheless incur a far worse infliction from the French; and therefore all rose up to flee,—some to the nearest mountains, where they might elude detection, and most right onward, to yield full obedience to the proclamation. Yet even the latter were in such dire haste, had so few moments for preparation, possessed such slender facilities for carriage, that they could remove barely enough of substance to support themselves on the way,—could not take time to destroy their houses or their mills against the uses of the enemy,—could not bear away or destroy their heavy stores of provisions which would serve to subsist his troops in the field. The flight from Coimbra was a mass of misery. "Mothers, with children of all ages, the old, the bed-ridden, and even lunatics went or were carried forth, the most part with little hope and less help, to journey for days in company with contending armies."

As the news of the retreat flew on, however, the inhabitants of the country in front took time by the fore-lock, and made a more leisurely and less disastrous

flight. Yet they, too, suffered much disaster, and were obliged to leave their fields and store-houses, in a great degree, unstripped. "As the allied army pursued its march to the Lines," says Sherer, "it found the villages deserted, the mill in the valley motionless, the mountain cottages open and untenanted, the bells of the monastery silent, the white churches empty. The flanks of the British columns, during the three or four last marches, were literally covered with the flying population. A few of the richer fugitives, but a very few, still retained cabriolets and mules for their service. Those who had bullock-cars, asses, or any mode of transporting their families and property, looked contented and grateful; for respectable men and delicate women of the middle classes might be seen on every side walking slowly and painfully on foot under heavy burdens. The weather happily was fine, for their flight was in the season of the vintage, the cheerful labours of which light and pleasing harvest, misery had suddenly broken in upon and suspended. This mass of fugitives took two different directions when the army reached its fortified position;—a part passing before it, through the Lines, to seek shelter at Lisbon; and another crossing to the south bank of the Tagus, and entering those districts which were safe from the enemy, and had not hitherto been seriously menaced."

Some of the most captious of Lord Wellington's political opponents in Britain, when they heard of his retrogression from Busaco to the Lines, accompanied by this woful flight of the population, remarked, in allusion to Talavera, that he had won another victory only to run another disastrous retreat. The Souza faction in Portugal, also, were not sorry to see him accumulating on his own head all the odium of driving the inhabitants from their homes. Yet the fugitives themselves, the immediate sufferers from his policy, were for the most part aware, at the very acme of their misery, that the course he was pursuing protected them from far worse evils from the French, and at the same time gave fair promise of eventual deliverance. They were reluctant to flee, because they had a peculiarly strong love of home; yet were willing to flee, because they put a firm trust in the wisdom of the Marshal-General. "To speak generally," says one of his biographers, "the great body of the people did listen to the warnings and commands of Wellington. It will remain as a lasting monument of his genius, and as a great triumph of his character, that he elicited from a nation, unwarlike and slothful and covetous, a spirit of resistance, of exertion, and of devotedness very seldom exemplified in the annals of history."

Massena's advanced-guard entered Coimbra on the 1st of October. They marched precipitately into it, not allowing the British rear-guard sufficient time to retire. The cavalry skirmished sharply with them at the bridge, losing some lives, and not gaining much time; and Craufurd's division got densely wedged, with crowds of fugitives, in a narrow defile at a short distance from the city,

where it could have made little resistance to a murderous flank attack,—but, after great exertion, succeeded in extricating itself before any assailants came up. Massena halted three days in Coimbra. He found abundant provisions in it, and had good reason to believe that many of its richest fugitive inhabitants would immediately return to it, and was induced to establish a general hospital in it for his sick and wounded, amounting to upwards of four thousand men, to be left with only a slender guard, very much at the mercy of the population; yet he afforded it scarcely any protection from his soldiery, but allowed them to wreak upon it their characteristic vileness and ruffianism. He imagined that the British were right off to their ships,—that the Portuguese could not resist him,—that, therefore, he might do what he pleased. The retreat of the allied army, without disputing his progress through the pass of Boyalva, or making any stand against him at Coimbra, was interpreted by him as a confession that he had become master of Portugal. Hence, as well as because of his general principle that his troops should find all their own subsistence wherever they went, did he, in following the allied army from Busaco to the Lines, adopt no measures to conciliate the inhabitants or to protect either the flanks or the rear of his march, but looked only before him and to the ground on which he stood, caring for nothing except to "drive the Leopard into the sea," and to appropriate by summary plunder all useful substance which lay in his way.

Lord Wellington's foresight, however, brought swarms of destroyers upon his skirts. The mere ordenança, acting everywhere in the manner of the Spanish guerillas, gave him no small annoyance. But the militia, coming down in considerable bodies from the Douro and from beyond it, acted with nearly as much severity as if they had been regular soldiers. Colonel Trant, at the head of one body of them, entered Coimbra on the third day after Massena left it, took possession of every French thing within it, and led captive all the hospital and their guard to Oporto. Other bodies followed the French army,—captured, in a day or two, some hundreds of stragglers or foragers,—took possession of town after town, or post after post, as fast as the French went on,—and eventually closed round Massena's camp in front of the Lines, leaving him only such foraging-space as he could maintain by means of strong outposts.

In the meantime, however, the retiring army under Wellington and the pursuing one under Massena, over all the way from Coimbra to the Lines, were intently occupied on their proper business of respectively retreat and pursuit. Lord Wellington's army had undergone so much improvement in general moral character during the few preceding months that, even amidst the unavoidable relaxation attendant upon retreat, they exhibited surprisingly little of their former tendency to disorder. Writing on the 4th at Leiria, he says, "We make our retreat with great ease. The old troops behave very well. The young ones are not so well acquainted with me, and they have had a few stragglers; but I

shall soon have them all in good order." His discipline, steady in all circumstances, and very stern in bad cases, seemed—though, as was proved by subsequent events, it only seemed—to have been very effective among the "old troops;" and the apparent results of it gave him momentary confidence. Some of the raw recruits who were not yet "quite so well acquainted with him," began to break bounds at Coimbra, became increasingly restless the next day or two, and waxed so outrageous at Leiria as to plunder the magazines. He suddenly laid hands on them, and made some awful examples. "Three men, taken in the fact at Leiria, were hanged on the spot; and some regiments, whose discipline was more tainted than others, were forbidden to enter a village." A popular anecdote also—one of thousands of anecdotes of our hero which, though embellished for the sake of rhetorical effect, are substantially true—says as follows:—"In passing through Pombal, some stragglers left the ranks in search of plunder or provisions. One of these concealed himself in a house until he had seen the rear-guard well out of the town. He than began to look for something in the way of pillage; and seeing nothing else that he could turn to account, he unhooked one of the great pier-glasses in a massive gilt frame; and, having strapped it carefully over his pack, he set forth, hoping to realize a few shillings by his booty. In supposing that the whole army had passed, he reckoned without his host; for, on issuing from his retreat, the first person that he saw was the Commander of the Forces, and still worse for his peace of mind, the provost-marshal's guard. As this was a clear case, *in flagrante*, the unhappy wight had soon a rope fitted to his neck, and was run up to a tree, where he remained suspended to greet the eyes of the advancing French, an example of plunder."

On the morning of the 5th, the French advanced-guard rushed suddenly upon the allied rear-guard at Leiria, driving in the picquets, and attempting to surprise the main body. Ten squadrons of British cavalry made a stand in one of several parallel ravines which there intersect the road; and were immediately assailed by no fewer than thirty-six squadrons of French cavalry, arranged in three columns, one of which endeavoured to break the British front, while the other two endeavoured to turn the flanks. The British, however, gave way very slowly and in perfectly good order, gradually changing defence into unmolested retreat; and though they lost, in the affair, three officers and about fifty men, they inflicted a considerably greater loss upon the French.

Massena, from that point, advanced languidly, in only one column, by way of Rio Mayor. The allied army, in its three bodies by way of Santarem, Rio Mayor, and Alcobaça, reached the Lines on the 7th and 8th,—the first body at Castanheira and Villa Franca, the second at Sobral, and the third at Torres Vedras; and—excepting that the cavalry bivouacked some distance in the rear, in order to arrest any sudden push which might be made by the enemy—they all passed unmolestedly into their allotted positions within the Lines; Lord

Wellington having previously issued memoranda, assigning each division of infantry and each brigade of artillery its place,—and the whole walking into their respective places with as much coolness and precision as the companies of a regiment into their barracks after a review.

On the 8th, the heavy autumnal rains commenced,—suddenly and copiously "as if they fell from the bursting of an upper sea." The French, thinking that the weather would put the covering British cavalry off the alert, made an attempt to surprise them in the small town of Alcoentre; and they so far succeeded as to drive in the picquets, take possession of six guns, and create great confusion. But the British squadrons rapidly formed, made a furious charge, recaptured the guns, sabred many of the French, took twelve of them prisoners, and drove the rest out of the town. On the 9th, the skirmishing was renewed, with various fortune, but ended in the British cavalry retiring toward the Lines. On the 10th, at Sobral, just in front of the Lines, the British cavalry, being again assailed, rode immediately off toward the cover of batteries which would have speedily destroyed their pursuers. But Massena suddenly descried what was before him, ordered a halt, looked up in amazement at the Lines, countermarched at dark, and spent three days in ruumination before advancing again to the same spot.

The entire retreat of Lord Wellington to the Lines, no less than the constructing of the Lines themselves, was one of the most masterly things of its kind in history. "His army," says Southey, "had commenced their retrograde movement from the frontiers with an impression that the cause wherein they were engaged had become hopeless, and that when they reached Lisbon they should be embarked, and abandon Portugal. This opinion had been altered by the course of events during the retreat, and by the manner in which that retreat had been conducted. There had been no alarm, no confusion, no precipitance upon the march. Nothing could have been conducted with greater ease to the troops. Not a straggler had been taken, not a gun abandoned, not an article of baggage lost. The infantry had never been seen by the enemy, except at Busaco, where they gave them battle, and signally defeated them; and the cavalry had taken on the way more prisoners from the enemy than the allies lost, a circumstance which probably never occurred in any former retreat. The troops, therefore, became confident that their commander had no thought of abandoning the contest, and that an embarkation was not his object, but that he was acting upon some settled plan, which he was well able to carry to the end. But when they entered the lines which they were to occupy, their surprise was hardly less than that of Massena and his army, at the foresight which they there saw displayed, and the skill with which a strong position had been rendered impregnable."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MARQUIS DE LA ROMANA'S DEFEAT OF MORTIER'S DESIGNS AGAINST PORTUGAL—DESCRIPTION OF THE LINES OF LISBON—STATE OF LORD WELLINGTON'S ARMY, AND OF THE GENERAL POPULATION, WITHIN THE LINES—LORD WELLINGTON'S HUMANE INTEREST IN THE POPULATION—STATE OF MASSENA'S ARMY IN FRONT OF THE LINES.

WHEN Massena broke ground at Almeida, with the view of commencing there his progress of invasion to Lisbon, Mortier, as we formerly noticed, was expected to co-operate with him in the south. Regnier's movement to the north—first across the Tagus, next into demonstrations against Hill, next into junction with Massena—was to be followed by Mortier's advance into Estremadura, against Badajoz, and through the Alemtejo, so as to menace Lisbon by the left bank of the Tagus. The Marquis de la Romana, however, believed himself to be able not only to keep Mortier in check, but to drive him out of Estremadura; and in order that he might be strengthened in that belief, Lord Wellington sent to his assistance a brigade of Portuguese dragoons, under the command of Brigadier General Madden. Lord Wellington also calculated, from the highly insurgent state of things in Andalusia, that Mortier was quite as likely to be drawn upon as to be reinforced by Soult; so that he felt little anxiety respecting any mischief which Mortier might be able to do.

On the 11th of August, at Bienvenida, between Zafra and Llerena, while Romana was in the act of leading his whole force to an attack upon Mortier, the left wing of his army flew so precipitately forward as to lose connection with the main body, and was immediately cut off by the enemy, with the loss of from 500 to 1,000 men, and driven into dispersion. The Marquis, however, held his ground, recovered most of the fugitives, pushed Mortier back, or at least followed him, into Andalusia, achieved some successes against his outposts, and advanced with his own picquets to within three leagues of Seville. But in September, Mortier, with as much reinforcement as he could acquire, turned round to fight his way back to Estremadura; and on the 14th, he fell fiercely upon Romana's cavalry near Fuente de Cantos, Madden's brigade being at the time at La Calzadilla. "After the engagement had lasted a considerable portion of the day," says Lord Wellington, "the Spanish cavalry gave way in some confusion, and Brigadier-General Madden, having moved forward, fell upon the enemy in a most decided and effectual manner, overthrew and pursued them to their cannon, and killed and wounded many, and took some prisoners, and saved the Spaniards." Ro-

mana, nevertheless, was obliged to retreat; nor did he think Olivença or even Badajoz a sufficiently strong place, at that juncture, for making a stand; but, merely throwing a garrison into the former, and reinforcing the garrison in the latter, he fell back with his main force to Elvas. Mortier's threat to march through the Alemtejo, upon Lisbon, then looked formidable. But immediately two things occurred to destroy it,—the news of the French defeat at Busaco, and a call from Soult for renewed succour in Andalusia,—the former damping Mortier's ardour, and the latter requiring him to move back to the Guadalquiver. Romana, therefore, just at the most critical moment, was left in undisputed possession of Estremadura and Alemtejo; and—assuming freedom to act in any manner which he deemed best for the general interests of the war, enjoying also the confidence of Lord Wellington, disentangled on all hands from the consequences of the defunct Central Junta's breach, thirteen months before, with the British hero—he marched in a few days, at the head of two of his divisions, to render every assistance in his power within the Lines of Lisbon.

This event was highly inspiriting to Lord Wellington's troops, not only by the addition which it made to their strength, nor only by the assurance which it gave that everything seemed safe in the south, but also by the fine display which it afforded of union of heart in their common cause. The other military appearances within the Lines were equally cheering. All the regular troops, the victors of Busaco, the participants in the fine retreat from Coimbra, were in high spirits; the more so as, notwithstanding the enormous amount of garrison-work, the greater number of them were on free duty, ready at any moment for open action against the enemy. The British army were strengthened by reinforcements from Britain and from Cadiz; and the Portuguese army was raised to its maximum by the addition of recruits from the depots, and by the recall of all the men on furlough. The Portuguese artillerymen and the Portuguese militia manned most of the forts on the first line of defence, and all those on the second. The marines and other men belonging to a great British fleet which lay in the Tagus in co-operation with the allied army, occupied the third line of defence, manned a strong flotilla of gun-boats on the Tagus flank of the Lines, and rendered other various, valuable, assistive services. And the Portuguese heavy artillery corps, several bodies of militia, the ordenança of Portuguese Estremadura, and the civic guards of Lisbon formed a general reserve. The total number of armed men within the Lines was not less than about one hundred and thirty thousand.

But the Lines themselves, as forming the barrier between these men and the enemy, as constituting practically the citadel of the Peninsula, and as affording so sublime an instance of our hero's genius, are a main object of interest. How shall we describe them? So many and various accounts of them are before us as, with the aid of our maps, to form rich materials for compilation. Napier's

description, however, is so accurate, so clear, and so well-proportioned that we prefer, for once, in a matter of description, to make ourselves debtor to him by extracting it. And any reader who wishes to know how the multitudinous works of the Lines crystallized into their hard, brilliant, diversified, regular forms out of the first thin solutions of Lord Wellington's fancy, may gratify his curiosity by comparing this description with the memorandum given in our twenty-seventh chapter:—

"The Lines consisted of three distinct ranges of defence. The first, extending from Alhandra on the Tagus to the mouth of the Sisandre on the sea-coast, was, following the inflections of the hill, twenty-nine miles long. The second, traced at a distance varying from six to ten miles in rear of the first, stretched from Quintella on the Tagus to the mouth of the St. Lorenza, being twenty-four miles in length. The third, intended to cover a forced embarkation, extended from Passo d'Arcos on the Tagus to the tower of Junquera on the coast. Here an outer line, constructed on an opening of three thousand yards, enclosed an entrenched camp, designed to cover the embarkation with fewer troops, should the operation be delayed by bad weather; and within this second camp, Fort St. Julian, whose high ramparts and deep ditches defied an escalade, was armed and strengthened to enable a rear-guard to protect both itself and the army. The nearest part of the second line was twenty-four miles from these works at Passo d'Arcos, and some parts of the first line were two long marches distant; but the principal routes led through Lisbon, where measures were taken to retard the enemy and give time for the embarkation. Of these stupendous Lines, the second, whether regarded for its strength or importance, was undoubtedly the principal, and the others only appendages, the one as a final place of refuge, the other as an advanced work to stem the first violence of the enemy, and to enable the army to take up its ground on the second line without hurry or pressure. Massena having, however, wasted the summer season on the frontier, the first line acquired such strength, both from labour and from the fall of rain, that Lord Wellington resolved to abide his opponent's charge there.

"The ground presented to the French being, as it were, divided into five parts or positions, shall be described in succession from right to left.—1. From Alhandra to the head of the valley of Calandrix. This distance of about five miles, was a continuous and lofty ridge, defended by thirteen redoubts, and for two miles rendered inaccessible by a scarp fifteen to twenty feet high, executed along the brow. It was guarded by the British and Portuguese divisions under General Hill, and flanked from the Tagus by a strong flotilla of gun-boats, manned by British seamen.—2. From the head of the vale of Calandrix to the Pè de Monte. This position, also five miles in length, consisted of two salient mountains forming the valley of Arruda, that town being exactly in the mouth of the pass. Only three feeble redoubts, totally incapable of stopping an enemy

for an instant, were constructed here. The defence of the ground was intrusted to General Craufurd and the light division.—3. The Montcagraça. This lofty mountain overtopped the adjacent country in such a manner, that from its summit the whole of the first line could be distinctly observed. The right was separated from the Arruda position, by a deep ravine which led to nothing; the left overlooked the village and valley of Zibreira; and the centre overhung the town of Sobral. The summit of this mountain was crowned by an immense redoubt, mounting twenty-five guns, and having three smaller works, containing nineteen guns, clustered around. The garrisons, amounting to two thousand men, were supplied by Pack's brigade: and on the reverse of the position, which might be about four miles in length, the fifth division, under General Leith, was posted in reserve.—4. From the valley of Zibreira to Torres Vedras. This position, seven miles long, was at first without works, because it was only when the rains had set in, that the resolution to defend the first line permanently, was adopted. But the ground being rough and well defined, and the valley in front watered by the Sisandre, now become a considerable river, it presented a fine field of battle for a small army. The first and fourth and a sixth division, formed of troops just arrived from England and from Cadiz, were there posted, under the immediate command of Lord Wellington himself; and his head-quarters were fixed at Pero Negro, near the Secorra, a rock on which a telegraph was erected, communicating with every part of the Lines.—5. From the heights of Torres Vedras to the mouth of the Sisandre. The right flank of this position and the pass in front of the town of Torres Vedras were secured, first, by one great redoubt, mounting forty guns, and secondly, by several smaller forts, judiciously planted so as to command all the approaches. From these works to the sea a range of moderate heights were crowned with small forts. But the chief defence there, after the rains had set in, was to be found in the Sisandre, which was not only unfordable, but overflowed its banks, and formed an impassable marsh. A paved road, parallel to the foot of the hills, ran along the whole front, that is, from Torres Vedras, by Runna, Sobral, and Arruda, to Alhandra.

"This was the nature of the first line of defence. The second was still more formidable.—1. From the mouth of the St. Lorenza to Mafra, a distance of seven miles, there was a range of hills naturally steep, artificially scarped, and covered by a deep and in many parts impracticable ravine. The salient points were secured by forts, which flanked and commanded the few accessible points. But as this line was extensive, a secondary post was fortified a few miles in the rear, to secure a road leading from Ereceira to Cintra.—2. On the right of the above line, the Tapada, or royal park of Mafra, offered some open ground for an attack. Yet it was strong, and together with the pass of Mafra, was defended by a system of fourteen redoubts, constructed with great labour and care, well considered with respect to the natural disposition of the ground, and, in some

degree, connected with the secondary port spoken of above. In front the Serra de Chypre, covered with redoubts, obstructed all approaches to Mafra itself.—3. From the Tapada to the pass of Bucellas, a space of ten or twelve miles, which formed the middle of the second line, the country is choked by the Montachique, the Cabeça or head of which is in the centre of and overtopping all the other mountain masses. A road, conducted along a chain of hills, high and salient, but less bold than any other parts of the line, connected Mafra with the Cabeça, and was secured by a number of forts. The country in front was extremely difficult; and a second and stronger range of heights, parallel to and behind the first, offered a good fighting position; which could only be approached with artillery by the connecting road in front; and to reach that, either the Serra de Chypre on the left, or the pass of the Cabeça de Montachique on the right, must have been carried. Now the works covering the latter consisted of a cluster of redoubts constructed on the inferior rocky heads in advance of the Cabeça, and completely commanding all the approaches, and both from their artificial and natural strength nearly impregnable to open force. The Cabeça and its immediate flanks were considered secure in their natural precipitous strength; and, in like manner, the ridges connecting the Cabeça with the pass of Bucellas, being impregnable, were left untouched, save the blocking of one bad mule road that led over them.—3 From Bucellas, the pass of which was difficult and strongly defended by redoubts on each side, a ridge or rather a collection of impassable rocks, called the Serra de Serres, stretches to the right for two miles without a break, and then dies away by gradual slopes in the low ground about the Tagus. These declivities and the flat banks of the river offered an opening two miles and a half wide, which was laboriously and carefully strengthened by redoubts, water-cuts, and entrenchments, and connected by a system of forts with the heights of Alhandra. But it was the weakest part of the whole line in itself, and the most dangerous from its proximity to the valleys of Calandrix and Arruda.

"There were five roads practicable for artillery piercing the first line of defence, namely, two at Torres Vedras, two at Sobral, and one at Alhandra; but as two of those united again at the Cabeça, there were in fact only four points of passage through the second line, that is to say, at Mafra, Montachique, Bucellas, and Quintella in the flat ground. The aim and scope of all the works was to bar those passes and to strengthen the favourable fighting positions between them, without impeding the movements of the army. These objects were attained; and it is certain that the loss of the first line would not have been injurious, save in reputation, because the retreat was secure upon the second and stronger line, and the guns of the first were all of inferior calibre, mounted on common truck carriages, and consequently immoveable and useless to the enemy. The movements of the allies were free and unfettered by the

works. But the movements of the French army were impeded and cramped by the great Monte Junta, which, rising opposite the centre of the first line, sent forth a spur called the Serra de Baragueda in a slanting direction so close up to the heights of Torres Vedras that the narrow pass of Runna alone separated them. As this pass was commanded by heavy redoubts, Massena was of necessity obliged to dispose his forces on one or other side of the Baragueda, and he could not transfer his army to either without danger, because the serra, although not impassable, was difficult, and the movement, which would require time and arrangement, could always be overlooked from the Monteagraça, whence, in a few hours, the allied forces could pour down upon the head, flank, or rear of the French while in march; and this with the utmost rapidity, because communications had been cut by the engineers to all important points of the Lines, and a system of signals was established, by which orders were transmitted from the centre to the extremities in a few minutes."

The Lines of Lisbon thus formed one complete, facile, stupendous system of defence. Their works, though so multitudinous and various, were all mutually connected, all mutually dependent, all parts of one design and subservients to one end. Their efficiency did not arise only or chiefly from the great strength of any, or from the vast number of the whole; but—as in a machine, or in a common building, or in an artificial fortress—it arose from mutual connexion, concurrent purpose, and aggregate adaptation. Each part was relative to all the parts, and all were relative to each; or at least each contributed its strength to all, and all contributed their strength to each. The Lines, though so widely different in structure from any artificial fortress, and so immensely more extensive than any, yet practically served as one, consisting of outer fort, inner fort, and citadel, the last with a back exit to the sea. They were equal to most fortresses, and superior to many, in the two great characters of interior facility to the garrison and exterior obstruction to the foe; and at the same time strictly resembled the best in presenting their defences in a concentric system of continuous lines.

Hence, no doubt, along with the effect of Lord Wellington's remarkable circumspection, arose the curious circumstance that, nearly till the last moment, the British public and the French marshals remained ignorant of the constructing of the Lines. Some persons say, indeed, that no such circumstance existed, —that it was impossible,—that the great numbers of men who were employed upon the works could not but divulge them, and did abundantly divulge them, —and that to say they did not, is sheer romance. But excepting the few chief officers of engineers, all the men who laboured upon the works laboured disconnectedly,—each man only on one spot or within a limited sphere, totally ignorant of what was going on in distant parts of the theatre of action, separated from him by ravines and mountains, or at least totally unsuspicious that the particular

work on which he laboured was to combine with many other works, still less with works over such a multitude of miles, to constitute one system of defence. The men therefore might severally tell of redoubts, ditches, and escarpments, and yet could tell nothing of the Lines. And though possibly Massena, while lingering away his time on the frontier, may often have heard that efforts were in progress to raise obstructions on his way to Lisbon, yet never, till he arrived in the vicinity of the spot, does he seem to have once suspected that these obstructions were to constitute a stupendous fortress, extending across all the Estremaduran peninsula, from the Tagus to the sea.

Massena, on arriving in front of the Lines, was alike astonished and mortified. He did nothing for three days but indulge in anxious reflection, aided by the reports of his officers, and by distant personal reconnoisances. The works and positions which met his view looked all but impregnable; and for some days after the hour when the allied army passed within them, they underwent a constant accession of strength from both labour and the weather. Craufurd's division, in particular, speedily constructed defences of walls, breastworks, and interlaced trees, which rendered their originally weak position nearly as strong as any other artificial part of the Lines. Massena at length saw that inactivity would be ruin; and though dismissing the idea of "planting his eagles on the towers of Lisbon" as an idle dream of the past, he rose up to make the most of his situation. He had committed an enormous error in allowing such ample time for the constructing of the Lines; he had aggravated that error by the blunders of his advance, particularly in the march to Viseu and on the battle-field of Busaco; he was now weaker than when he left Almeida, by at least ten thousand men, perhaps by so many as fifteen thousand, lost in death or struck down by sickness; he stood among marshy grounds, under incessant rain, the Lines in front, the militia and the ordenança in the rear, with no supplies for his army but such as could be obtained from day to day by powerful forays;—yet he felt a heavy pressure of military necessity, his own fame as a soldier, the fame of his country's arms, the good will of his stern master, and the entire interests of the Peninsular war being all at stake; he felt a still heavier pressure of political and financial necessity, all the considerations which had led to his invasion of Portugal being more urgent when he appeared before the Lines than before he crossed the frontier;—and therefore, though the Lines had been more formidable than they really were, he had no alternative but first to endeavour to find some weak point by which he might attempt to penetrate them, and then, if no such point could be found, to sit down before them, to send to the Emperor for reinforcements, and to wait some change of fortune or some oversight of the British hero for an opportunity to strike an efficient blow.

"The expedition into Portugal," wrote Lord Wellington on the 3d of November to the British Secretary of State, "was, in my opinion, founded origin-

ally upon political and financial rather than military considerations. It is true that, with a view to the conquest of Spain, there were advantages purely military to be derived from the removal of the British army from Portugal; but I think I could show that it was not essentially necessary to effect that object, particularly after the door into Castile had been closed upon us, by the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida. The political object, therefore, in removing us from Portugal, which was the effect that our evacuation of the Peninsula would have had upon the inhabitants of Spain in general, and upon those of Cadiz in particular, and the financial object which was the possession and plunder of Lisbon and Oporto, were the principal motives for the perseverance in the expedition into Portugal. I believe the latter to have been more pressing even than the former. It is impossible to describe to your Lordship the pecuniary and other distresses of the French armies in the Peninsula. All the troops are months in arrears of pay; they are in general very badly clothed; their armies want horses, carriages, and equipments of every description; their troops subsist solely upon plunder, whether required individually, or more regularly by the way of requisition and contribution; they receive no money, or scarcely any, from France; and they realize but little from their pecuniary contributions in Spain. This state of things has very much weakened, and in some instances destroyed, the discipline of the army; and all the intercepted letters advert to acts of malversation and corruption, and misapplication of stores, &c., by all the persons attached to the army. I have no doubt, therefore, that the desire to relieve this state of distress, and to remove the consequent evils occasioned by it, by the plunder of Lisbon and Oporto, was the first motive for the expedition into Portugal.

"The expedition, not having been founded upon any military necessity, has been carried on and persevered in against every military principle. We know that Massena could expect no immediate reinforcements; and without adverting to the various errors which I believe he would acknowledge he had committed in the course of the service, he has persevered in it, after he found that he was unable to force the troops opposed to him when posted in a strong position, and when he knew that they had one still stronger in their rear, to which they were about to retire, and that they were likely to be reinforced, while his army would be still further weakened by sickness, and by the privations to which he knew they must be liable on their march. He knew that the whole country was against him; that a considerable corps was formed upon the Douro, which would immediately operate on his rear; that, at the time of the battle of Busaco, he had no longer any communication with Spain; and that every step he took further in advance was a step towards additional difficulty and inconvenience, from which the retreat would be almost impossible. If the expedition into Portugal had been founded upon military principle only, it would have ended at Busaco, and I do not hesi-

tate to acknowledge that I expected that Massena would retire from thence, or at all events would not advance beyond the Mondego. But he has continued to advance, contrary to every military principle; and I therefore conclude that the pressure of financial distresses, which was the original motive for the expedition, was that for persevering in it, and may operate upon the measures of the present moment. In this view of the case, it is probable that Massena may endeavour to maintain his position, as long as he can keep alive any proportion of his troops, being certain that the same difficulties which induced the Emperor to undertake the expedition without any military necessity, would induce him to make every effort to reinforce him at the earliest possible period of time."

Massena and a number of his generals made earnest reconnoisance of every part of the first line between the Serra de Baragueda and the Tagus. Their reconnoisances, in some instances, were made with strong escorts, or under cover of far-advanced outposts, and provoked considerable skirmishing. A sharp affair occurred on the 14th of October, near Sobral,—occasioned by a conjoint reconnoisance of Massena, Ney, and Junot,—involving a prolonged skirmish,—attended with the loss of nearly an hundred in killed and wounded to the British, and a still greater number to the French,—and giving the invaders another though miniature specimen of the tremendous bayonet-charge which had so appalled them at Vimiero and Busaco. The British general Harvey was wounded in this skirmish; and the French general St. Croix, a young officer of very high ability, while reconnoitring at Villa Franca, was killed by a shot from one of the gun-boats.

Massena soon became convinced that not one point in the first line of defence could be hopefully assailed. He therefore put his troops into cantonments,—Regnier's corps in front of Alhandra, the cavalry in front of Arruda, Junot's corps in front of Sobral, and Ney's corps so far in the rear as Otta. The war for some time thence became a sort of mutual blockade,—Massena intending to confine Wellington within the Lines till reinforcements should arrive from France, and Wellington intending to starve Massena to exhaustion before the reinforcements could arrive. "Frequent skirmishes took place on the right flank and in the rear of the French encampment; but the picquets, by one of those agreements which mutual convenience will sometimes produce between enemies, did not fire upon each other; and this gave occasion for some of the old humanities of war. Some of our men even went and drank wine with the French, till an order was issued prohibiting a sort of intercourse which could neither with propriety nor safety be permitted."

Lord Wellington anxiously considered whether, in these circumstances, he ought to attack Massena; the more so as he calculated that, including Romana's corps, he could take into the field 58,615 effective men, while the number then

under Massena probably did not exceed 55,000. But he concluded that he ought not, for reasons which, on the 3d of November, he communicated to Lord Liverpool as follows:—"Although the enemy's position is not so strong as that which we occupy, there is no doubt but that it has its advantages; one of which is, that in attacking it, we could hardly use our artillery. I would also observe, that in every operation of this description by the British army in Portugal, no attempt can be made to manœuvre upon the enemy's flank or rear; first, because the enemy show they are indifferent about their flanks or rear or their communications; and secondly, because the inevitable consequence of attempting such a manœuvre would be to open some one or other road to Lisbon, and to our shipping, of which the enemy would take immediate advantage to attain his object. We must carry their positions, therefore, by main force, and consequently with loss; and, in the course of the operations, I must draw the army out of their cantonments; I must expose the troops and horses to the inclemencies of the weather at this season of the year, and must look to all the consequences of that measure in increased sickness of the men, and in loss of efficiency and condition in horses. We should also still stand alone in the Peninsula as an army; and if I should succeed in forcing Massena's positions, it would become a question whether I should be able to maintain my own, in case the enemy should march another army into this country. But, when I observe how small the superiority of numbers is in my favour, and know that the position will be in favour of the enemy, I cannot but be of opinion that I act in conformity with the instructions and intentions of His Majesty's government, in waiting for the result of what is going on, and in incurring no extraordinary risk. Every day's delay, at this season of the year, narrows our line of defence, and consequently strengthens it; and when the winter shall have set in, no number, however formidable, can venture to attack it; and the increase of the enemy's numbers at that period will only add to their distress, and increase the difficulties of their retreat."

The allied army, though requiring to be constantly on the alert, felt perfectly secure, and was remarkably comfortable. The strength of the defences, the abased condition of the enemy, the personal bearing of Lord Wellington, the recollection of past victories, and the consciousness of a steady bravery and a stubborn will, conspired to give confidence of triumph. The troops, though so various in character and of such different nations, British, German, Portuguese, and Spanish, were entirely harmonious. The chiefs and general officers merged all feelings in courteous cordiality and in a common zeal. Duty was light; health and sustenance abounded; and the general tone of circumstances imparted most of the enjoyments of barrack-life without any of its dullness, and nearly all the exhilaration of the field without any of its privations or fatigue. "Sports and amusements," says Lord Londonderry, "went on as if we had been, not at

the seat of war, but in England. Officers of all ranks, and in every department, from the Commander-in-chief down to the regimental subaltern, occasionally enjoyed the field-sports of hunting, shooting, and fishing. The men, too, had their pastimes, when not employed on duty. In a word, seldom has an army, occupying ground in the face of its enemy, enjoyed so many hours of relaxation, or contrived to unite so completely the pleasures of country life with the serious business of war." The officers, indeed, were incomparably better equipped for the battle-field than for the drawing-room or the saloon; but they did not, on that account, permit their social enjoyments to be abridged. One of their most hilarious affairs within the Lines was a grand feast at Matra, on occasion of investing Marshal Beresford with the order of the Bath; and Lord Wellington, replying to some preparatory query respecting it from the admiral of the Tagus fleet, said,—"We shall all appear in our best attire, but I fear that, with many, bad is the best; and we shall be highly flattered by your company, and that of the captains of the fleet, whether in full or in frock uniforms."*

The general population within the Lines, too, were remarkably contented. They, of course, suffered agitation for a time, and inconvenience permanently, from the influx of the allied army, and the blockade by the French; but they almost forgot these amid terrible fear that Lord Wellington would retire to his ships, and abandon Lisbon to the French,—insomuch that most persons of substance, including nearly all the merchants, had prepared to take flight, some for Brazil, and others for Britain; and when they saw how firmly he held the Lines, how grandly he overawed the enemy, how warmly he inspired his army with happiness for the present and high hope for the future, they speedily lost all alarm, all despondency, all sense of annoyance, and passed into a rivalry of enthusiasm to applaud the protecting army, to witness its parades, and even to make trips up the Tagus to Alhandra, to see there the confronting forces of the allies and the French.

The fugitives from the country, indeed, and also the poorer classes in Lisbon, were for some time in great distress. Provisions were dear, money was scarce, house-accommodation was scanty, and the weather was severe; so that starvation, disease, and death became rife. But strenuous exertions were made by the government, by the wealthy citizens, and by the military and naval officers to bring relief; and were speedily, though variously, successful. Multitudes of the fugitives were hutted in the open tracts between Lisbon and the Lines; multitudes were sent across the Tagus, to find comfortable retreats in the southern parts of the kingdom; and many were sent back, by way of the coast, under protection of the allied arms, to reoccupy their own homes in the tracts on the Mondego which had been recovered from the French. And for all the rest of

* Two others of Lord Wellington's generals had previously risen to knighthood, Sir J. Sherbrooke and Sir Brent Spencer, and one to a baronetcy, Sir Stapleton Cotton.

the population earnest measures were adopted to obtain the fullest possible supply of provisions. "There was neither danger nor dread of famine. That country from which the capital receives all its garden produce was within the British lines. On the other side the river, Alemtejo and Algarve were free from the enemy; and the latter fertile province, with that part of the former which is considered as the granary of the south of Portugal, was perfectly secure from them, unless the subjugation of the kingdom were effected. The Barbary coast was close at hand; ships from America and England were daily arriving: and the supply of wheat was soon fully equal to the consumption of the army and of the increased population."

Lord Wellington, notwithstanding all his other cares, acted a leading part in obtaining these supplies,—tasking his ingenuity to discover sources, and exerting his influence to multiply and instigate agents. Nor did he think only of filling the markets of Lisbon till the enemy should retreat; but he thought also of replacing all the vast quantity of food throughout the kingdom, or at least of essential food, which the invasion had destroyed. He noted, with intense anxiety, what multitudes of the Portuguese had been suddenly reduced to beggary, without prospect of sustenance for many months to come, even though the French should be very soon expelled from the country; and he earnestly sought, by the threefold means of a plentiful importation of grain, a proposal for a contribution from every man in his army, and an appeal through the British government to the liberality of the British people, to rescue these multitudes from inanition and the grave. "If the result of the campaign," wrote he to the British Secretary of State, "should be to oblige the enemy to withdraw from Portugal, it is much to be apprehended that the greatest distress will be felt in those districts through which the enemy's troops have passed, which there are no means whatever in this country of relieving. Upon former occasions the wealthy inhabitants of Great Britain, and of London in particular, have stepped forward to assist and relieve the distresses of foreign nations, whether suffering under calamities inflicted by Providence, or by a cruel and powerful enemy. This nation has received the benefit of the charitable disposition of His Majesty's subjects, and there never was a case in which their assistance was required in a greater degree, whether the sufferings of the people, or their fidelity to the cause they have espoused, and their attachment to His Majesty's subjects, be considered. I declare that I have scarcely known an instance in which any person in Portugal, even of the lowest order, has had communication with the enemy inconsistent with his duty to his own sovereign, or with the orders he had received. I would, therefore, beg leave to recommend the unfortunate portion of the inhabitants who have suffered from the enemy's invasion, to your Lordship's protection, and I request you to consider of the mode of recommending them to the benevolent disposition of His Majesty's subjects, at the moment, which I hope may not be far distant, that the enemy may be under the necessity of evacuating the country."

So noble a general, so disinterested, so humane, and withal so likely to effect the deliverance of Portugal, ought surely to have enjoyed the cordial support of the local government. But though he enjoyed it before, when he had much less claim upon it and incomparably less need of it, he did not enjoy it now. The perverse temper of the dominant party in the Regency, which we noticed in our twenty-eighth chapter as among the chief difficulties of the campaign of 1810, increased in virulence with the increase of the campaign's business, and became almost mad with mischief when the allied army passed within the Lines. Lord Wellington interfered with nothing political, except in so far as it affected his military operations; so that he afforded no pretext for debate upon any of his plans. He also had full power, by deed of the Prince Regent, and by concurrence of the Regency, to exact from the administration a ready adoption of any temporary measures which he might deem requisite to the success of his operations; and he had taken the precaution, before the commencement of the campaign, to obtain the Regency's formal approbation of his plans and his measures, in as far as these could then be devised, and almost exactly as they came to be executed; so that he had the fullest reason to expect not only a harmonious but a very hearty co-operation. The Souza faction, nevertheless, turned everything they could against him. They impugned his plans, denounced his operations, thwarted his measures, counterworked his authority, and did various things to diminish his military strength; yet, in no case avowing hostility to him, or doing anything openly against him,—but only, in all cases, setting up their own wisdom as superior to his, and claiming to be leaders in the war, or inventors of its operations, quite as much as he,—yet always taking care to oppose only what was disagreeable to the mob, and to perform only what was pleasing to them,—and therefore doing immeasurably more injury than if they had declared themselves Buonapartists, or walked directly over to the camp of Massena.

These infatuated gentlemen, in particular, called for resistance to the French along the frontier, disapproved of the retreat of the allied army to the Lines, discouraged the flight of the population before the invaders, withheld their aid from the removing or destroying of substance which could be made available for the support of the invading army, refused to levy taxes for assisting to defray the augmented expenses of the war, would not enforce the laws for calling out the maximum military strength of the kingdom, gave countenance, indirectly yet efficiently, to multitudinous desertion from the ranks of the Portuguese regiments, concocted many petty plans of military operation to supplement or supersede the gigantic system of Lord Wellington, and worried him from day to day with reasonings and expostulations and protests to have these plans carried into execution. If he was not exacerbated at their conduct—was not at length sent adrift by them from the powerful anchorage of his habitual good temper—he was at least compelled to assume the appearance of being so, in the forlorn

hope of either making them ashamed or reducing them to silence. "If," said he, "we are to go on as we have hitherto, if Great Britain is to give large subsidies, and to expend large sums in support of a cause in which those most interested sit by and take no part, and those at the head of the Government, with laws and power to force the people to exertion in the critical circumstances in which the country is placed, are aware of the evil, but neglect their duty, and omit to put the laws into execution, I must believe their professions to be false, that they look to a little dirty popularity instead of to save their country, that they are unfaithful servants to their master, and persons in whom his allies can place no confidence." Again:—"The Government are not aware of the difficulties of my situation, or of the orders of the Government, or of the King's wishes or intentions; and they give me more trouble in writing letters upon their nonsense, and lose more of my time, than can be conceived. I am responsible, and they are not, for the success of our operations; and if they will not do what I advise them, I shall only place their refusal or omission upon the records of the Government in justification of myself."

One instance of these men's folly, which may be given as a specimen, had reference to the protecting of the left bank of the Tagus. Lord Wellington simply took the precaution, when ordering the flight of the inhabitants of Beira and Estremadura within range of the invasion, to order also the removal of all boats which were in any hazard of falling into the hands of the French; and believing that, by that means alone, the left bank of the Tagus, so long as no hostile force approached from the south, would be rendered perfectly secure, he intended it to be kept free from the excitement of any military preparation, in order that it might enjoy composure to send steady supplies of provisions to the capital. But the Regency first were so remiss or refractory in executing the order as to let a large number of boats pass into the enemy's possession at Santarem, and next passed into such alarm respecting the left bank of the Tagus as to insist on its being provided with sufficient strength to resist invasion. Lord Wellington believed that, notwithstanding the capture of the boats, the French would neither be able nor inclined to send across greater numbers than mere foraging parties, who would be sufficiently resisted by the British gun-boats on the river and by the native rudely-armed ordenança. But the Regency, of their own authority, planned a series of ambuscades along the margin of the river, sent several hundred new stand of arms and three pieces of artillery to the ordenança, and induced the governor of Setuval, at the head of all his garrison, to make a flourishing march as far as to Salvaterra. The result was consternation throughout a great extent of country, the stoppage of the supplies of provisions to Lisbon, and the attracting of the attention of the French army to such a degree that there was risk of their sending over a detachment to seize Setuval before it could be succoured. Lord Wellington, though strongly reluctant to

spare men from the Lines, felt obliged to detach General Fane with a brigade of Portuguese cavalry and a battalion of Portuguese light infantry, to the left bank of the Tagus, for the double purpose of terminating the Regency's folly there and of watching the enemy. And the very condition of these troops was a memento of the reigning perversity, eliciting some remark from Fane, which prompted the following unusually sharp shot from Wellington's indignation,— "I wish I had it in my power to give you well-clothed troops, or to hang those who ought to have given them their clothing. You must make the best of them, and I shall give you full credit for everything you do."

The perverse Regents, of course, endeavoured to make the public believe that whatever was inconvenient or disagreeable or apparently wrong in the defensive measures of the war sprang solely from Lord Wellington, either personally or as the representative of the British authority. They even went so far as to attempt to fix upon him the odium of misdeeds which, besides being entirely their own, were entirely political. They had, in September, just before the battle of Busaco, so far overdone their passion for popularity as to make secret seizure of many citizens, under pretence of political disaffection, and to consign them summarily to imprisonment or exile: and, finding, to their dismay, that this infamous procedure, instead of eliciting peals of applause, provoked long and lasting hisses of indignation, they were so base as, about the time of his passing within the Lines, to circulate specious rumours ascribing it all to his advice. He was ever slow to vindicate himself on any subject, and ever nice about both the style and the medium of a vindication; but, on this occasion, he felt almost tempted to publish a piece of correspondence which would have crushed his revilers to the dust, yet contented himself with writing as follows to the British Secretary of State:—

"The first I heard of the arrest of the persons in question was from public report and from the Portuguese newspapers. The Secretary of the Regency afterwards sent me a paper upon the subject, to which I wrote an answer expressing my disapprobation of the measure. I am decidedly of opinion that the Portuguese government had no reason for arresting these individuals, excepting a desire to gratify the populace by an act of rigour against those supposed to be well-wishers and partisans of the French. It is impossible for me to say whether they are so or not; but I am very certain that they had it not in their power to do any mischief, and that their sudden arrest and transportation for crimes not stated, were calculated to do much injury at the time, by creating general suspicion and mistrust. I am afraid that the Portuguese government, after they had carried this measure into execution and had found that commiseration for the sufferings of individuals had excited the disapprobation of many persons in Lisbon of the whole proceedings, gave their sanction to the reports which were circulated by their friends, that it had been adopted at the

suggestion of the British authorities, although they had adopted it not only without consulting any of us, but had persevered in carrying it into execution, notwithstanding the remonstrances of His Majesty's Minister and of the Admiral, and they knew that I disapproved of it entirely."

But by far the most injurious instance of the Regency's perversity was the preventing of the removal of the means of subsistence from within reach of the enemy. This was done, not only in a general way throughout the kingdom, but in a particular way over the tract immediately in front of the Lines. A special commission had been appointed to superintend the sweeping of that tract; but it was restrained by the perverse Regents from proceeding to do its duty till the enemy was almost on the spot. Not another tract was nearly so important, both on account of its contiguity to the Lines, and because it abounded in cattle and corn, and was singularly rich in facilities of transit. Yet almost all its provisions, almost all its domestic appliances, and even some of its boats were left entirely to the uses of the enemy. The Regency acted toward it exactly as if they meant to support the French, and to prevent them from being harassed, or even from being incommoded. "The Government," said Lord Wellington, on the 16th of October, "may congratulate themselves upon this notable arrangement. They would not adopt in time any one measure to remove what might be useful or necessary to the enemy. They neglected their peculiar business to occupy themselves with what did not concern them; and there is not an arrangement of any description which depended on them, or their officers, which has not failed. At this moment, the enemy are living upon grain found close to the Lines; and they grind it into flour with the mills in our sight, which the Government were repeatedly pressed to order the people to render useless, and which could have been rendered useless only by taking away the sails." Had the Regency done their duty in sweeping the country—had they done what they themselves had agreed to do, and what they possessed perfect facility to do—Massena could not have remained many days before the Lines, and would have retreated amid famine and disaster. Lord Wellington, when thinking of the possible effect of their conduct in practically provisioning the enemy, felt not only annoyed but intensely grieved. "It is heart-breaking," said he, "to contemplate the chance of failure from such obstinacy and folly."

Massena's army, nevertheless, even in the earliest days of their encampment in front of the Lines, were very far from being well subsisted. They were so closely surrounded and so intently watched by the militia and the ordenança that no food, even near at hand, could be obtained without an effort. Outposts were needed from the very first for foraging; and strong cavalry patroles soon required to command all the vicinity of the Tagus up to the influx of the Zezere, and also a division of infantry to fall back toward Thomar, in order to prevent the exhaustion of supplies. Yet the troops got no bread, no delicacies, seldom

anything but meat, flour, and a scanty modicum of coarse vegetables. And they soon lost heart—soon were driven by bad fare, dismal weather, miserable accommodation, military inactivity, a sense of humiliation, and a fear of approaching disaster to murmur and repine; insomuch that, in the way of finding a ruffian remedy for their wretchedness, they partly took and partly were allowed an ample license for the exercise of their habitual rapacity. "They had been so long accustomed to this," says Southey, "that they proceeded in their researches for booty of every kind upon a regular system. They were provided with tools for the work of pillage; and every piece of furniture in which places of concealment could be constructed they broke open from behind, so that no valuables could be hidden from them by any contrivance of that kind. Having satisfied themselves that nothing was secreted above ground, they proceeded to examine whether there was any new masonry, or if any part of the cellar or ground-floor had been disturbed. If it appeared uneven, they dug there. Where there was no such indication, they poured water, and if it were absorbed in one place faster than another, there they broke the earth. There were men who at the first glance could pronounce whether any thing had been buried beneath the soil; and when they probed with an iron rod, or, in default of it, with sword or bayonet, it was found that they were seldom mistaken in their judgment. The habit of living by prey called forth, as in beasts, a faculty of discovering it."

Several hundreds of the French troops deserted to the British lines. Still greater numbers set up a life of independence, as roaming freebooters, in the tracts immediately beyond the range of the foragers. These desperadoes formed an organization of their own, under officers and a general, and called themselves the eleventh corps. They became so strong as to number about sixteen hundred men, and so audacious as to assail Massena's patroles and foraging parties. Two powerful detachments were sent from the camp to subdue them, but were not successful till after an obstinate struggle. The leaders of the bandit corps were judicially shot, but the rest of the men were allowed to return to their duty,—and, in fact, except for having deserted, differed nothing in character from the majority of the troops. The whole French camp in front of the Lines bore far more appearances of a robber horde than of a civilized army. "Forage and food, skins of wine, church vestments, clothes, books, guitars, and all the bulkier articles of spoil were heaped together in their huts, with the boards and doors of demolished houses. Many of the men, amid this debasing service, exhibited still the traits of the French character, fitting up their huts with gaudy hangings, torn from the palaces or churches, sometimes with no little regard to comfort, and always with a display of gaiety only to be found in Frenchmen."

But the camp, as seen from salient points of the British lines, looked dismal. It lay silent and sad, amid incessant fog and rain, as if all its sheen were tar-

nished and all its glory gone. Not a sound from it or a stir within it, after the first few days, indicated any intention of further hostility. Massena, after having satisfied himself that any attempt against the Lines was hopeless, lay steadily prostrate like a child in the sullens, or perhaps calmly patient like a strong man "biding his time." The state of his army's health combined with the circumstances of his situation to enforce inactivity. About four thousand were in hospital; multitudes more were sick; and nearly all were out of condition for any such steady, regular, dashing exertion as would have been needed in even a small brush with the powerfully fortified victors of Busaco. The self-restraint of Lord Wellington in forbearing to assail that camp must have been wonderful. A moment's reflection on it cannot but discover to every well-informed man how enormously broad and nicely delicate were the principles of his policy.

Yet Massena was making all the preparations which he possibly could for future action. He sent away General Foy, with an escort of four hundred infantry and two hundred cavalry, to report his situation to Buonaparte, and to solicit reinforcements. He formed large magazines of provisions at Santarem, and sent thither his military stores, his hospitals, and a great part of his baggage, with the view of improving the circumstances and prospects of his army by making a sudden retreat to that place. And he speculated largely on transferring his operations to the left bank of the Tagus, or on mustering a grand effort to turn the flank of the Lines with the aid of the river; and for this purpose he constructed a bridge at Punhete near the mouth of the Zezere, built boats with wheels to suit them for removal from place to place by land, and formed rafts and collected other materials of transport at Santarem and at a creek in the Tagus below the influx of the Zezere. But he made very slow progress; and also was so smartly checked over all his rear by the Portuguese militia, so keenly watched on the river by the British marines, so steadily counterworked on the opposite bank by Fane, and so minutely overlooked by observation, by means of deserters, and in other ways from the Lines, that he was never able to act with vigour, or to acquire any considerable ground for hope. His messenger to Buonaparte, too, made critical escapes from both the Portuguese and the Spanish partisan troops; and would not have succeeded in carrying his despatches to Ciudad Rodrigo, or to France, if he had not been an officer of rare courage and address.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MASSENA'S RETREAT TO SANTAREM, AND GOING INTO POSITION THERE—LORD WELLINGTON'S PURSUIT OF HIM—HIS DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST SANTAREM—HIS GOING INTO CANTONMENTS, WITH HEAD-QUARTERS AT CARTAXO—HIS FORTIFYING OF ALMADA—HIS RELATIVE CONDITION, MARTIALLY AND POLITICALLY, AT THE CLOSE OF 1810

THE site of the city of Santarem is a lofty hill, which rises abruptly from the Tagus, and extends about three miles to the north-east. This, besides being naturally a strong military position, derives considerable artificial strength from the walls and alignment of the city. A range of lower eminences extends along the south-west side of it, masking the main position, and furnishing excellent ground for outposts. The Rio Mayor, a sluggish outspread stream, joined here by several small dull tributaries, creeps athwart low flat spongy ground, near the skirts of these outer eminences to within a mile of the Tagus, and then, making a sudden bend, flows about eight or ten miles, nearly parallel with that river to an eventual junction with it, through a vast expanse of rich open alluvial land, called the plain of Santarem. All this plain is traversed, up the right bank of the Rio Mayor, by the royal road from Lisbon; and the upper margin of it, adjacent to the Santarem hills, is traversed, across the river, by a raised causeway, eight hundred yards in length, called the Ponte Seca. "By this alone Santarem can be approached; as on one side of the Ponta Seca is a deep wet marsh, quite impassable; and on the other, which extends to the Tagus, it is covered with reeds and sedges and deep water-cuts, so as to make the passage of it extremely difficult for either horse or foot, and impractical for guns."

Such is the place to which Massena proposed to retire, as preferable to his position in front of the Lines. He had seen it when on his advance-march, and had formed a justly high estimate of its military strength. He knew too that, with great ease, almost from the moment of entering, he could maintain perfect command over the Ponte Seca, by means of an abattis across its upper end, and of a strong battery upon one of the adjacent eminences. Lord Wellington himself, from a much better knowledge of Santarem than Massena's, pronounced it the strongest military position in Portugal. Nor was it more advantageous for the front which it presented to the allied army than for its rear communications with sources of sustenance and with spheres of operation. Massena might use it in any way he pleased, either for making a determined stand in Portugal or for covering a retreat into Spain,—either for resuming the offensive direct towards Lisbon, or for operating flankwise through the Alemtejo or backward against

Oporto; and in any case, he could distribute his army northward to Thomar, northeastward to the Zezere, and northwestward to Leiria, and obtain within these limits larger quantities of food than in any other commandable district north of the Tagus.

His withdrawal from the position before the Lines was an operation of much delicacy. The preparations for it required to be kept profoundly secret from the militia and the ordenança, who promptly conveyed to Lord Wellington, by a chain of communication round both flanks, whatever intelligence they could obtain. The march was likely to suffer much obstruction from the state of the weather and of the roads; so that it required to be facilitated by the utmost possible power of pre-arrangement. The rear-guards of the two corps nearest the Lines were exposed to overwhelming pursuit by the allies; and therefore needed to begin their march suddenly and in silence. Even the whole of Junot's corps was in much danger, both because it was all immediately overlooked by the Monteagraça, and because it required to traverse a narrow strong defile at Alemquer. Multitudes of the troops, too, notwithstanding the previous removal of all "the sick" to Santarem, continued to be too feeble to endure either the embroilment of fighting or the fatigue of forced marching.

Massena, however, managed the whole affair with admirable generalship. He first sent out the great body of his cavalry, to break into scouring detachments, to drive all the militia and the ordenança to a distance, even as far as to Pombal. He next pushed the corps of Ney northward to Thomar, to spread itself thence in a line of positions extending on the one side to the Zezere, and on the other beyond Ourem. And he next concerted a silent simultaneous departure of the corps of Junot and the corps of Regnier, each to march in one compact column, the former by Alcoentre upon Alcanhete and Torres Novas, and the latter by Cartaxo upon Santarem. Everything was ready for this last move on the 14th of November. The air was filled with such thick fog as to prevent observation from Lord Wellington's outposts. Junot's rear-guard, the most imperilled division in the army, decamped at dusk on the 14th, proceeded on its way during the night, and passed the defile of Alemquer next morning without molestation.

Lord Wellington did not discover till some hours after daybreak on the 15th that the French were away. Nor was he then disposed to imitate his old compeer Cuesta by passing instantaneously from vigilant defence to headlong pursuit, from calculating caution to reckless impetuosity. He had received intelligence only on the preceding day that boats were collecting at Santarem, and that French reinforcements were on the march from Ciudad Rodrigo; he knew also, from the feints and manœuvres of the advance into the valley of the Mondego, how cunning a strategist Massena was; he might imperil everything, but could gain little or nothing, by suddenly evacuating the Lines, to any further

extent than the two divisions immediately in the rear of Junot's and Regnier's positions; and therefore, ordering these divisions, Craufurd's and Hill's, to proceed instantly in cautious pursuit, he paused to listen and reflect, to receive intelligence and weigh considerations, before resolving to commit himself to any broader course of action. "It was not even clear," as Sherer well remarks, "that this retrograde movement of Massena might not be a wily manœuvre to put Wellington's jealousy for the Lines asleep, while, by a rapid and forced march to Torres Vedras, he poured the main strength of his army, upon the right of the Lines, and set his all upon that desperate cast. It was certainly not probable that a general whose hopes and calculations had been so grievously disappointed and deceived by the result of the action at Busaco, would commit so rash an act. But it was possible. And in the conduct of this memorable campaign, Wellington left nothing indolently to Providence, but that for which no human wisdom or foresight could provide. Well it were for all those who hold the doctrine of a particular Providence, if they did, nevertheless, at all times so earnestly and severely labour as if all depended upon themselves."

Lord Wellington soon followed the two pursuing divisions with his cavalry, and at the same time requested Admiral Berkeley to send all the boats of the fleet up the Tagus, to enable the troops to cross rapidly to the left bank, if Massena's movement should prove to be directed against the Alemtejo. Early on the 16th, the French corps were ascertained to be marching in two compact columns,—the left one past Alcoentre, in the direction of Alcanhete; and it was thence inferred that they were bent on some design which concerned the whole of Massena's army, but probably had no thought of moving round toward Torres Vedras. The towns, villages, and even single houses on both lines of retreat bore hideous marks of malicious demolition,—injured in every way which the French could possibly have had time and means for doing,—rendered almost useless for affording any protection from the weather, and therefore serving as indications that the invaders had no hope of being able to return. About four hundred stragglers were captured, a few of them audacious marauders, the rest sick or starving wretches who could not sustain the fatigue of marching, but all either unable or unwilling to give any information. Lord Wellington now concluded that, whatever might be Massena's intentions, it would be important to strike a blow at his rear while he was in motion or before his reinforcements should arrive; and therefore, arranging to leave only two divisions of his regular troops within the Lines, to protect the part between the pass of Runna and the sea, he sent orders to all the rest to join him in the pursuit.

On the 17th, Lord Wellington received intelligence from General Fane, then in the vicinity of Chamusca on the left bank of the Tagus, that a large body of the enemy had marched from Santarem toward Golegaô, and that there were appearances of an intention to occupy Santarem only temporarily as a strong

rear-post, and to draw off the whole army toward Spain. This intelligence was confirmed by the seemingly high military wisdom of the supposed movement. "By a retreat into Spain," says Lord Wellington, "the French would first have been able to provide their army with plenty of food during the winter; secondly, they would have been able to put them into good and quiet cantonments; thirdly, they would have been able to provide their numerous sick with surgeons, medicines, &c., the whole of which they had lost; fourthly, they would have been able to clothe and re-equip their troops with shoes, &c., which they required; fifthly, they must have been perfectly aware that even should they be of insufficient strength to hope to make any impression upon the position of the allies in Portugal, they would experience no difficulty in regaining the position of Santarem from the frontier; and sixthly, they must have been aware that, as long as they remained in the country, its cultivation would be impeded, and that by remaining they cut up by the roots the resources which were to enable them to attack the allies upon a future occasion." Thinking it probable, therefore, that Massena was retreating in full force toward Spain, His Lordship immediately adopted measures to press vigorously on his rear, and at the same time sent across the Tagus at Villada, in Admiral Berkeley's boats, General Hill's division and a regiment of dragoons to be ready, in case of need, either to succour Abrantes or to annoy the head of the French march.

There was an incessant heavy fall of rain during all the movement from the Lines to Santarem. This was harassing to both the retreating army and the pursuing one; but the French were much less retarded by it than the allies, both because they were foremost on the road, and because they enjoyed the benefits of leisurely pre-arrangement. It assisted the French, likewise, in so filling the rivulets and saturating the marshes around Santarem as materially to strengthen their new position. They took post, throughout the whole extent of their force, and were almost quite secure, before the allies could approach. Regnier's corps was in and behind Santarem. Junot's corps was in a rugged tract, midway between Santarem and Ourem, with its right at Alcanhete, its centre at Pernes, and its left at Torres Novas. Massena's head-quarters also were at Torres Novas. And Loison's division of Ney's corps was at Golegaô, to watch the Tagus, and to maintain the communication between Santarem and Punhete. Thus did the whole army lie within a triangular space, which diverged like a fan from the powerful point of Santarem,—one side of the triangle being formed by the Tagus, and the other by the marshes of the Rio Mayor.

On the 18th, Lord Wellington's cavalry and his advanced-guard arrived at Santarem, but saw it to be quite unimpressible by any attack which they could make. Next day, a considerable part of the infantry arrived,—yet in a crippled state, in consequence of the delay of a brigade of guns; and then His Lordship ordered a general attack, and was actually leading it on, when he discovered the

absence of the guns, and counterordered the troops to their bivouac. Most writers say that the object of this attack was to dislodge the force from Santarem, under the belief that it was a mere rear-guard; but Lord Wellington himself states it as follows,—"To cross Rio Mayor river at different points, and attack the enemy's outposts upon it, to enable us to reconnoitre more closely the position of Santarem, and see whether it was practicable to attack the post, and what the enemy's real object was in maintaining himself there." He clearly, therefore, had not yet penetrated Massena's intentions, and was still in doubt respecting the surmised retreat to Spain.

On the morning of the 20th, when his force was in better condition, he renewed his dispositions of the 19th. "General Hay's brigade of the 5th division, with General Pack's Portuguese brigade," says Leith Hay, "were ordered to ford the Rio Mayor above the town, turn the enemy's right, drive in his posts, and advance until established on the heights, there to await for subsequent orders. The first division, under Sir Brent Spencer, and two brigades of the fifth, commanded by General Leith, were to proceed in columns along the causeway, until across the river; then to quit the road, leap the wall to its left, and having formed on the plain, march direct to the enemy. The light division to force across the Rio Mayor, near to its junction with the Tagus, and, with a brigade of light cavalry, manœuvre on the enemy's left flank. Before day-break we marched to carry into execution these movements. It had rained constantly during the night; the roads were deep to a degree. As the divisions approached the high ground on the right bank of the Rio Mayor, the weather improved, the rain ceased to be violent; the troops halted on the eminence domineering the western extremity of the causeway, from whence every preparation for defence made by the enemy was clearly discernible. The demonstrations made by the allies alarmed General Regnier, notwithstanding his previously established confidence in the strength of his position. The troops under Generals Hay and Pack appeared marching to carry into execution what he most dreaded, an attack on his right flank. In ignorance as to the means possessed by these officers of crossing the Rio Mayor, he was unaware of the security afforded by the accidental flooding of the river, which, against a corps unprovided with pontoons or apparatus for constructing a bridge, presented a sufficient obstacle. The force in his immediate front, apparently on the eve of debouching to carry the bridge, had a formidable appearance; while the light division defiled along the bank of the Tagus. General Clausel's division of Junot's corps, the nearest infantry with whom he could communicate, was four leagues distant. Under all these circumstances, General Regnier prepared for retreat. The sick, the wounded, and the equipages were sent to Golegaô; he at the same time despatched information to the Duke of Abrantes, and the General-in-chief, as to the critical nature of his situation. The first and fifth divisions of the allied army,

crowning the heights as above stated, remained in anxious suspense, expecting every moment to hear the troops to their left engaged. The enemy appeared equally intent in watching the progress of events. But nothing was destined to result from what had every semblance of being the immediate prelude to a very serious contest. The causeway could not have been forced without great loss, nor was it possible for Lord Wellington to ascertain so immediately the exact position of the remainder of the French army as to judge how far it was practicable to dislodge Regnier's corps by flank movements alone. Conjecture was, however, at an end, upon the abandonment of all intention to attack being communicated."

Lord Wellington continued for two days more to project assaults on Regnier's right flank. But he then became convinced, by a collision of part of Junot's corps with his picquets, by telescopic observation of Regnier's outposts, and by various pieces of incidental information, that Massena's whole army felt itself firmly secure, and was making a determined stand. "The question of attacking the enemy on Santarem," says he, "was then well considered; and the notion was relinquished, as the plan was impracticable at that moment, on account of the state of the roads and rivulets, as well as because it was obvious that the enemy had their whole army collected in certainly the strongest position in Portugal. We could not succeed without immense loss; and we could not make the attempt at that time without incurring the risk of having some of our detachments insulated and cut off from all communication with the others."

His Lordship, however, resolved to continue in the vicinity of Santarem for the threefold purpose of retaining the part of the country which had been evacuated by the French, of maintaining a stronger command over Alemtejo than could be maintained so far south as the Lines, and of being always at hand to annoy Massena, or contravene him, or fight him, or pursue him, in any way for which opportunity might arise. He therefore put the main part of his army into cantonments at Valle, Cartaxo, Alcoentre, Alemquer, and Villa Franca, with head-quarters at Cartaxo; and at the same time took precautions to guard his position, and to block all the accesses to the south, with all the efficiency which his consummate military skill could invent. The causewayed egress from Santarem was cut off by mining the south end of the Ponte Seca, fortifying an eminence which commanded it, and forming adjacent to it an entrenchment of sufficient capacity to contain a regiment. Any attempts which Regnier might devise to cross the marshes in front of Santarem, or on its flanks, were prevented by posting Craufurd's division of light infantry, together with a brigade of cavalry, on the heights which overlooked the marshes. The front of the allied main position was protected by a chain of posts extending from the left of Valle, along a range of hills, by Malhorquiza, to the Rio Mayor. The accesses to the central part of the Lines from Junot's and Ney's positions were secured, and the

possibility of turning Lord Wellington's left flank was prevented, by strong posts of cavalry on the roads from Pernes and Alcanhete, and by an entrenched encampment of a division of infantry at Alcoentre. All the immediate accesses to the evacuated parts of the Lines were strengthened; and all the western parts of the Lines, between the pass of Runna and the sea, because they could be reached as soon by the French through Obidos and Vimiero as by the allies through Alemquer and Sobral, continued to be occupied by the same force as when the whole allied army was within the Lines.

Hill's corps, on the left bank of the Tagus, though never needed for the purpose for which it was originally sent across the river, insomuch that Lord Wellington was half-inclined for some days to regard the sending of it across as an error, yet served other purposes of higher value, and became for a time more vexing to Massena than even the main army. Its head-quarters were at Chamusca; and its main strength was disposed in chains of outposts along the Tagus, from below Santarem to the vicinity of Abrantes. It communicated readily with Lord Wellington by means of the gun-boats on the river; and it possessed the means of a facile retreat, by floating-bridges over the tributary streams, and by an ample ferry over the Tagus at Alhandra, to its old position within the Lines. It proved itself so serviceable, and attracted so much of the enemy's attention, and promised to make so prominent a figure in future operations, that Lord Wellington soon began to regard it as a separate arm of his strength, similar to what it had been during the demonstrations of the army of invasion on the frontier, and largely reinforced it. Its long chain of posts intercepted all communication between Massena and Soult, so as to prevent any such conduct on the part of a co-operating force from the south as might have enabled Massena to make another and better attempt to penetrate the Lines. It likewise was of grand utility in covering the Alemtejo. Lord Wellington, writing on the 23d of February 1811, says, "Ever since the enemy took up the position of Santarem, their attention has been principally devoted to discover the means of passing the Tagus; and they view our corps on the left of the Tagus, which has been continued there, with the utmost jealousy. The general report in their army, when they retired from Sobral, was, and my opinion is, that they intended immediately to cross the Tagus, and establish themselves in Alemtejo; from which they were prevented by the passage of General Hill over that river, and are still prevented by the position of his corps."

Even before Massena's retreat to Santarem, the whole of the left bank of the Tagus from Abrantes to the sea, but particularly the parts of it in the vicinity of Lisbon, had begun to occasion Lord Wellington much solicitude. He no longer viewed the safety of it as involving only a regular supply of provisions to the capital, but regarded it as involving the very central objects and highest interests of the war. His change of opinion had reference to the rock

of Almada, crowned by a little town of the same name, nearly opposite Lisbon. This rock, with part of the Tagus and of Lisbon seen from it, is the subject of one of our illustrations. It has a height of 280 feet above sea-level, and looks, to even the most inexperienced eye, to command the anchorage. Lord Wellington, when concocting his stupendous scheme for the defence of Lisbon, felt anxious to know whether he would need to comprehend Almada within his plans,—whether he would need to construct very strong fortifications round it, in order that in the event of the French penetrating to it from Spanish Estremadura, or from any part of the left bank of the Tagus above Alhandra, they might be repelled from it as firmly as from the Lines. Admiral Berkelev, the commander of the Tagus fleet, seemed the fittest person to inform him; and in an elaborate report on the subject, he gave a decided opinion, that Almada could not make any such play upon the water as would at all disturb the execution of the proposed scheme, even though it should reach the forlorn stage of the allied army retiring through the lines of embarkation to their ships. Hence did Lord Wellington, during all the twelve months of his fortifying operations for the defence of Lisbon, leave Almada untouched.

But after the allied army had been some time within the Lines, Admiral Berkeley suddenly discovered, or admitted, that he had been in error, and concurred with other good judges in opinion that Almada, if it should be seized by the enemy, would be very perilous to both the fleet and the city. Lord Wellington was then in both a stultified and an exciting predicament,—the more so as, on the one hand, he had just been in collision on that very subject with his Souza antagonists, and, on the other, possessed slender means and no sure time for raising the requisite fortifications. But he was not to be deterred by any apparent practical confession of error, or by any amount of practical difficulty of execution short of absolute impossibility, from promptly performing the duty which the emergency demanded. He instantly adopted measures to erect two chains of forts, the one immediately exterior to Almada, and the other across the entrance of the promontory, from Aldea Gallego to Setuval. He likewise judged it to be of prime importance that, in the event of the enemy being able to penetrate in strength to the left bank of the Tagus, they should find neither subsistence nor plunder in the parts near Lisbon; and therefore he issued orders, similar to those which he had issued in Beira, that all those parts should be cleared,—that, in particular, all their stores of food and all their riches should be forthwith removed to either Setuval or Lisbon.

The Souza faction in the Regency might have been expected to be well pleased with the order to fortify Almada, it being so exactly in harmony with their previous schemes and wishes. But, in their usual perversity, they denounced it as a grievance and a folly, and made it the subject of a long violent altercation; insomuch as greatly to annoy Lord Wellington respecting it, even

during the busy period of his operations on the Rio Mayor. The Patriarch, in particular, was so exacerbated by it, or by discussion arising out of it, that "he personally insulted Mr. Stuart, and vented his passion in the most indecent language against Lord Wellington." Nor, of course, did the Regency afford due aid to the constructing of the fortifications. Lord Wellington, writing to Mr. Stuart on the 31st of December, says, "The works on the left of the Tagus are not going on near so fast as they ought, for want of hands. Captain Goldfinch has lately had only two hundred men instead of four thousand. It is curious that, notwithstanding the people are said to be starving, and we are ready to give them work, and money and bread in payment, the Government and their officers are unable to collect them for us. The French will be in Alemtejo before those works will be prepared, and then there will be a fine breeze in Lisbon."

The belligerent armies, in the meanwhile, lay inactive. Massena, indeed, pushed out considerable forces right and left, for the purposes of foraging and of plunder, and produced a number of encounters, very various in result, with the militia and the ordenança; but he did not attempt any great enterprise, contenting himself, in reference to all the main objects of the war, with merely concerting measures, based on the expectation of large reinforcements to his own proper army, and of extensive co-operation from Soult. Lord Wellington, as usual, was very busy in his bureau, conducting a weighty correspondence, which would have fully tasked the powers of any ten ordinary men in high political office. He likewise gave large attention to the remedying of the moral evils in his army, to the perfecting of the discipline of the Portuguese regiments, to the improvement of the organization of the militia, to the harmonizing of the civil affairs of the war with the purely military ones, and to all other matters, great and small, which could exert any appreciable influence on the results of the contest.

Political discussions still ran high in Britain, in consequence of the continued insecurity of the Government and the unabated violence of the opposition,—and were now stimulated by the events of the war, the illness of the King, and proposals for a Regency, with the probable effect of an immediate change of administration. But Lord Wellington, though he might well have been tempted, in the peculiar circumstances of the moment, to take not only a part in these, but a leading part, or almost a dictatorial part, rigidly confined himself to his proper duties as Commander of the Forces in the Peninsula. Yet he felt as much obliged as at any former period to study the political atmosphere, to watch its prognostications, and to mould his purposes and fashion his proceedings with anxious reference to its storms. The continued unpopularity of the war, in particular, challenged his most serious attention. This, in spite of all he had achieved, was still so general, so strong, and so impatient that the ministry, in

the hope of mitigating it, had resolved to make every possible reduction of expense; and, with that view, they now inquired of Lord Wellington whether, in his confidence in the security afforded by the Lines of Lisbon, he could allow the transport-ships which were in attendance on his army to return to Britain. Here was deep humiliation for at once our hero, the ministry, and their common cause. All that they struggled for, and all their high motives for struggling, even despite of the bygone munificence of the British nation and of the present eminently critical juncture of the stupendous contest, were compelled to yield to considerations of comparatively paltry expense.

Some prodigious effort of the allied army seemed now necessary, both to vindicate itself, and to give political strength to the British government. The instant expulsion of Massena from Portugal was perhaps the smallest event which could produce the requisite impression; or if that should be found unachievable, a brilliant victory over him, with the effect of making large captures from him or of driving him gradually back to the frontier, might do some good. Lord Wellington, at all events, felt bound to make a scrutinous review of all the circumstances affecting his present military condition, in order to decide whether the proper time had not at length arrived for abandoning his Fabian policy,—whether he should not now rush into dashing enterprise, in the hope of running on a grand scale a career of triumph similar to that of Assye and Argaum, or to that of Roliça and Vimiero, or whether, even with the effect of increasing the unpopularity of the war and of multiplying its political embarrassments, he ought not still to proceed in the cautious method which promised, after months of most testing trial, to be as firmly "sure" as it was comparatively "slow." He accordingly made that review; and on the 21st of December, he wrote the results of it to Lord Liverpool, as follows:—

"I have no doubt that the enemy is not, and does not consider himself, able to force the position of the allies in this country. Indeed, I believe I have the means of beating the force now opposed to me, in their own position, of course with the sacrifice of a certain loss of men. I think that the paper published in the Moniteur of the 23d November shows that our position in front of Lisbon is considered so strong as that it ought not to be attacked in front; and, from the perusal of that paper, I am of opinion that the enemy will endeavour to maintain a position in this country with the troops now in it, probably reinforced by some of those now on the frontier, &c., will endeavour to dislodge us by occupying the countries north of the Douro and south of the Tagus, and thus distress us for supplies. The accomplishment of this plan will require an enormous force and some length of time; but when I recollect that, in the last year, the whole of the north of Spain and of Old Castile were abandoned by the enemy, even before the battle of Talavera, I cannot doubt that they will abandon those countries likewise upon the existing emergency,

which will give them a part of the force they require. I am also certain that, if the British army should not be obliged to evacuate Portugal, the French army must withdraw from Andalusia. I think it not improbable, therefore, that a large part of it, if not the whole of the French army in Andalusia, will be introduced into the southern parts of this kingdom. I do not despair of holding my ground against this accumulation of force, and I have taken measures to prevent the only inconvenience which it can produce, namely, a deficiency of supplies. But as these troops are all within a few marches of me, and an order from Paris would not only put them in motion, but they could be in this country almost before the transports could arrive in England, I cannot think it advisable, in the existing situation of affairs, to send them out of my reach.

"The question whether I should attack the enemy in the position which he now occupies has been well considered by me. I have a superior army, I think, by ten thousand men or one-sixth, including the Spaniards; and notwithstanding some defects in its composition, I think I should succeed. But the loss must necessarily be very great in killed and wounded; and the necessity which would exist of exposing the troops to the weather for some days and nights would throw a great proportion of this convalescent army into the hospital. Then what is to be gained in this action, in which failure would be the loss of the whole cause? Nothing at present that I know of, excepting to relieve the northern provinces and Andalusia from the presence of the enemy; which relief it is probable that the course of events will bring about, without the risk and loss of an action

"But there is another view of this question, which is a very serious one, and has made much impression upon my mind. If the northern provinces of Spain and Andalusia should be relieved from the pressure and presence of the enemy, by the course of events, or by exertions in Portugal, what will the cause gain by this relief? In the last year I cannot forget that I brought upon myself and General Cuesta not less than five corps d'armée and the king's guard and reserve, more than equal to a sixth corps, and that when the whole of Castile and the north of Spain was cleared of the enemy, not a man was put in the field by these provinces, nor even one raised. In this year I have had three corps d'armée, the most numerous and efficient in Spain, upon my hands for eight months. The kingdom of Gallicia has been entirely free from the enemy, and Castile partially relieved. The Spanish army in Gallicia have made no movement whatever, as General Mahy says, for want of great coats, but in fact, because they want pay, clothing, means of subsistence, transport, discipline, and everything which can keep a body of men together in an operation. In Castile nothing has been done, excepting that the guerillas have been more daring and successful in their robberies.

"The relief of Andalusia would, I fear, make no difference in the situation

of affairs there. I do not think it quite certain that the enemy would be obliged to raise the siege of Cadiz, although it is probable that he would. But if the siege of Cadiz were not raised, the general cause would derive no advantage from the relief of Andalusia; and even if the raising the siege of Cadiz were the consequence of the relief of Andalusia, I doubt that there are means at Cadiz of putting into the field the troops now composing the garrison of that place, so as to render them a disposable force for the cause of the allies, or that any benefit would be derived from that event excepting that it would place at the disposal of the allies the means which the enemy have collected for the siege of Cadiz, and retard and probably prevent the operation.

"Your Lordship will probably deem this a melancholy picture of prospects in the Peninsula; but you may rely upon its truth. This state of affairs in Spain is the result of some defects in the national character, aggravated by the false principles on which all the affairs of that country have been conducted since it attempted to shake off the yoke of France. The Spaniards have consequently no army,—no means of raising one,—no authority to discipline an army, if they could raise one,—no means to arm, equip, clothe, or feed any thing which could be collected under that name. The war in the Peninsula, therefore, as far as the Spaniards are concerned in it, cannot take a regular shape. It must be confined to the operations of the guerillas, upon which the calculations are very different from those which would be made in respect to the operations of a more regular force.

"If all this be true, our business is not to fight the French army, which we certainly cannot beat out of the Peninsula, but to give occupation to as large a portion of it as we can manage, and to leave the war in Spain to the guerillas. As long as the French do not interfere with our supplies, or the resources of the Portuguese government, or any point of our security, I think it very immaterial whether they are in Spain or Portugal. Indeed adverting to the greater difficulties they have in subsisting in the latter country and in keeping up their communications, I believe it is more advantageous that they should be where they are. Their numbers are certainly diminishing daily, while they do us no mischief; on the contrary, we are nearer to our resources than ever we were, and they leave the whole of the north of Spain open to the operations of the guerillas. But if the army now in Portugal is to be assisted by other corps, operating north of the Douro and south of the Tagus, before I can have secured the supplies of provisions I require, I must then seek to dislodge them by more determined means than I have tried hitherto. These means, God knows, may fail; or I may be prevented from trying them by the weather, or by other circumstance, over which I can have no control. In all these cases it would be terrible not to have transports at hand, and I cannot advise that they should be sent away.

"It is certainly astonishing that the enemy have been able to remain in this country so long; and it is an extraordinary instance of what a French army can do. It is positively a fact that they brought no provisions with them, and they have not received even a letter since they entered Portugal. With all our money, and having in our favour the good inclinations of the country, I assure you that I could not maintain one division in the district in which they have maintained 60,000 men and 20,000 animals for more than two months. This time last year I was obliged to move the British cavalry only from the district which they now occupy with their whole army, because it could not be subsisted. But they take everything, and leave the unfortunate inhabitants to starve."

These statements must have been perfectly convincing. Yet the spirit of them was patent in all the previous events of the campaign, and ought to have rebuked every murmur, and extinguished every doubt. How, in decency,—after so many years of his generalship, in such diversity of circumstances, with such uniform success,—most of all, after so tremendous a trial of his skill in resisting Massena's invasion,—could there be any British strong political opposition to Lord Wellington? His mere firm stand against the French, in the face of general expectation of signal failure, and after every anti-Gallican army in the world except his own had given way, ought to have evoked universal confidence in his judgment. Accordingly, all eyes throughout the Continent gazed upon him, the French feared him, the truant Spaniards began to delight in him, neutral observers admired him, and his own army, together with most competent military judges in every land, already hailed him as a greater soldier than even the conquering Buonaparte.

But the capricious British public, and the querulous oppositionists in the British parliament, were not so easily to be won. The victory of Busaco, indeed, temporarily silenced them; the success at the Lines struck some of them with wonder; and the chase to Santarem turned that wonder into astonishment. But the subsequent inaction there, Lord Wellington's simply sitting down to watch Massena, thereby seeming to confess that he could not drive him out of Portugal, suddenly revived all their animosity, and afforded them new pretexts for deafening clamour. "If this," said they, "be termed the defence of a country, the Portuguese might well pray to be delivered from their defenders." "The campaign," they added, "would be renewed in February, with such an accumulation of force on the part of the enemy as would make even the protection of Lisbon hopeless, much more the deliverance of the Peninsula; so that, in the name of reason, in the name of common sense, in the name of humanity and of all sound policy, Lord Wellington's army ought instantly to be withdrawn from the contest."

The silencing of the opposition, however, was profound and lasting enough to induce the ministry to send a strong reinforcement. This was better to our

hero than "thunders of applause." He prized "force," but cared little for "enthusiasm." The continued prevention of an increase of his army was, at present, the chief thing for which he deprecated popular odium; and that evil being overcome—even though, from various causes, particularly stress of weather, the reinforcement did not reach him till the month of March—he could afford to wait calmly for the eventual arrival of a freight of fame on the current of events. Misrepresentation and contumely, he knew, would for some time be flung as bespatteringly toward him by the free press of Britain as is the mud from rapidly revolving wheels on a miry highway; but he sat far too high to be reached by them, and did not doubt that he would one day be borne along by that very vehicle to a heritage of glory. Hence did he, about this time, write to one of his chief officers, who was smarting under a sense of newspaper traduction,—"I hope that the opinions of the people in Great Britain are not influenced by paragraphs in newspapers, and that these paragraphs do not convey the public opinion or sentiment upon any subject. Therefore I, who have more reason than any other public man of the present day to complain of libels of this description, never take the smallest notice of them, and have never authorized any contradiction to be given, or any statement to be mad in answer to the innumerable falsehoods and the heaps of false reasoning, which have been published respecting me and the operations with I have directed."

In another way, however—by their continued publication of military intelligence from officers in his camp—the newspapers both severely tried our hero's patience and heavily taxed his professional skill. They, of course, intended no more than to please their readers,—to gratify the insatiable thirst of the British mind, similar to that of every other free people, for news: nor did they treat the intelligence of the campaign of 1810 in any manner differently from the intelligence of any previous campaign, except in regarding it as richer in incident or more stimulating to curiosity: yet in publishing any accounts at all, especially in publishing without reserve whatever accounts they could obtain, respecting the plans, preparations, and intricacies of Lord Wellington's vast, secret, Fabian system of defensive warfare, they unavoidably did great harm to him, and rendered vast assistance to the French. The allied army's passing within the Lines put an end to the previous silence respecting them, and gave notice to the world of what they contained, with a rapidity almost like a detonation of gunpowder. Intelligent officers by the hundred who then looked upon them were never before so strongly tormented by the cacoethes scribendi; so that they instantly sat down to write off accounts of all they saw to their correspondents in Britain; and in a few weeks, British newspapers reached Massena's camp, some by way of France, others by means of hawkers or traitors from Lisbon, containing the substance of these accounts, and acquainting the French marshal with "every inch" of Lord Wellington's position, with all the works in the Lines, "the num-

ber of guns and men in each, and for what purpose constructed." "Surely," said our hero, when officially noticing this fact to the British Secretary of State, "it must be admitted that those who carry on operations against an enemy possessed of all the information which our newspapers give to the French do so under singular disadvantage." And again he said to the same functionary,—"It may be very right to give the British public this information; but if they choose to have it, they ought to know the price they pay for it, and the advantages it gives to the enemy in all their operations. I am sure your Lordship does not expect that I, or any other officer in command of a British army, can pretend to prevent the correspondence of the officers with their friends." Lord Wellington likewise felt greatly annoyed by vituperations in the Cadiz newspapers on the Marquis de la Romana for joining the allied army within the Lines; yet when writing about these to his brother Henry, the British ambassador at Cadiz, he remarked,—"The freedom of the press is undoubtedly a benefit, and it is difficult possibly to fix the limits beyond which it shall not go."

The Souza faction, in their perverse opposition to Lord Wellington, exulted to see him so unscrupulously abused by the press. They were much too coarse men to be able to appreciate him,—much too narrow-minded to be capable of taking in any idea of his greatness; and, among their many egregious misconceptions of his character, was a notion that he could be driven to anguish, or covered with embarrassment, or crushed to destruction by the combined power of free correspondence and free publication. They therefore formed the notable project of slaving him with the pen. They first attempted to wound him with anonymous letters. But he paid no further attention to these than to say to Mr. Stuart, that, if he could but clearly prove the hand-writing, he would "send the letters to the Prince Regent that he might see what clever fellows the governors of the kingdom were." They next arranged to caricature him in Britain, representing him as hunting wild-beasts within the Lines when he ought to have been fighting Massena, and as playing the gourmand at Oporto when he ought to have been pursuing Soult. But he only remarked,—"Their plan of caricaturing and libelling me is admirable." And then with heightened courage, as if to make an end of him where he stood, they concocted a little Portuguese book against him, or patronized the concocting of it by a man of the name of Stockler, for circulation among the natives. But when he heard of this from Mr. Stuart, he only said,—"The Government may publish any nonsense they please. It is entirely a matter of indifference to me. But I think they had better take care how they endeavour to set the people of the country against those who have saved them. They are much mistaken if they think they can do me any harm by such nonsense, or that they can themselves stand for a moment after they shall have convinced the people that the English, and I in particular, have not done my best for them. You know best whether these opinions can be brought forth.

I am entirely indifferent whether they can or not; or what becomes of Stockler and his book."

Nor did the factious Regents permit themselves to be just or decent toward the general body of the British army. They were both very slow to notice their constant merits as a body, and very quick to notice the occasional demerits of individuals. This kindled Lord Wellington's indignation; for though as fixedly cool as a glacier about his own reputation, he was easily heated to simmering wrath about the reputation of his men. "If," said he, "the British soldiers have committed, as all soldiers do commit, acts of misconduct, they have at least fought bravely for the country. They have besides recently shown that commiseration for the misfortunes of the people of this country which I am convinced will be equally felt by their countrymen at home, and actually fed the poor inhabitants of all the towns in which they have been cantoned on the Rio Mayor river. Yet I have not heard that the Portuguese government have expressed their approbation of this conduct, very unusual in people of this class and description; nor do I find that either their bravery in the field, or their humanity, or their generosity can induce those whom they are serving to look with indulgence at their failings, or to draw a veil over the faults of the few, in consideration of the military and other virtues of the many."

The perversity of the Souza faction was now working to a crisis. Its wild activity while the allied army lay within the Lines, increased to frantic madness while the army lay upon the Rio Mayor. Principal Souza and the Patriarch passed on from obstructing Lord Wellington, and from calumniating him, to the forming of intrigues for exhausting his resources, dissolving his army, and reversing his victories. They do not appear, indeed, to have imbibed any feeling of either treachery to their prince or partisanship for Buonaparte; yet, in the mere high hot delirium of factious folly, they became as eager to overthrow Wellington, not personally but officially, in his power and plans as Marshal-General of Portugal, as Wellington was to overthrow Massena. Nor, in selecting the means of accomplishing their object, or rather in seizing whatever means they could procure, were they restrained by considerations of either public honesty or conventional decorum. For example, they systematically starved the Portuguese troops, both in garrisons and in the field; insomuch that the important fortress of Abrantes, closely adjacent to Massena's left wing, could scarcely be upheld for want of provisions, while entire regiments on the Rio Mayor were reduced to about one half of their effective strength. They put a stop to the manufacturing of cartridges and to the current repairing of their own old military works, except in so far as the expenses should be defrayed out of the British military chest. They even went the length of calling upon Lord Wellington to pay for the repair of the public roads,—and that too though there were sufficient special funds for the purpose in all parts of Portugal. Nay, so insane were they that, in the

course of discussions for raising the requisite war-taxes, the Patriarch, speaking as their mouth-piece, declared that he would not suffer burdens to be laid on the people "which were evidently for no other purpose than to nourish a war in the heart of the kingdom."

Lord Wellington could not, in common prudence, endure this folly any longer. He must either put an end to it, or retire from the war. And had he not been one of the most patient of men, and one of the most generous of military defenders, he would have crushed it months before, or perhaps would not have borne it for a day. He possessed full legitimate power, during the whole time of its continuance, to destroy it at any moment he pleased; nor was he under any physical necessity, or under any political necessity, or under any motive except his own good temper, and his high regard for the public wellbeing, to bear it for an instant. He was supposed by Mr. Stuart, and is recorded by Colonel Gurwood, to have been himself a member of the Regency; but he really was other than a member, more than a member, more than all the members. For the same royal rescripts which remodelled the Regency, in prospective adaptation to the defending of the kingdom against the third French invasion, invested Lord Wellington with supreme power, or a power independent of the Regency, in all military matters, and with a paramount power, such as obliged them to consult him with the view of enjoying both his advice and his concurrence, in all important administrational matters. He likewise, through means of Marquis Wellesley or of the entire British ministry, had a power of diplomacy for the enforcement of his aims at the court of Brazil, far higher than that possessed by the Souza faction. But being a foreigner and a soldier, he wisely shrunk from appearing to assume pre-eminent authority on the footing either of might or of right. He had no private end to serve,—no main motive of action except the public good; and he exceedingly preferred to let the Regency act as they pleased in so far as they should act well, or to let them perish in the estimation of prince and people entirely by their own misconduct. And now that the crisis had come, he needed to do no more than write a letter to the Prince Regent in Brazil, detailing the chief circumstances in the Souza faction's conduct; and even this he did not despatch without sending a copy of it for their perusal, in order that they might confront it with any vindication of themselves which they should think proper.

The result was most honouring to him, and seemed almost magical. He was freed from the faction, vested with every desirable power for facilitating the war, and virtually made dictator in the land. "In fact," remarks Napier, "Portugal was reduced to the condition of a vassal state; a policy which could never have been attempted, however necessary, if the people at large had not been willing to acquiesce. But, firm in their attachment to independence, and abhorring the invaders, they submitted cheerfully to this temporary assumption

of command, and fully justified the sagacity of the man who thus dared to grasp at the whole power of Portugal with one hand, while he kept the power of France at bay with the other."

Lord Wellington had ample need, personally as well as officially, of all the repose of mind which the suppression of the Souza faction could give him. The campaign of 1810, together with the continuation of its affairs into the early months of 1811, was a fearful tax upon his personal energy. Very rarely has any man, in the same space of time, in any circumstances in this world, had occasion to endure such crushing cares, or perform such stupendous labours. His mind was ever laden to the uttermost with everything which could vex and embarrass it, and ever worked to the uttermost with everything which could overwhelm or exhaust it. His military success in that campaign was not surer evidence of his greatness in generalship, than his steady personal endurance was of the grandeur of his temper and the greatness of his personal strength. Everything belonging to him physically and intellectually was tremendously put to the test; and he was in more hazard of failing as a man than as a general. What Sherer says of him in reference to this period is true,—"The man Wellington stood there strong and alone, looking ever to the possible, doing always the utmost that could be done, and then calm as to the event." Yet, at times, the calmness was rather that of an over-worked mind laying itself down to rest, than that of an unsinking one ever-buoyant on the billows. He was almost the only man connected with the campaign who incessantly laboured and incessantly hoped. His very chief officers, even the best of them, all fainted or fell off, some in mind and others in body; insomuch that of the generals who were with him at the passage of the Douro only one remained in the field at the end of 1810, and even that one had been away during some months of the interval in England. No wonder, then, that Lord Wellington's letters of this period display more symptoms of emotion than his letters of any other year. No wonder that expressions may frequently be detected in them indicating concern or displeasure or alarm respecting the conduct of his compeers, or anxiety respecting the continuance of his own capacities for action. No wonder that even such a sentence as the following was wrung from him, but a wonder rather that similar ones were not wrung from him often,—"I declare that, notwithstanding all my practice, I have not health or spirits to go through all the difficulties of carrying on the service, crossed and thwarted as it is by the wants of the Portuguese and Spanish armies, the obstinacy with which they persevere in opposing and rendering fruitless all measures to set them right or save them, and the difficulties thrown in the way by our own government and officers."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EVENTS AT CADIZ IN THE LATTER PART OF 1810—MASSENA'S SITUATION, AND WELLINGTON'S, IN THE EARLY PART OF 1811—SOULT'S EXPEDITION INTO ESTREMADURA—WELLINGTON'S MEASURES AGAINST THAT EXPEDITION—SOULT'S INVESTMENT OF BADAJOZ—THE BATTLE OF THE GEBORA—THE FALL OF BADAJOZ—THE BATTLE OF BARROSA

THE Cortes, or Spanish parliament, met at Cadiz in September 1810. The assembly was necessarily imperfect and accidentally bad. It could not possibly represent the kingdom Many of its members were appointed by a sort of caprice. Its spirit was akin to that of the defunct Central Junta. It was vain, foolish, boastful, and supercilious Many demonstrations were made, and some things done, on behalf of high patriotism and the amplest liberty; but the pervading animus was indolent, arrogant, ambitious, and despotic. The executive was declared inferior to the legislative: the Regency was dissolved, and another one appointed, with General Blake at its head; numerous national institutions were abolished or remodelled, in some instances wantonly, in others with a view to the Cortes' own aggrandizement; and a passion for speechifying, for law-making, and for general legislative display was profusely indulged. But, amid all these proceedings, even though the uproar of debate was interjected with the boom of cannon from the enemy's lines of contravallation, the general business of the war received marvellously little attention,—the very defence of Cadiz was in a large degree intrusted listlessly to the British "I am afraid," wrote Lord Wellington on the 2d of December, "that the Spaniards will bring us all to shame yet. It is scandalous that in the third year of their war, and having been more than a year in a state of tranquillity, and having sustained no loss of importance since the battle of Ocana, they should now be depending for the safety of Cadiz, the seat of their government, upon having one or two more or less British regiments, and that, after having been shut in for ten months, they have not prepared the works necessary for their defence, notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of General Graham and the British officers on the danger of omitting them. The Cortes appear to suffer under the national disease in as great a degree as the other authorities, that is, boasting of the strength and power of the Spanish nation, till they are seriously convinced they are in no danger, and then sitting down quietly and indulging in their national indolence."

By two drafts which Lord Wellington made upon it in August and September, General Graham's force in Cadiz was reduced to about five thousand men;

but by subsequent reinforcements from Gibraltar and Sicily, it was raised, before the end of the year, to about seven thousand It received little effective co-operation from the Spaniards, and but for being aided by the great natural strength of the place, it might have found the defence of Cadiz, against the continued blockade by Victor, a labour very much above its power. Soult, becoming impatient at the slow progress of the blockade, went, about the end of October, to urge it on in person; and after vainly trying some dashing experiments from his line of forts, he began to prepare a series of bold measures for interposing his army between the Isle of Leon and the city. But before he could mature these measures, he received commands from Buonaparte to collect as much of his army as could possibly be spared from the operations in the south of Spain, and to proceed instantly with it through Estremadura into Alemtejo, to co-operate with Massena, and under him, in the invasion of Portugal These commands had been issued from Paris in a series of duplicates, commencing immediately after Buonaparte obtained sure intelligence of Massena's reverses, but they were so often intercepted in Spain by parties of guerillas that a copy of them did not reach Soult till about the end of December

Buonaparte's information respecting Massena, for some time, was all derived from the English newspapers He learned at one and the same moment what had happened to Massena, and what effect it had produced on the British mind He might perhaps have felt inclined to ascribe to the information the mendacity and vaingloriousness which so broadly characterised his own despatches, but he saw that it was believed by all classes in Britain,—that it was breaking the spell of his moral power,—that the multitudes of Britons who had joined the acclamations of Continental Europe, in acknowledgment of the invincibility of his armies, were for the present completely silenced by it, and seemed to be in a fair condition for undergoing a total change, or even a sudden revolution, of opinion So that when it was all confirmed by Massena's own despatches through General Foy, the upstart conqueror, the self-constituted tyrant, the would-be-master of the world resolved at once that something great must be done, that if necessary great sacrifices must be made, in order to retrieve Massena's reverses, and render him triumphant. He determined that all Spain should be left as it then was, fierce in insurrection, sturdy in resistance, and over great extents of its surface unsubdued, for the sake of overpowering Portugal. He determined to set in motion all the forces in Spain, excepting only such as should be barely able to hold fast the footing which had been gained, and to precipitate them into junction or co-operation with Massena, to drive Wellington into the sea. He therefore sent to Soult the orders which we have already mentioned,—and which bore reference to all the troops under Soult's authority, particularly the three corps of Mortier, Victor and Sebastiani. He sent orders to Drouet to march with the ninth corps into junction with Massena; sent orders to all the detachable troops in the north

of Spain, especially on the Tormes and at Ciudad Rodrigo, to join Massena, and sent orders to Massena himself to yield not an inch of ground behind Santarem, to lay siege to Abrantes, and to make every possible preparation, against the time of being succoured by Soult and reinforced by Drouet, to push forward to the capture of Lisbon and the mastery over all Portugal.

Massena received his orders in good time; and he set to work with all possible vigour to obey them. But that vigour was not great. He could not do much of an effective kind within the limits of the position which he occupied, and nothing whatever beyond them. He strengthened his defences, drew the main part of his forces to the right, where his position was weakest, and made a vast increase to his boats and other means of transport at Punhete and Benquina. But as to any ulterior operations, beyond mere foraging for provisions or foraying for plunder, he could do nothing except to watch Lord Wellington, and to wait for accounts from Soult and Drouet. He tried much and earnestly to communicate with Soult, but had no success, either while he lay at Santarem, or at any future period of the campaign. The two marshals, though both at the head of great armies, though both in positions which ought to have given them a very broad common base in Spain, and though now ordered forward by Buonaparte in a joint operation, not very far distant from each other, with a prospective meeting-point on the Tagus, at the farthest at Lisbon, yet were so effectually kept from every kind and degree of intercommunication, by means of the activity of the allied corps on the left bank of the Tagus, that they performed their respective parts in the campaign, from beginning to end, in perfect ignorance of each other's plans or situation.

Massena's own reinforcements, also, had to struggle their way to him through very serious difficulties. Drouet's corps was greatly frittered down in transient operations, on its way through the north of Spain; and both it and the accumulation of force at Ciudad Rodrigo had to encounter sharp contests with the militia of the north of Portugal. The total reinforcements which eventually reached Massena's camp were not numerous enough to compensate the losses which he had already sustained in the campaign. Lord Wellington's account of them is as follows:—"About the time of our going into cantonments on the Rio Mayor, we heard of the movements of the enemy's reinforcements on the frontier; and General Silveira had, in November, been successful in an affair with an advanced guard which had been pushed across the Coa. This was the advanced guard of a division formed under General Gardanne, consisting of convalescents belonging to the three corps in Portugal, of 1,500 men, which had been sent into Spain in October as an escort to General Foy, and of two or three battalions belonging to Junot's corps, which had been detached to General Seras by order of the Emperor, and were exclusive of the eighty-nine battalions which entered Portugal. The whole were supposed to amount to 8,000 men.

After the affair with Silveira, the enemy retired across the Coa again, and went up the Upper Coa by Sabugal, and entered Portugal through Lower Beira, leaving the Estrella to the north on their right hand. They advanced till they reached the Tagus, when they suddenly turned about, on the 25th November, and retired into Spain, more in the manner of the flight of a mob than of the march of troops. The ordenança of the Lower Beira followed them and did them much mischief; and they suffered much from the badness of the weather. On the 13th of December, a division of Drouet's corps, which consisted of about twenty-six battalions of infantry, and had entered Spain in September, broke up from Ciudad Rodrigo with this same division of Gardanne, in consequence of an order received from Paris, to make another attempt to enter Portugal. This division consisted of eleven battalions, and with Gardanne's, was supposed to be from 13,000 to 16,000 men; they must have been at least 10,000 men. They reached the army about the 27th or 29th December, having been attacked by Colonel Wilson's division of militia on their passage of the Alva, and suffered some loss." Another division of Drouet's corps, under General Claparede, first marched against the militia on the Douro, and then, in January, took post at Guarda, with their advanced-guard at Belmonte, thereby holding the militia in check, and seeming to maintain a communication between Santarem and Almeida.

Lord Wellington soon detected symptoms of despondency among Massena's army, and began to reckon upon their speedy decampment. Massena, however, in expectation of hearing from Soult, in deference to his imperial master's commands, and under strong stimulus of the general motives for the invasion, continued for a time to spurn all idea of retreat He even, on one occasion, imagining that Lord Wellington was about to assail him, evinced a determination to stand stoutly up to battle. A small reinforcement had just come up to the allied camp from Lisbon; some unusual stir, at the same time, took place in the forward part of the allied position; and on the 19th of January, 1811, Junot, in order to make a strong reconnoisance, with the view of ascertaining whether a battle-attack was in contemplation, rushed headlong upon the allied picquets at the town of Rio Mayor, and drove them in. But, on his retiring, he received so severe a carbine wound as disabled him for the rest of the campaign. "No attack followed; and the two armies remained, as before, quiet, and for the most part under cover. Both generals were thoroughly informed of each other's situation; and neither was able to venture upon the offensive."

Soult, after taking all Mortier's corps, which was now very greatly reduced, and as many other troops as could with any safety be withdrawn, was not able to muster, for his enterprise against Estremadura and Portugal, more than fifteen thousand infantry and about four thousand cavalry. Mortier, at the head of the advanced-guard of this force, entered Zafra on the 5th of January. "The

Spanish generals in command of the part of the Estremaduran army which had not gone with the Marquis de la Romana into Portugal, were Ballasteros and Mendizabel, each at the head of a separate division. Neither they nor the Regency formed any tolerable notion of Soult's aim; so that they adopted no suitable means to stop or repel him. Lord Wellington, indeed, sent them a communication, giving them his conjecture, which proved to be in exact accordance with fact, as to Soult's intention, and recommending to them certain measures which could have been easily executed, and might have been eminently serviceable; but as in the times of the Central Junta, though now more through thoughtlessness than through perversity, he was not attended to. Ballasteros, by order of the Regency, marched over the mountains away to his right, as if to defend the lower Guadiana which was in no danger, and leaving Estremadura thoroughly exposed. Mendizabel threw four thousand of his best troops into Olivença, which was nearly dismantled, and without any stores, and drew off all the rest to Badajoz, which also was in a bad state of repair and ill-provisioned. Soult had formed the bold purpose of mastering Estremadura and capturing the frontier fortresses, as a preliminary to his entering Portugal; and it almost looked as if the infatuated Spanish authorities were doing the best they could to smoothen his way and facilitate his labour.

On the 6th of January, an advanced guard of Mortier's cavalry, without aid from either infantry or artillery, took possession of the bridge of Merida. "The conduct of the Spaniards in Estremadura," wrote Lord Wellington on the 13th, "surpasses everything they have yet done. They were particularly desired to defend the Guadiana, and to destroy the bridges of Medellin and Merida, which orders they had received, and the engineer went to Merida to execute the work. Instead of executing it, he makes a report, stating objections to the measure, every word of which proves that it ought to be executed, and he refers for orders. Mendizabel, who is at Badajoz, does the same; and in the meantime the French, who were supposed by Mendizabel not to have advanced farther than Zafra, drive the Spanish cavalry from Merida, and obtain possession of the bridge. Be it remembered that four hundred French infantry, in the year 1808, held this same post and bridge of Merida against the whole of Cuesta's army for one month in the summer when the Guadiana was fordable. I really believe that if they would have defended Merida and Medellin for a few days only, so as to impede for that period the passage of Mortier's corps across the Guadiana, the French must have retired from this country."

Soult, turning aside with the main part of his infantry toward Olivença, invested that place on the 11th of January. He was hindered by the severity of the weather from completing his covered way till the 19th, or opening the fire of his breaching batteries till the 20th. Mendizabel, alarmed for both Olivença and Badajoz, and deprived of the support of Ballasteros, applied for succour to

the Marquis de la Romana, who was still with his divisions in Lord Wellington's position at Cartaxo. A despatch soon arrived, announcing that the Marquis's force was already on the march; and this was communicated to Manuel Herk, the governor of Olivença, on the 21st, with an earnest request to hold courageously out, in the assurance of being speedily relieved. But on the very next day, he made an unconditional surrender. In the meantime, Gazan's division of Soult's army had gone in quest of Ballasteros; and on the 28th, they overtook him, fought him, and deprived him of about a thousand men at Castellejos. Some of the beaten troops took refuge in the neighbouring forts; and the great bulk of them were immediately afterwards recalled by the Regency to Cadiz. Thus, in twenty days after the commencement of Soult's expedition, twelve thousand soldiers, whose strength, with that of the other Spanish troops and of Badajoz, might have easily repelled the invaders or even driven them into confusion, were variously captured, dispersed, and withdrawn, so as to be completely lost to the struggle.

The Marquis de la Romana, when sending away his troops from Cartaxo to the support of Mendizabel, would gladly have led them in person, but was hindered from doing so by severe illness. He enjoyed Lord Wellington's entire confidence, consulted him intimately on the military affairs of Spain, concurred heartily in his ideas as to the proper mode of defending Estremadura, sanctioned and transmitted his communication on that subject to Mendizabel and the Regency, and seemed in the fair way to introduce at length, to the practice of the Spanish armies, his principles of tact and strategy. But on the 23d of January he died. Lord Wellington, writing on the same day to the British ambassador at Cadiz, said, "His loss is irreparable; under existing circumstances, I know not how he can be replaced; and we may expect that it will be followed by the fall of Badajoz." Writing next day to Mendizabel, he said, "I have lost a colleague, a friend, and an adviser, with whom I had lived on the happiest terms of friendship, intimacy, and confidence; and I shall revere and regret his memory to the last moment of my existence. During his indisposition I had frequent conversations with him on the situation of affairs in Estremadura, and by his desire I put my opinions in writing in the form of a memorandum, in order to give him a more convenient opportunity of considering them. He transmitted this memorandum to you, and I earnestly recommend it to your attention." And to the British Secretary of State he wrote, "In him the Spanish army have lost their brightest ornament, his country their most upright patriot, and the world the most strenuous and zealous defender of the cause in which we are engaged; and I shall always acknowledge with gratitude the assistance which I received from him, as well by his operations as by his counsel, since he had been joined with this army." The French officers, also, on hearing of Romana's death, said, "In him the Spaniards have lost the only general in their service worthy of his rank."

On the 26th of January, Soult marched against Badajoz This place, it will be remembered, has the same general character on the south-eastern frontier of Spain which Ciudad Rodrigo has on the north-eastern frontier It stands on the left bank of the Guadiana and on the left bank of the Rivillas, at the junction of these streams The Guadiana is here a noble river, from three hundred to five hundred yards wide, washing about one-fourth of the town's circumference, and rendering it nearly inattackable The Rivillas is only a rivulet, yet has artificial well-defended means of commanding an inundation "The defences along the Guadiana," says Jones, "are confined to a simple and badly flanked rampart, with an exposed revêtement, but on the other sides consist of eight spacious and well-built regular fronts, having a good counterscarp, covered-way, and glacis, but the ravelins incomplete The scarp of the bastions exceeds thirty feet in height, and that of the curtains varies from twenty-three to twenty-six feet In advance of these fronts are two detached works One called the Pardaleras at two hundred yards distance, is a crown work, its escarps are low, its ditches narrow, and its rear badly closed The other, called the Picurina, is a strong redoubt, four hundred yards in advance of the town On the north-east of the town, at the angle formed by the junction of the Rivillas with the Guadiana, rises a hill, to the height of more than one hundred feet, the summit of which is crowned by an old castle, and its walls, naked, weak, and but partially flanked, here form part of the enceinte of the place The space contained within the castle is considerable, and various projects had at different times been under consideration for occupying it with a citadel, or some interior defensive post, but nothing had ever been carried into effect. Indeed the defences of the castle had been unaccountably neglected, two or three field-pieces only being mounted on its walls, and those without the shelter of proper parapets Immediately opposite to the castle, on the other bank of the Guadiana, at the distance of five hundred yards, are situated the heights of Christoval, rising to nearly the elevation of the castle and as the terreplein, or interior space of the castle, is an inclined plain towards the Guadiana, every part of it is seen from the Christoval heights To prevent a besieger readily availing himself of this advantage, in any attack of the town, a fort has been constructed on them. Its figure is nearly that of a square of three hundred feet, the scarp, which is well built of stone, is twenty feet in height, and mostly well covered by a revêted counterscarp. The communication between the town and Fort Christoval is very open to interruption, being either by a bridge, six hundred yards in length, subject to be enfiladed, or by boats for which there is no security. The bridge stands a quarter of a mile below Fort Christoval, but is slightly connected with it through a tête-du-pont The river Gebora enters the right side of the Guadiana immediately above Fort Christoval, and the river Caya enters the same side a little below the town

Lord Wellington recommended Mendizabel to leave only a sufficient garrison in Badajoz, and to post all the rest of his forces on the right bank of the Guadiana, with the right touching Fort Christoval, and the front looking toward the Guadiana and the Gebora. This position, besides being remarkably strong in the front and the flanks, is supported in the rear by the fortresses of Campo Mayor and Elvas. But Lord Wellington recommended also that it should be strengthened by means of entrenchments; and he calculated that it would render the Spanish army quite efficient in resisting Soult, without exposing them to any field-fighting, and would enable them to keep perfectly and constantly open the communications of Badajoz with the sources of supply and succour. His Lordship likewise continued to give Mendizabel the aid of Madden's brigade of Portuguese cavalry, and purposed to send also a British force to his assistance as soon as the promised reinforcement should arrive from Britain,—which he then hoped would be in a very few days. "With soldiers of any other nation," said he, in reference to these arrangements, "success is certain: but no calculation can be made of any operation in which Spanish troops are engaged."

Mendizabel fully justified his fears. That general was as vain, as presumptuous, as infatuated, as ignorant of the arts of victory as the majority of his predecessors. He ignored all Lord Wellington's advice, even though enforced by the dying homologation of Romana. "He did not anything which he was ordered to do, and did exactly that against which he was warned." He allowed the communication with Campo Mayor and Elvas to be cut off, left the position on the right bank of the Guadiana unintrenched and unoccupied, and shut up all his forces, amounting to eighteen thousand men, in Badajoz, where not one half of them were wanted, and where all, after letting go the communication with the country, were liable to be speedily reduced by famine. And after finding himself in the toils, he completed his absurdity by looking for deliverance, or for the means of maintaining himself, to a succour of British cavalry. But, wrote Lord Wellington on the 10th of February to the ambassador at Cadiz, "You will perhaps think it unnecessary that I should give any reasons for not detaching cavalry to the assistance of General Mendizabel. I almost doubt whether I shall be justifiable in having left General Madden's brigade of Portuguese cavalry at his disposal, in the eye of all those who will judge of my conduct; but knowing the manner in which General Mendizabel was likely to use any cavalry which I might send him, from the accounts which I had received of his former operations, particularly with that arm, and with the experience which I have of the operations of the Spanish officers, and the suspicions which it is obvious that I have entertained of what would be their conduct in this operation from the repeated warnings in my several letters to General Mendizabel and General Virues, I should have been quite unjustifiable if I had put more of the troops intrusted to my charge at their disposal."

Soult formed a ferry on the Guadiana, about four miles above Badajoz, to connect his operations on one bank with those on the other. His cavalry he sent to the right bank, to cut off all communications on that side; and with as many infantry as he could spare from other services, who did not amount to more than about eight thousand, he sat down to initiate two attacks on the outwork of Picurina and one on that of Pardaleras. He laboured most energetically, but was severely embarrassed by tempestuous weather and by floods in the Rivillas, insomuch as to be obliged on two occasions to call to his aid the cavalry from the right bank. Mendizabel hoped to vanquish him by sallies,—and certainly made a number of these in high spirit and with considerable effect,—yet managed them and trusted to them in the same style of rashness which had characterized the rush of so many Spanish armies to battle. The grandest of all, and of course the most disastrous, occurred on the 7th of February. A body of about five thousand burst from the side of the Picurina, and with one stroke of valour got possession of the trenches and the batteries. But they had not taken with them the means of spiking the guns; they could do no injury where they stood, and were not strong enough to go farther; and, in a few minutes, they were struck in front and flank by the enemy's reserve, and thrown suddenly into disorder, and driven back to the city with a loss, in killed and wounded, of eighty-five officers and nearly six hundred rank and file.

Mendizabel at length, after this disaster, determined to occupy the strong position, which Lord Wellington had recommended, on the right bank of the Guadiana. He entered it, with ten thousand infantry and fifteen hundred cavalry, during the second time of the withdrawal of the French cavalry from the right bank; and had he been prudent, he might even then have managed to realize all Lord Wellington's expectations regarding it. But he occupied the position negligently, kept no guard in his front, did not cast up any entrenchments; and on being annoyed with a few shells thrown from the distant French batteries, he drew back from the proper alignment in the vicinity of the rivers, to enjoy the protection of covering high grounds, using no other precaution than to destroy a small bridge over the Gebora. Soult, ascertaining his slovenliness, resolved to surprise him. He could not devote to the enterprise more than six thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry, had to pass two rivers in severe winter weather, to rush upon a position which very little care and labour would have rendered absolutely impregnable; yet he trusted firmly to his own skill and his men's bravery as ample warranty against so silly a foe.

On the evening of the 18th of February, he led his forces over the ferry which he had formed on the Guadiana; and next morning, amid a thick fog, his infantry passed the Gebora in two columns on the right and left of the ruined bridge, while his cavalry forded the stream five miles above. The fog suddenly cleared away about eight o'clock; and then the Spaniards, "without

support, without formation, without one directing mind or one governing voice," and even without previous note of danger excepting the fire and clamour which sprang from the very crash of the collision, instantly beheld their position invaded,—the cavalry on their exposed flank, the infantry in assaulting order in their front, and a brigade already drawn up between their protected flank and Fort Christoval. Many of the men stood firmly to their arms; but the battalions, as battalions, were little better than a mob. "The contest was of only a few minutes' duration. Horse, foot, and cannon were speedily driven together in frightful confusion into the centre. The cavalry cut their way through the throng and escaped; but the infantry were almost all slain or made prisoners. Mendizabel fled with a thousand men to Elvas; two thousand got into Badajoz; but eight thousand, with the whole artillery, were taken; and not a remnant of the army of Estremadura remained in the field."

Lord Wellington was both indignant and grieved at this annihilating discomfiture. He pronounced it most ignominious to the Spanish arms, and more injurious than even the great defeat at Ocana to the common cause of the allies. "I could not imagine," said he, "that an army having two rivers between it and the enemy, and knowing that the enemy was endeavouring to pass one of them, could have been surprised in a strong position. But Mendizabel, knowing that the French force were preparing means to cross the Guadiana, was surprised in his camp, which he had neglected to fortify, although repeatedly advised to fortify it, and which he delayed to quit. If he had not been surprised, although he had not been entrenched,—if he had been entrenched, and still had been surprised,—or if he had withdrawn from the position, as he said he would,—this misfortune could not have happened. I know the ground as well as I know my own room; it is really the strongest position in the country." Again said he,—"Although experience has taught me to place no reliance upon the effect of the exertions of the Spanish troops, notwithstanding the frequent instances of their bravery, I acknowledge that this disaster has disappointed and grieved me much. The loss of this army, and its probable consequence, the fall of Badajoz, have materially altered the situation of the allies in this part of the Peninsula: and it will not be an easy task to place them in the situation in which they were, much less in that in which they would have been, if this misfortune had not occurred. I am concerned to add that the Portuguese brigade of cavalry did not behave much better than the other troops. General Madden did everything in his power to induce them to charge, but in vain. This circumstance shows the effect of surprise and of general panic upon troops, as this brigade have, upon former occasions, behaved remarkably well."

The French, by their victory of the Gebora, not only destroyed the army of Mendizabel, but got possession of excellent ground for assailing Badajoz. They knew well how to avail themselves of that ground; and accordingly began to

entrench it on the evening of the very day of their victory. They had not yet, however, made any real progress in the siege; nor, except under the impulse of their own bravery, could they be very hopeful of conducting it to a successful issue. The fortress had already proved itself quite strong enough to withstand their appliances; its garrison, including the soldiers who had run into it from the route of the Gebora, amounted to about nine thousand men; its military stores were abundant; even its provisions, in consequence of a general flight of the inhabitants, who had been terrified by a play of bomb-shells from the French batteries, were now far from being scarce; and its governor, Raphael Menacho, was a man of strong resolution, high courage, fervent patriotism, and very considerable skill. On the other hand, the season, the weather, the state of supplies, and the probability of succour from Lord Wellington were severely against the French. On renewed trial, too, the besieged won larger promise than the besiegers,—maintained a heavier fire, and commenced counter-works of more than equal efficiency to any breaches which were likely to be made.

But on the 2d of March, Menacho fell dead while heading a vigorous sally; and then the hope of the besieged was struck to the dust. Imaz, who succeeded to the command, was outwardly an officer of great reputation, but inwardly a sly deep traitor. He did as little as he feasibly could to resist the French, and only waited a fair pretext to deliver the fortress into their hands. Lord Wellington could not do anything to relieve the place till after this man was governor; for Massena was still at Santarem, and the reinforcements from Britain had not arrived. But on the 6th of March, while rising up to pursue Massena, who had decamped on the previous night, he was not unmindful of Badajoz, but made arrangements to detach a strong corps for its relief; and on the same day, at the earliest possible moment, sent off a communication to the governor, informing him that Massena was in retreat, that a strong British corps might be expected at Badajoz in a few days, and exhorting him to hold out till the last extremity. Imaz received a hint of this communication, by telegraphic signal from Elvas, on the evening of that very day; and he received the communication in full detail, by letter, on the 9th, together with an assurance that the British corps for his relief was already on the march. No practicable breach, notwithstanding all his remissness, had yet been made; the total force of Soult in Estremadura had been reduced by sickness, shot, and other causes to less than fourteen thousand men; and the besieged were suffering no scarcity of either ammunition or provisions. Yet on the next day, Imaz suspended hostilities; and on the next again, he surrendered the fortress, on the condition that all his garrison should be prisoners of war, but he himself a free man.

"Nobody entertains a doubt," said Lord Wellington, "that Imaz sold Badajoz. He appears to have surrendered as soon as he could after he knew that relief was coming to him, lest his garrison should prevent the surrender

when they should be certain of the truth of the intelligence of Massena's retreat." "In my letter of the 6th," said he again, "I desired the governor of Elvas to urge the governor of Badajoz to keep secret the intelligence of Massena's retreat, lest, by means of deserters, it should reach the enemy, whom I was in hopes that I should have found engaged in this siege. But he published the intelligence as soon as he received it, stating at the same time that he did not believe it. He likewise communicated it to the French general." So foul a traitor necessarily covered himself with infamy; yet, through corrupt influence with the Spanish rulers, he escaped punishment. They were compelled, indeed, by the indignant remonstrances of Lord Wellington, to bring him to trial; but they prolonged the process to weariness, and took care to prevent a conviction.

The fall of Badajoz, with its loss of nine thousand soldiers, its loss of the military key of Estremadura, and its vast eclat to the arms of France, was a stupendous evil to the allies. Well for them, indeed, that it did not happen before Massena's retreat from Santarem; well, too, that it did not become known to him till after all the main affairs of his invasion were irretrievably decided. Still, occurring at so early a moment after the commencement of his retreat, and giving Soult the perfect mastery of everything between seville and Elvas, it neutralised the power and tarnished the brilliance of no small part of Lord Wellington's success. "If it had not been for the treachery of the governor of Badajoz," said our hero on the 16th of March, "Spain would have been out of the fire, notwithstanding former treachery, blunders, and cowardice. The siege of Cadiz would certainly have been raised, if Graham had not already succeeded in that object. As it is, I am doubtful whether I shall be able to do more than protect the Alemtejo; but I will do all I can." On the 20th, he wrote again to the same effect, but more hopefully; yet reserved both his final opinion and his plans "till he should hear the result of Graham's operations against Victor." He knew that some unusually smart projects had recently been in agitation at Cadiz, —that the events of the war there, as well as in Portugal, were, at that juncture, both thick and critical; and he needed to wait only four days till he received the desired intelligence respecting them.

General Graham, as soon as he became aware of Soult's expedition into Estremadura, concerted with Don Manuel de Lapena, who was in command of the Spanish forces in Cadiz, a plan for driving away the French from the front of the Isle of Leon, and for destroying their works. Graham was entitled to hold the first command; but, for the sake of unanimity and good will among the Spaniards, he consented to act under the orders of Lapena. Many details had to be considered, some difficulties to be overcome, and a variety of arrangements to be made; so that much time was lost. Victor, too, got bruit of the preparations; and though left by Soult with only about ten thousand men, was able to reinforce himself, by calling in detachments, to a total strength of about

twenty thousand. The project of the allies was not ripe for execution till near the end of February. General Zayas, who commanded in the Isle of Leon, was to throw a bridge over the Rio Santi Petri, the belt of water on the east side of the island, near its junction with the sea; General Ballasteros, with the remnant of his corps from Estremadura, was to distract Victor's attention by making demonstrations against Seville; and General Lapena, with the main Spanish force and all the British, the former amounting to about nine thousand men and the latter to upwards of four thousand, was to proceed by sea about sixty miles to the east, to disembark there, to march stealthily back, and to fall upon Victor by surprise. On the night of the 4th of March, Lapena approached the scene of action,—but did so in true Spanish style, not by contriving to keep his army in fresh condition, but by fatiguing and famishing them with a continuous march of sixteen hours. On the morning of the 5th, he halted on the low ridge of Barrosa,—the bridge on the Rio Santi Petri formed, Zayas ready to lend support, but Victor wide awake, and waiting to parry the first blow. What the precise locality was, and what events immediately followed, may best be told in the words of an officer who was present, and who gives his narrative in the fortieth volume of the United Service Magazine:—

"The woody ridge of Barrosa is about three or four miles from the mouth of the Rio Santi Petri. It trends from the coast about a mile and a half inland, being bounded on the left side by the coast cliffs, on the right by the heathy plain of Chiclana, and in front by a pine forest, beyond which rise the broken grounds of Bermeja, the red, which fill the space between the Carra del Coto, or Almanza creek, and the sea. This portion of the enemy's post had just been forced, after a sharp skirmish, by the Spanish vanguard, under the active General Lardizabal, who thereby opened the passage into the Isla, by the bridge which Zayas had thrown across from Point Loma to Labacula. Hardly had the harassed troops halted, before Lapena ordered Graham to march the British division through the wood to the Red Tower, which he instantly set about obeying, in the full persuasion that the Spaniards would hold Barrosa height as the key both to offensive and defensive movements. But scarcely had he entered the wood when Lapena, without any notice, carried off his whole army to the Santi Petri. At this moment he was told that the enemy appeared in force on the plain, and was rapidly advancing towards the heights of Barrosa, which their van was then ascending. The tidings were true enough, for there was Victor, with upwards of 8,000 choice troops, 3 squadrons of cavalry, and 14 guns, bent on cutting off the British division. Graham's happy presence of mind and quickness of decision thwarted the design. To retreat under such circumstances, would have endangered the whole allied army; he therefore instantly countermarched, and resolved to attack, although the advantage of the battle-field was already in Victor's hands. So sudden was all this transaction, that the British

troops formed two masses, without attention to regiments or brigades; the one under General Dilkes, marching against Ruffin's division, while the other, under Colonel Wheatly, stood up to Laval's division. All fatigues were forgotten, and the most animating alacrity was everywhere displayed. Colonel Brown's address to the Slashers, (the 28th regiment) on receiving orders that he was to fight, excited a glee which is most salutary on such occasions—'There, you lucky fellows, the General has chosen you to advance!'

"The French came on in column, preceded by a cloud of daring light infantry, who concealed the direction of the attack by a rapid fire. Meantime, the artillery, under Major Duncan, soon opened a powerful battery of ten guns in our centre; and never was ordnance better served and plied, albeit most desperate attacks were made upon them. Laval's division, unchecked by the havoc of this well directed fire, reached the British line, but, after a murderous conflict, were broken and driven back, by the determined charge of the guards, 28th, and 87th regiments. A part of the 67th also supported this attack, and evinced the most gallant spirit. A few days before this, some of the officers were expressing to us their great satisfaction on the prospect of service, as their regiment had not been in the field since the death of General Wolfe, on the heights of Abraham. Their reappearance under fire was a sharp one; but they escaped with ten rank and file killed, and thirty-four wounded. Meanwhile, a bloody contest ensued on the right wing of the position, and in the event was not less successful. The fire of Ruffin's musketry and artillery, from the heights, occasioned great loss among our advancing troops; and, confident of success, he met General Dilkes on the ascent of the hill, when the contest became sanguinary to the extreme. The almost unparalleled exertion of every officer, and the invincible bravery of every soldier, as the General warmly expressed it, overcame every obstacle. The French were forced back with dreadful slaughter, and General Ruffin's division, unable to stand against the British bayonets, was driven from the heights in confusion, leaving their general in our hands. The French were now in full retreat; and the British were so exhausted by the march, the fight, and the having been twenty-four hours under arms, without food or rest, that they were too exhausted for pursuit. But for this, the victory had been still more signal. In the charges, our poor knocked-up fellows could not keep up with the French ships.

"The conflict of Barrosa lasted only an hour and a half; but it was obstinate, violent, and bloody. Our loss in killed and wounded amounted to 1,248, or nearly one-third of the whole army; but, unlike battle-returns, in general, there was not a man missing or taken prisoner. The French were terribly cut up, since their casualties could not be reckoned at much less than 3,000 men. Of these General Bellegarde, an aide-de-camp of Victor, the colonel of the 8th regiment, and many other officers were killed in the field; and General Ruffin

and Rousseau, 1 colonel, 6 captains, 6 subalterns, and 490 rank and file killed on our hands. The trophies were an imperial eagle, three standards, four guns, and two howitzers, with the ammunition waggons, and besides, the whole field was strewed with arms.

"While this terrible but brilliant conflict was proceeding, Lapena was idly looking on, and made no attempt on the retreating and discomfited French army; and although General Whittingham, who commanded the Spanish cavalry, seems to have persuaded General Graham, that he was ill advised in checking a corps, there was a loud murmur against him, and from our recollection, it was not groundless. At all events, we know Napier to be perfectly right in saying—'No stroke in aid of the British was struck by a Spanish sabre that day.' Under these circumstances, therefore, General Graham, after retaining possession of the field of battle for several hours, till next day, "indignantly threw up his colleague, and filed over Zayas' bridge into the Isla."

Lapena, strengthened by an addition of four thousand men and a powerful artillery under Zayas, remained several days outside the Santi Petri, but did nothing to follow up the enemy's defeat, nothing even against their blockading works, and was so mean, so dastardly, so unprincipled as both to appropriate the honour of the victory over them to his own generalship, and to ascribe its fruitlessness to Graham's withdrawal from the field. Victor, who had retreated behind the San Pedro, lay there in momentary expectation of an attack, but at length, on finding himself undisturbed, returned cautiously to his old position; and then the cowardly Lapena, at his approach, recrossed the Santi Petri, destroyed the bridge, and left all things as they were before the expedition. Thus was the blockade of Cadiz resumed; so that the victory of Barrosa, like the similar though grander one of Talavera, "remained without result, save that imperishable one which arises from the confidence which it communicated to the British arms, and the celebrity which it gave to the British name."

But how was it viewed by Lord Wellington? "I beg to congratulate you and the brave troops under your command," wrote he on the 25th of March to General Graham, "on the signal victory which you gained on the 5th inst. I have no doubt whatever that their success would have had the effect of raising the siege of Cadiz, if the Spanish corps had made any effort to assist them; and I am equally certain, from your account of the ground, that if you had not decided with the utmost promptitude to attack the enemy, and if your attack had not been a most vigorous one, the whole allied army would have been lost. You have to regret that such a victory should not have been followed by all the consequences which might reasonably be expected from it; but you may console yourself with the reflection that you did your utmost, and at all events saved the allied army, and that the failure in the extent of benefit to be derived from your exertions is to be attributed to those who would have derived most advantage from

them. The conduct of the Spaniards throughout this expedition is precisely the same as I have ever observed it to be. They march the troops night and day, without provisions or rest, and abusing everybody who proposes a moment's delay to afford either to the famished and fatigued soldiers. They reach the enemy in such a state as to be unable to make any exertion, or to execute any plan, even if any plan had been formed; and then, when the moment of action arrives, they are as totally incapable of movement, and they stand by to see their allies destroyed, and afterwards abuse them because they do not continue, unsupported, exertions to which human nature is not equal. I concur in the propriety of your withdrawing to the Isla on the 6th, as much as I admire the promptitude and determination of your attack of the 5th; and I most sincerely congratulate you, and the brave troops under your command, on your success."

CHAPTER XXXV.

BRITISH OFFICERS ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE—MASSENA'S RETREAT FROM SANTAREM—LORD WELLINGTON'S PURSUIT OF HIM—THE SKIRMISHES OF POMBAL, REDINHA, CONDEIXA, CAZAL NOVA, AND FOZ D'AROUCE—EJECTION OF MASSENA FROM THE SERRA DE MOITA AND FROM GUARDA—THE COMBAT OF SABUGAL—EXPULSION OF MASSENA FROM PORTUGAL.

MANY of Lord Wellington's officers annoyed him much, during the time of Massena's invasion, by requests for leave of absence to Britain. Some who did so were far above all suspicion of poltroonery or disaffection; yet even these offered pleas of business which, notwithstanding the largeness of his gentlemanly consideration, he could not easily credit. He thought that few of them had business of any real consequence, and that all the rest could perfectly well transact whatever business they had by means of letters of instruction and power of attorney. He therefore made a rule not to give leave of absence except when an officer declared the business for which he asked it to be "paramount to every other consideration in life." Yet this did not arrest the evil. Nor did appeals to their bravery, to their honour, to their knowledge of the situation of the army, materially diminish it. Nor were these appeals made in any silken style. To General Craufurd, for example, in reply to a request for leave of absence, he said,—"It is certainly the greatest inconvenience to the service that officers should absent themselves as they do, each of them requiring, at the same time, that when it shall be convenient to return, he shall find himself in the same situation as when he left the army. In the meantime, who is to do the duty? How am I to be responsible for the army? Is Colonel ——— a proper substitute for General Craufurd in the command of our advanced posts, or General ——— for Sir Stapleton Cotton in command of the cavalry? I may be obliged to consent to the absence of an officer, but I cannot approve of it. I repeat that you know the situation of affairs as well as I do, and you have my leave to go to England if you think proper." But on finding that even such prime officers as General Craufurd could not be restrained, His Lordship resolved to subordinate his courtesy to his judgment, so as no longer to feel under any obligation to give consent. He accordingly wrote to the military secretary of the Commander-in-chief,—"I shall be very much obliged to you if you will tell any general officer who may come out in future to settle all his business before he comes out, for that he will get no leave to go home. The inconvenience of their going is terrible, and the detail it throws upon me greater

than I can well manage; for I am first to instruct one, then a second, and afterwards, upon his return, the first again, upon every duty."

To sick or convalescent officers, however, who were likely to derive benefit from change of air, Lord Wellington gave the readiest possible leave of absence, and likewise every facility which he could command for their personal comfort. He suffered as much inconvenience, of course, from the absence of these as from the absence of others; but he bore it without a grudge, and only wished that it should be continued long enough to insure their perfect recovery. The most embarrassing instance was General Hill's,—who was struck with fever in December, tried in vain the effect of removal to the sea-side in Portugal, sailed to England, scarcely landed there when he began to recover strength, and wrote in a few days to Lord Wellington to express the hope of being able very soon to return. "Although I am anxious that you should join again," replied His Lordship, "I beg you will not think of moving until your health shall be firmly re-established; as, however important it is in every view to have you back with your command, it is more important that you should be sufficiently well to remain when you do come."

General Hill's command at that period, as we showed in our thirty-third chapter, was of prodigious moment. It required a steadiness, an audacity, a caution, a quickness, a vigilance—in one word, a combination of the most opposite qualities of high generalship—nearly as much as Lord Wellington's own command. His Lordship gave it first to General the Hon. W. Stewart. But that officer soon expressed an apprehension that certain objects held out to his attention would fail, and an anxious desire that General Hill would speedily return to relieve him. Lord Wellington then induced Sir William Beresford to assume the command,—who, though still the first commanding officer of the regular Portuguese army, yet, in consequence of the complete distribution of its battalions among the British divisions, under the paramount authority of Lord Wellington as Marshal-General of Portugal, had not now any separate command over it in the field, but was able to discharge most of his special duties toward it in the bureau

At the critical juncture of Soult's pressing the siege of Badajoz, Beresford continued on the left bank of the Tagus, with his head-quarters at Chamusca, still watching Massena,—watching him more intently than ever,—and at the same time ready at a moment's notice to march to the relief of Badajos. Massena was then in sore distress,—daily expecting to hear, through his spies at Lisbon, of the arrival of the British reinforcements,—his own numbers dismally reduced by sickness, and without any near hope of succour,—his supplies of food and of fodder exhausted,—the organisation of his troops seriously relaxed,—and many of his generals either at feud with one another, or disposed to revive the old abortive conspiracy of the Philadelphes. He could no longer remain where he was,

but must either force his way across the Tagus or retreat. He first tried the former, whether really or in feint cannot be known; but was so cleverly counterworked by Beresford that he very soon desisted. He next began quiet, cautious, masterly preparations for retreat, sending his sick and his baggage far to the rear, collecting a reserve store of fifteen days' provision to be carried by his men for consumption on the march, re-arranging his army with the view of having Ney's corps, together with the light cavalry and the best of the artillery, to cover the retreat, making a delusive demonstration to threaten the western part of the Lines of Lisbon by the road through Torres Vedras, and preserving all the front of his position, to the last moment, as much as possible, unaltered and undisturbed. All his preparations were completed on the 5th of March; and he heard on that very day that the British reinforcements had just arrived at Lisbon.

Lord Wellington was quick to suspect his purpose, and quick also to make arrangements for assailing or pursuing him. Circumstances were now much altered from what they had been three months before, by Massena's enfeeblement, by Soult's advance, and by the near prospect of an increase of strength in the British camp; so that, even if Massena had still thought of maintaining the position of Santarem, Lord Wellington would now have thought of driving him from it. Hence did he watch the symptoms of Massena's intention to retreat, not simply that he might know when to rise up and follow, but that he might decide how to rush on and strike.

"I went to the front yesterday," wrote he from Cartaxo on the morning of the 5th of March to Sir William Beresford, "and I could perceive no difference, excepting that there were no howitzers in the work or in the low ground. I could not perceive any guns on the heights. Bushes had been laid to cover the stations which they had occupied, and I conclude that these have been removed. The out-posts were the same; and I did not observe any other alteration on the great heights, excepting that all the people I saw were fully accoutred. I have not yet received the report of this morning; but I should think that the movement of the troops has not yet been made, at least generally. It is probable that the baggage stores, and the heavier part of the artillery, have been sent off, but that the effective part of the army still remains. There was no alteration on the out-posts on our left yesterday. I have, however, closed up Cole's division to this place this morning; and I have ordered Sir William Erskine," who was now commanding the light division in the room of General Craufurd, "to Azambujeira, &c., in case matters should be found this morning in such a state as to render it expedient to make an attack upon the position. In respect to your corps, the former plan, in case of the retreat of the enemy, was, that it should cross the Tagus at Abrantes, and annoy the enemy on his supposed march through Lower Beira. It is not probable that he is going that way. However, I think that if you find the movement in your front to be decided, you

should detach a brigade of infantry, with some cavalry and artillery, to Abrantes, to obtain possession of the right bank of the Tagus, as low as the Zezere, and then bring the bridge of the Abrantes down, and place it upon the Tagus, in such a situation as will give us a short communication between the two corps. This will be an object, whatever may be the future line of our operations. The reinforcements have arrived, and we shall be able in a few days to attack the enemy if he retains this position, or possibly to attack him in any other which he may take, or, if he quits the Tagus, to detach sufficiently to Abrantes."

On the morning of the 6th Massena was away. He retired from Santarem during the night, in the same silent, orderly, rapid manner in which he had retired from before the Lines. He purposed to retreat to Coimbra, and to go thence, as circumstances should decide, either across the well-replenished country to Oporto, or up the left bank of the Mondego, through Celorico, to Almeida. But Ney's corps he made to retrograde from its position around Leiria in order to form his rear; and the rest of his army he directed upon Thomar as if he meant either to cross the Zezere toward Castello-Branco, or to ascend the Zezere right toward Guarda, or at the utmost to reach the Mondego at the Ponte da Marcella. These movements were well fitted to stultify Lord Wellington's vigilance; and the effect of them was considerably aided by the retention of all the boats at Punhete unharmed, in readiness for use, till the rearmost soldier was on the march.

Our hero was in the full exercise of the entire circle of his captainly qualities,—penetration, judgment, caution, inventiveness, decision, coolness, and bravery. He did not imagine that Ney's movement indicated any intention to readvance; nor was he induced by the affair of the boats to think that another attempt would be made to cross the Tagus. Yet until he could see precisely what Massena was aiming at, whether he was truly and entirely in retreat, whether in sheer abandonment of the invasion or with the design of attempting a continuation of it in some other form, he did not choose to precipitate all his army either into one line of pursuit or into concentration for attack, lest he might inadvertently expose some vital part of his position to a clever back-stroke, or even lay open some of the accesses to the Lines to a sudden counter-march. He at first followed Massena's main body with only about half of his own force, and that in three lines,—the light division on the left, through Pernes,—the fourth and sixth divisions, part of the first division of infantry, and two brigades of British cavalry, in the centre, through Golegao,—and the greater part of Beresford's corps, under General W. Stewart, on the right, across the Tagus, and then across the Zezere, by the boat-bridge brought down from Abrantes. All these were directed, by their several routes, upon Thomar,—Lord Wellington constantly on horseback, backward and forward, feeling his way; while a small part remained behind with Beresford, and all the rest were to the westward,

covering the Cartaxo position or the western part of the Lines. But at Thomar, on the 8th, Lord Wellington ascertained that Massena was really moving toward the Mondego,—most probably toward Coimbra; and there he halted to arrange his plans.

"We are close at the enemy's heels," wrote he on the 8th to Mr. Stuart, "and have taken some prisoners; and I mean to continue to press them so hard that they will not have time to do much harm, or, I hope, to undertake anything serious against the northern provinces. It is fortunate for us that the French have retired; for I assure you that, upon inspection, I find that I did not form an erroneous opinion of the risk and difficulty of attacking their position. Indeed, if the rain which has fallen this day, had fallen four days ago, we could not have followed them with our artillery through the country, even though unopposed. Theirs was sent off, excepting what they have destroyed, and a few light pieces which they kept in their position to the last moment."

On leaving Thomar, the main body of Massena's army marched toward Pombal, Loison's division of Ney's corps toward Anciao, and all Regnier's corps toward Espinhal. The main body reached Pombal on the 9th. Massena, having then his order of retreat fully organized, drew up all the main body on a table-land in front of Pombal, with the twofold design of reviving their spirits by making a show of defiance to the pursuers, and of allowing ample time for foraging operations and for the progress of the sick and the baggage in his rear. Lord Wellington's advanced-guard, consisting of the light division, the royal dragoons, and the first hussars, kept close on the skirts of the main body all the way from Thomar, took about two hundred prisoners from them by the way, and skirmished keenly with them at Pombal. A brigade of Spencer's division, and some horse, under General Nightingall, followed smartly along the Espinhal road, to observe the corps of Regnier. The part of Beresford's corps which had advanced to Thomar, countermarched thence to follow a progress which the other part of his corps had already begun, for the relief of Badajos, or for other operation against Soult. All the rest of the allied army, comprising the two divisions from the western part of the Lines of Lisbon, the divisions which had advanced to Thomar, and all the brigades which lay between were, with every possible expedition and in admirable concert, marched concentrically upon Pombal; and they all arrived there on or before the 11th.

Massena, overawed by the gathering host, suddenly, on the night of the 10th, abandoned his position and retired through the town. But the British advanced-guard, now strengthened by General Pack's brigade, followed him so closely as to harass him in the very streets. Ney attempted to restore order by taking post on a height behind the town, and by throwing a detachment into an adjacent old castle; and he so far succeeded as to win sufficient time for the other generals to save their corps from a tremendous flank attack, in a narrow defile,

by the other British divisions, yet was himself at length driven so precipitately from his position that he had not time to destroy the bridge across the Soure, though it was mined.

"On the 12th, in order once more to gain time and give a check, Ney took post on very strong ground, at the end of a defile, in front of Redinha. His right was in a wood upon the Soure river; his left extended toward high ground above the Redinha river; and his entire front was so masked that no opinion could be formed of the amount of force at the place, or of the probable breadth of his purpose. Lord Wellington determined at once to drive him back, yet struck no blow, made no demonstration, till he brought up his whole army,—placing more than one half in attacking-array, and all the rest in immediate reserve. "The post in the wood upon the enemy's right," says he, "was first forced by Sir William Erskine, with the light division. We were then able to form the troops in the plain beyond the defile; and the third division, under Major-General Picton, were formed in two lines, in the skirts of the wood upon the right; the fourth division, under Major-General Cole, in two lines, in the centre, having Brigadier-General Pack's brigade supporting their right, and communicating with the third division; and the light division, in two lines, on the left. These troops were supported in the rear by the British cavalry; and the first, fifth, and sixth divisions were in reserve. The troops were formed with great accuracy and celerity; and Lieutenant-General Sir Brent Spencer led the line against the enemy's position on the heights; from which they were immediately driven, with the loss of many men killed and wounded, and some prisoners. Major-General Sir William Erskine particularly mentioned the conduct of the 52d regiment, and Colonel Elder's caçadores, in the attack of the wood; and I must add that I have never seen the French infantry driven from a wood in a more gallant style. There was but one narrow bridge, and a ford close to it, over the Redinha river, over which our light troops passed with the enemy; but as the enemy commanded these passages with cannon, some time elapsed before we could pass over a sufficient body of troops, and make a fresh disposition to attack the heights on which they had again taken post. The third division crossed, however, and manœuvred again upon the enemy's left flank, while the light infantry and cavalry, supported by the light division, drove them upon their main body at Condeixa. The light infantry of General Picton's division, under Colonel Williams, and the fourth caçadores, under Colonel de Regos, were principally concerned in this operation."

Massena was now at the crisis of his retreat. The defiles of Condeixa, leading upon Coimbra, were immediately behind him; those of Miranda de Corvo, leading upon the Ponte da Murcella, were immediately upon his left; and his pursuers [illegible] close upon him, he must instantly decide whether to follow out his original intention of withstanding them in the rich country beyond the

Mondego, or of fleeing before them through the poor, exhausted upland tract direct toward Almeida. Lord Wellington had sent forward from Thomar to the northern militia instructions to create every possible hindrance to an army's march from Coimbra to Oporto, and to throw themselves into the strongest attitude they could devise for the defence of the latter city. Colonel Trant, on receiving these instructions, though only a small part of the militia was under his command, formed the bold project of making a stand at the Mondego, contiguous to Coimbra; nothing doubting that, if he could stop the enemy there for only a few hours, Lord Wellington would surely be upon them to capture, or scatter, or destroy. He, accordingly, blew up an arch of the bridge at Coimbra, placed guards at the fords as far as Figueras, and took post upon the river adjacent to the bridge. A strong detachment of French cavalry appeared at the place for reconnoisance on the evening of the 11th, and re-appeared on the morning of the 12th; but they were so hotly fired upon by Trant, and observed him to maintain so firm a bearing, that they imagined his little corps to comprise the strong British reinforcement which had arrived at Lisbon on the 2d, and which they supposed to have instantly proceeded by sea to the mouth of the Mondego, and marched thence to Coimbra.

Massena, on receiving a report of this fancy, believed it; and at the same time, was awed to find that the bridge of Coimbra had been blown up,—justly inferring thence that the roads behind the Mondego also were likely to be destroyed. He therefore relinquished his original purpose, and resolved to retire by the Ponte da Murcella. Yet the road thither, so far as he knew, was both a single one and very difficult; so that he felt a need for some strong means of checking his pursuers; the more so as Loison's division, through Anciao, was now about to join him, and would swell the mass of his single column of march along the defiles. Accordingly Ney took post on a stubborn range of heights behind a marsh, at the forking of the Murcella road from the Coimbra one, adjacent to the village of Condeixa, there to make another stand against Lord Wellington; while Massena fell back, five miles circuitously, to the shoulder of a bold high range, overlooking the Anciao road a mile or two from the Murcella one, there both to make his junction with Loison, and to command the communication with Regnier at Espinhal. Ney's position was accessible only by the highway, along a deep hollow, toward his right,—which he blocked with palisades, breast-works, and barricades of felled trees; and he laid trains for a sudden simultaneous firing of these and of the village, at the moment of severe pressure by the pursuers, both to cover his retreat with smoke, and to serve as a preconcerted signal to the advanced divisions to retreat; along with his in another strong position, perpendicular to that at Condeixa, and about ten miles distant, at Casal Nova.

Lord Wellington reached the neighbourhood of Condeixa [illegible] of

the 13th, at a moment when the French baggage-wains were still within view, wending along the road to the Ponte da Murcella. He instantly comprehended Massena's purpose; and, retrograding a brief distance out of the view of Ney, he immediately sent off Picton's division, by the back of a mountain, over a difficult upland path, to turn the enemy's left. Ney's brigades continued for some hours to repose in silence. But toward three o'clock, Picton's column was descried, like a web of crimson slowly unfolding itself, over a pass of the mountains, about eight miles to the rear. Then arose a wild call to arms, confusion, explosions, and a precipitate flight. The British forces rushed forward to pursue. Most of the infantry and all the artillery, however, were long entangled and retained by the burning village and the blazing barricades. Yet some skirmishers and cavalry burst right through, pressed close on the skirts of the fleeing enemy, and maintained the chase in unflagging speed till the fugitives, amid the falling drapery of twilight, began to leap within the cover of their preconcerted strong position. The rest of the pursuing army soon followed, and closed up the ground. In the meantime, so flashing was the effect of Picton's detour, so impetuous were both the flight and the pursuit which it produced, that the divisions under the immediate command of Massena were cut off. Lord Wellington, however, got no intelligence that they were there,—supposed that they were on in front,—and made no dispositions to capture or harass them. Yet they had sufficient difficulty, and no small peril, in so stealing over the mountains during the night as to reach the rendezvous with Ney. Even Massena himself escaped capture only by throwing away his insignia, and riding through some of the light troops. The French cavalry who had been practising upon Coimbra were also cut off; and part of them were captured.

The ground to which the enemy was so suddenly driven at Cazal Nova, proved to be not properly one position, but a series of positions, all perpendicular to one another, all very strong, and all so connected as to enable Ney with his rear-guard to retire in steady fighting order from one to another till he reached the strong pass of Miranda de Corvo. "We found the enemy this morning," wrote Lord Wellington on the 14th, "formed in a very strong position near Cazal Nova; and the light division attacked and drove in the out-posts. But we could dislodge them from their positions only by movements on their flanks. Accordingly I moved the fourth division under Major-General Cole, upon Panella, in order to secure the passage of the river Deixa and the communication with Espinhal, to which place Major-General Nightingall had been in observation of the movements of the enemy's corps since the 10th; and the third division under Major-General Picton, moved immediately round the enemy's left; while the light division, and Brigadier-General Peck's brigade, under Major-General Sir W. Erskine, turned their right; and Major-General Alexander Campbell, with the sixth division, supported the light troops, by which

they were attacked in front. These troops were supported by the cavalry, and by the first and fifth divisions, and Colonel Ashworth's brigade in reserve. These movements obliged the enemy to abandon all the positions which they successively took in the mountains; and the corps d'armée composing the rear-guard were flung back upon the main body, at Miranda de Corvo, upon the river Deixa, with considerable loss of killed, wounded, and prisoners."

"The result of these operations," adds he, in reference to all the pursuit up to this point, "has been that we have saved Coimbra and Upper Beira from the enemy's ravages, we have opened the communications with the northern provinces, and we have obliged the enemy to take for their retreat the road by Ponte da Murcella, on which they may be annoyed by the militia acting in security upon their flank, while the allied army will press upon their rear. The whole country, however, affords many advantageous positions to a retreating army, of which the enemy have shown that they know how to avail themselves. They are retreating from the country as they entered, in one solid mass, covering their rear on every march by the operations of either one or two corps d'armée in the strong positions which the country affords; which corps d'armée are closely supported by the main body. Before they quitted their position they destroyed a part of their cannon and ammunition, and they have since blown up whatever the horses were unable to draw away. They have no provisions, excepting what they plunder on the spot, or having plundered, what the soldiers carry on their backs, and live cattle."

On the 14th, while Ney was at Cazal Nova and Massena at Miranda de Corvo, Regnier was at Panella,—a place a short distance west of Espinhal, commanding a communication down the valley of the Deixa with Miranda de Corvo. When Cole was passing Ney's left and came within view of Panella, Regnier suddenly decamped, and marched into junction with Massena; and Cole then crossed the Deixa, and was joined by Nightingall. Massena, fully shared Regnier's alarm, and rose instantly up to resume, and if possible accelerate, his retreat. But his whole army was now compressed into a very narrow space, in a rugged country, with only one possible line of movement; while part of the pursuing army was threatening his rear, and the rest was pressing at almost the bayonet's point upon his front. Notwithstanding his having already sacrificed so much of his baggage and his stores, he must now sacrifice more. His army's power to escape destruction required that they should be freed, as much as possible from every incumbrance. He, accordingly, burned a great part of the remaining baggage, destroyed a great number of carriages, blew up a large part of the ammunition, and ruthlessly abandoned multitudes of exhausted cattle and sickly soldiers. The road, for several miles, became similar to the road at the most disastrous part of Soult's retreat from Oporto, strewed with the debris of stores and of plunder, and with the carcasses of beasts and men.

He halted again on the western slope of the Serra de Murcella, overlooking the Ceira river; but gave orders to Ney to cover the passage of that river at the village of Foz d'Arouce. Ney rested his left on that village, and his right on a tract of rough ground, which was densely wooded. Lord Wellington did not arrive in front of this position till about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th, having been delayed by dense fogs; and his troops, supposing that nothing would be attempted that day against such strong ground, immediately began to kindle their bivouac fires for the night. But after merely glancing at the ground, he made a sudden disposition, sending the light division and Pack's brigade to make a feigned attack upon the right, ordering Picton's division to make a vigorous true attack upon the left, and sending forward the horse-artillery at full speed to the summit of a small eminence to co-operate suddenly and fiercely with Picton. Ney's left was instantly panic-struck; and the troops who composed it running headlong to the river, many were drowned in the pools and deep reaches, and some crushed to death on the bridge. Several battalions were drawn from the right to check the pursuit on the left; and they so far restored order as to resolve the rest of the affair into a skirmish. But, in the meantime, night set in, a torrent of rain fell, a tendency to panic once more arose, and the discomfited troops, even when ceasing to be pursued, were in wild disorder and fired upon one another. Ney's loss, on this occasion, was not less than five hundred, while the loss of the allies was only sixty-four. Yet, with part of his force, in spite of all that happened, Ney resolutely held the left bank of the Ceira till all his moveables had passed; and then, blowing up the bridge, and sending forward the main body of his corps, remained with a weak rear-guard on the opposite bank.

The destruction of the bridge at Foz d'Arouce, a freshet in the Ceira from the heavy rains of the night of the 15th, the extreme fatigue of the troops from the incessant operations of the preceding days, intelligence respecting the progress of Soult's arms in Estremadura, and a fearful failure in the supply of provisions to the Portuguese regiments, obliged Lord Wellington to halt during the 16th. At no moment of his career were his cares more tremendous. His published despatches of that day occupy about eleven of Gurwood's octavo pages. The business of pursuing Massena, though it had been allowed to absorb his whole attention, might seem to have been quite complicated and critical enough to engage all his powers; but the business of counter-plotting the operations of Soult, which then occupied him in a continuous interchange of letters with Beresford, was scarcely less onerous; and the general business of the war, in its connections with every interest of the army, and with almost everything in Portugal, continued to be almost as urgent as amid the prodigious bustle of the preparations for the campaign of 1810. Even Lord Wellington's personal struggle with the Souza faction of the Portuguese regency, though we disposed

of it once for all at the close of our thirty-third chapter, was still strong enough in its death-throes to compel him, during that very halt at the Ceira, to give attentive consideration to some of the most contemptible of the Patriarch's fooleries.

His chief care during that halt, however, concerned the state of his force, as to numbers and supplies. He had, as soon as Coimbra was ascertained to be safe, sent away from Condeixa a division of Portuguese infantry, a brigade of cavalry, and some guns, as a reinforcement to Beresford. He had afterwards received intelligence of the surrender of Badajoz, with the disastrously weakening effects of that event upon the cause of the allied army; and, while sending forward Cole's division on the 14th to turn Ney's flank at Cazal Nova, and to beat up Regnier's quarters at Panella, he instructed it to proceed forthwith, through Espinhal and on to the Alemtejo, as a further reinforcement. His force for continuing the pursuit of Massena was, in consequence, reduced to less than twenty-five thousand men. The reinforcements from Britain, indeed, were on the march to him from Lisbon, and might be expected to reach him in a few days. Yet, for the present, he had a force vastly inferior to that of Massena; and, what was still worse, all the troops composing it, besides being worn with fatigue, were now threatened with starvation. "Marshal Sir William Beresford and I," wrote he on that day to Lord Liverpool, "had repeatedly urged the Governors of the kingdom to adopt measures to supply the (Portuguese) troops with regularity, and to keep up the establishments while the army was in cantonments on the Rio Mayor river,—which representations were not attended to: and when the army was to move forward, the Portuguese troops had no provisions, nor any means of conveying any to them. They were to move through a country ravaged and exhausted by the enemy; and it is literally true that General Pack's brigade and Colonel Ashworth's had nothing to eat for four days, although constantly marching or engaged with the enemy. I was obliged either to direct the British Commissary-General to supply the Portuguese troops, or to see them perish for want; and the consequence is that the supplies intended for the British troops are exhausted, and we must halt till more come up, which I hope will be this day."

Massena retired during the night of the 15th to a position on the right bank of the Alva. Ney followed him thither in the evening of the 16th. The position was a remarkably strong one; insomuch that Lord Wellington said to Sir William Beresford, on the day before the decampment from Santarem, "The most efficient measure, if the enemy should retire from the Tagus with a view to take up another position in Portugal, would be to follow and attack him; but there are positions, for instance that on the Alva, which he might take, which it would be equally impossible to attack, as it has been hitherto that in which he is." Massena strengthened this position behind the Alva by blowing up the

bridges which gave access to it; and then supposing himself to be very secure, and having much need for some days' repose, he sat firmly down upon it, detached Regnier's corps to occupy similar ground several miles up the river, and sent out his foraging-parties to sweep the country over an extent of many miles.

On the 17th, Lord Wellington passed the Ceira by a trestle-bridge, constructed on the previous night by his staff-corps. On the 18th, his sixth and light divisions cannonaded the main body of the enemy across the lower Alva, while his first, third, and fifth divisions performed a very difficult march along the skirts of the Serra de Santa Quiteria, an intermediate range between the Serra de Murcella and the Serra D'Estrella, overhanging the left bank of the Alva, with the view of menacing Regnier. This movement astonished Massena, and struck him with apprehension for the safety of his left flank. He immediately recalled Regnier, revoked as many as possible of his foragers, withdrew his main body from the near vicinity of the Alva, and concentrated all on the Serra de Moita. Lord Wellington promptly ordered a corresponding pursuit, directing his right wing to pass through Arganil, carrying the left wing right across the Alva by a most ingenious raft-bridge, and leading the whole convergently on Massena's new position. The one wing menaced the French left flank, the other menaced their front, and at the same juncture three bodies of the Portuguese militia, under Colonel Trant, Colonel Wilson, and General Silveira, appeared on the Mondego menacing their right flank.

Massena now rose in high haste to resume his retreat. Even the small portion of his baggage and stores which remained was now an incumbrance to him; and he destroyed a large part of it. His absent foragers also could not be waited for, but were entirely abandoned; so that about eight hundred of them afterwards became prisoners to the allies. Massena went off in such celerity that only Lord Wellington's cavalry and his light division could pursue him. Two other divisions, the third and the sixth, followed to give support. The militia likewise continued to hang on Massena's right flank up the Mondego, compressing his movement, and capturing his foragers. But the rest of the pursuing army was halted at Moita, to wait the arrival of supplies which had been sent round by sea from Lisbon to the mouth of the Mondego. "This halt," says Lord Wellington, "was the more desirable, as nothing could be found in the country. Every day's march, increasing the distance from the magazines on the Tagus, rendered the supply of the troops more difficult and precarious; and the farther advance of the main body for a few days did not appear to be necessary."

Massena, after leaving the Serra de Moita, detached Regnier through the mountains by Gouvea to Guarda, and retired with the rest of his army along the high road to Celorico. He reached the latter place on the 21st, and thence immediately opened communication with Almeida, by posting detachments of

cavalry on the Pinhel. He thus was on the original base of his operations, and considered his retreat as at an end. Celorico, on the one hand, commanded support from Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo; while Guarda, on the other, besides being a fastness in itself, one of the most elevated cities in Europe, perched on a natural esplanade of the Serra D'Estrella, accessible only by a winding alpine road of nearly four miles in continuous ascent, commanded the communications southward to Soult's field of operations in Estremadura, and eastward to King Joseph's centre of strength at Madrid. Massena now formed the bold project of first throwing his hospital and his other incumbrances into Almeida, and then counter-marching through Sabugal and Penamacor to the Elga, there to join hands with Soult and Joseph, and make a run down the Tagus upon Lisbon. But he was thwarted in that project by the disaffection of his generals, and particularly by the insubordination of Ney.

The repugnance to him, which had become so strong in the camp at Santarem, had greatly increased during the retreat. Junot, though excused by his wound from doing any service in the field, was strong and active enough to foment the spirit of the Philadelphes among his corps. Regnier made such open display of his dislike that any of his officers who bore flags of truce to the British camp never failed to speak of it. Montbrun, the commander of the cavalry, would not act with any vigour. Drouet, at an early stage of the retreat, marched right off toward Spain, and took away with him Claparede's division from Guarda. And Ney, after a series of sharp altercations with Massena at place after place, burst into full opposition to him at Celorico, denounced as foolhardy his project of counter-marching to the south, contended for the prudence of retiring immediately upon Ciudad Rodrigo, and at length, when ordered by Massena to lead out his troops toward the south, was so bold as to lead them off in the opposite direction. Massena instantly degraded him, sent him off to Paris, and gave his command to Loison; and at the same time bore himself loftily toward the other disaffected officers, and held fast his purpose of striking again for Lisbon. The advanced part of the allied army closed round him, in front of Celorico, at Alverca, toward Guarda, and among the mountains. But he fancied himself secure; he was getting good store of provisions on his new ground; and he moved forward his forces, Regnier's corps to Belmonte, Loison's corps to Guarda, and Junot's corps and the cavalry to the eastern valleys of the Estrella, to be in readiness for a compact crushing march to the Elga.

On the 28th, the part of the allied army which had halted at Moita rejoined the advanced part in the neighbourhood of Celorico. The long-expected reinforcements had joined them at Moita, and marched thence along with them; and they were immediately organized into a new division, called the seventh. The pursuing army, especially as aided by the Portuguese militia, was now not far from equality of force with Massena; and, being at the same time far superior

in both the genius of its leader and the spirit of its troops, was ready to shake him suddenly awake from his new wild dream of conquest.

Early on the 29th, about one half of it was disposed in five columns of attack on a semicircle round the foot of the Guarda mountain, to ascend by as many paths to a semi-encompassment of the French position on the summit; while the rest was arranged in a central body and two wings, to follow as a supporting reserve. The five columns, led on by Lord Wellington in person, moved up simultaneously, in full expectation of sharp resistance and a general engagement. But the French, instantly on seeing them, commenced a rapid retreat down the opposite side of the mountain, making not one effort to hold ground, nor once pausing to take breath till they reached the cover of the strong ravine of the Coa. "I do not know what to make of the French army," wrote Lord Wellington next day. "They had yesterday, some say the whole force, but certainly not less than two corps, under Massena himself, upon Guarda, which is one of the strongest positions in the country. We manœuvred them out of it in five columns, without firing a shot; and they went off toward the Coa in considerable confusion, except the rear-guard, which retired in excellent order. They were much stronger than we." Regnier, however, as we f rmerly noted, was at Belmonte; and as that place lay south-west of Guarda, while Massena's point of retreat lay east-south-east, and at a greater distance, he was in danger of being cut off. But he got speedy intelligence, made a rapid retreat, was languidly pursued, and so escaped to the Coa with the loss of only about three hundred men.

The tract on the right bank of the Coa east-south-east of Guarda was most eminently favourable to Massena, serving not only as a powerful cover against any immediate attack by the pursuing army, but also as a strong position for making another stand against them, with the option of either falling back on Almeida or resuming the offensive toward the Elga. The course of the Coa, over all that part, as well as lower down, lies along a deep rugged hollow, with steep high banks, which cannot easily be passed; and, at the same time, it makes long reaches in opposite directions, with a sudden bend round Sabugal, so as to give the tract all the characters of a peninsula. Massena was too good a strategist not to see at once the advantages of the ground. He accordingly sat down here, with Loison's corps at Rovina, on the reach of the river confronting Guarda, Junot's corps at Alfayates, on the opposite reach, and Regnier's corps on the heights behind Sabugal. His force was thus disposed on two sides of a triangle, with the apex at Sabugal, and both *fronts*, as well as the apex, everywhere covered by the Coa's ravine; and on the one side, through out-posts from Rovina, he communicated with Almeida, while on the other, by passes beyond Alfayates, he commanded ready access to the highways to the Tagus. He thought himself profoundly secure, and even felt inclined to make an attack on

Lord Wellington; but, as on former occasions, he sustained a rude sudden shaking from the indomitable energy of his ingenious foe.

Lord Wellington took ground on the left bank of the lower reach of the Coa on the 1st of April. He could do nothing against either of the sides of Massena's triangular position; but he resolved to startle its base, and to strike a strong blow upon its apex. The Portuguese militia under Trant and Wilson he directed to pass the Coa below Almeida, and to penetrate upward so as to threaten Massena's communication both with Almeida, and with Ciudad Rodrigo; one battalion of the seventh division he placed at the bridge of Seceiras, to observe the detachments which held the communication with Almeida; the whole of the sixth division he posted opposite Rovina, to observe Loison's corps, and the rest of his army, the first and the seventh divisions being held in reserve, he put under orders to make a well-concerted attack on Regnier early on the morning of the 3d, "to turn his left, to separate him from Junot's corps, and to surround and crush him before Loison's corps could come from Rovina to his succour." This project was struck aside from its aim by an accident, yet led to a severe and important combat. How it was executed will be best told in Lord Wellington's own words:—

"The second corps (Regnier's) were in a strong position with their right upon a height immediately above the bridge and town of Sabugal, and their left extending along the road to Alfayates, to a height which commanded all the approaches to Sabugal from the fords of the Coa above the town. The second corps communicated by Rendo with the sixth corps, (Loison's) at Rovina. It was intended to turn the left of this corps; and with this view the light division and the cavalry, under Major-General Sir William Erskine, and Major-General Slade, were to cross the Coa by two separate fords upon the right, the cavalry upon the right of the light division, the third division, under Major-General Picton, at a ford on their left, about a mile above Sabugal, and the fifth division, under Major-General Dunlop, and the artillery, at the bridge of Sabugal.

"Colonel Beckwith's brigade of the light division was the first that crossed the Coa, with two squadrons of cavalry upon their right. Four companies of the 95th, and three companies of Colonel Elder's caçadores, drove in the enemy's picquets, and were supported by the 43d regiment. At this moment a rainy storm came on, which rendered it impossible to see anything; and these troops, having pushed on in pursuit of the enemy's picquets, came upon the left of the main body, which it had been intended they should turn. The light troops were driven back upon the 43d regiment; and as soon as the atmosphere became clear, the enemy having perceived that the body which had advanced were not strong, attacked them in a solid column, supported by cavalry and artillery. These troops repulsed this attack, and advanced in pursuit upon the enemy's position, where they were attacked by a fresh column on the

left, and were charged by the hussars on their right. They retired, and took post behind a wall, from which post they again repulsed the enemy, and advanced a second time in pursuit of them, and took from them a howitzer. They were, however, again attacked by a fresh column, with cavalry, and retired again to their post, where they were joined by the other brigade of the light division, consisting of the two battalions of the 52d, and the 1st caçadores. These troops repulsed the enemy; and Colonel Beckwith's brigade and the 1st battalion of the 52d again advanced upon them. They were attacked again by a fresh column, supported by cavalry, which charged their right, and they took post in an enclosure upon the top of a height, from whence they could protect the howitzer which the 42d had taken; and they drove back the enemy.

"The enemy were making arrangements to attack them again in this post, and had moved a column on their left, when the light infantry of Major-General Picton's division, under Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, supported by Major-General the Hon. C. Colville's brigade, opened their fire upon them. At the same moment, the head of Major-General Dunlop's column crossed the bridge of the Coa, and ascended the heights on the right flank of the enemy, and the cavalry appeared on the high ground in rear of the enemy's left. The enemy then retired across the hills towards Rendo, leaving the howitzer in the possession of those who had so gallantly gained and preserved it, and about 200 killed on the ground, 6 officers, and 300 prisoners in our hands.

"Although the operations of this day were, by unavoidable accidents, not performed in the manner in which I intended they should be, I consider the action that was fought by the light division, by Colonel Beckwith's brigade principally, with the whole of the second corps, to be one of the most glorious that British troops were ever engaged in. It was impossible for any officer to conduct himself with more ability and gallantry than Colonel Beckwith. The action was commenced by an unavoidable accident, to which all operations are liable; but having been commenced, it would have been impossible to withdraw from the ground without risking the loss of the object of our movements, and it was desirable to obtain possession, if possible, of the top of the hill, from which the enemy had made so many attacks with advantage on the first position taken by the 43d regiment. This was gained before the third division came up."

"The enemy," he says again, "lost in this affair of Sabugal, I should think, not less than a thousand men. Our loss is much less than one would have supposed possible, scarcely 200 men. The 43d have 73 killed and wounded. But really these attacks in columns against our lines are very contemptible. The contest was latterly entirely for the howitzer, which was taken and retaken twice, and at last remained in our hands. Our cavalry, which ought to have crossed the Coa on the right of the light division, crossed at the same ford, and therefore could be of no use to them. Besides they went too far to the right. In short,

these combinations for engagements do not answer, unless one is upon the spot to direct every trifling movement. I was upon a hill on the left of the Coa, immediately above the town, till the third and fifth divisions crossed, whence I could see every movement on both sides, and could communicate with ease with every body; but that was not near enough."

The combat lasted altogether not quite an hour. Loison's corps, at the first sound of the firing, broke up from Rovina in order to render support. Regnier, on finding the day decidedly against him, commenced a hurried retreat toward Rendo. The two corps met at that place; and they thence fell back upon Junot's corps at Alfayates. The three corps, the allied cavalry being close upon their rear, then pushed right toward Ciudad Rodrigo,—retreated during the night and during next day,—and were all across the frontier on the 5th. A brigade of Junot's infantry, however, which had been employed on a particular service near Almeida, received no note of their discomfiture, and, supposing them still to be on the Coa, was going fiercely into blows with Trant a full day after they had entered Spain; and in the very midst of its enterprise, it was suddenly assailed in rear and flank by six squadrons of British cavalry and a troop of horse artillery. Yet in defiance of these, in defiance of Trant, in defiance of everything which the allied army could do, it retired in fine order through the open country; and on the 8th, with the loss of not more than three hundred men in killed, wounded, and captured, it reached the cover of the right bank of the Agueda by Barba del Puerco.

Thus, after many and most various displays of valour, with uniform defeat, throughout a most stubborn campaign, after demonstrations of strength and vauntings of conquest which challenged the attention of all Europe, was the remnant of Massena's army, which survived the crushing effects of Lord Wellington's strategy, expelled from Portugal by Lord Wellington's skill and bravery. "The enemy's loss in this expedition to Portugal," wrote His Lordship on the 9th of April, "is immense.—I should think not less than 45,000 men, including the sick and wounded." "It will be seen," remarks Sherer, "that both the retreat and the pursuit were conducted with consummate ability and skill. The positions of the enemy's rear-guard were, in general, chosen with a fine judgment, and maintained with steadiness to the latest moment. When, however, it is considered that Lord Wellington pursued his adversary with a force various in composition, not even in the early part of the advance superior in numbers, and from the 14th greatly inferior,—that the enemy were turned or driven from every position where they attempted to delay him, by skilful manœuvre or vigorous assault,—that, from Condeixa onwards, they were compelled repeatedly to destroy carriages, stores, ammunition, and means of transport,—that they suffered, in various affairs, a severe loss in killed and wounded, and lost, including the foragers upon the Alva, near 2,000 prisoners,—and,

when all these results of the campaign are set in contrast with the haughty and boastful proclamations of Massena eight months before, the reader will have little difficulty in deciding which was the greater captain of the two,—the 'spoiled child of victory,' or the firm and illustrious warrior who delivered Portugal. Nevertheless, those public men and public prints at home, whose patriotic care it was to disparage the exploits of Wellington, and to exalt the generalship of the French, described the retreat of Massena as 'a mere change of position from the Zezere to the Agueda,'—as a manœuvre to lead the allies to a distance from their resources, and to approach his own. Thus spoke the Opposition both in and out of parliament. But the people of England held very different language. They read of the sufferings of the inhabitants of Portugal with a deep sympathy, and of the ferocious atrocities of the French with honest and undisguised indignation, they rejoiced in the triumph of Wellington; they were proud of the conduct of the British troops; and they were made sensible of the blessing of that happy locality and that admirable constitution which saved them from the fearful visitations of foreign and the unnatural ravages of civil war."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LORD WELLINGTON'S SOLICITUDE FOR THE MORAL CONDITION OF HIS ARMY—THE ATROCITIES OF MASSENA'S RETREAT FROM SANTAREM—LORD WELLINGTON'S SYMPATHY FOR THE SUFFERING PORTUGUESE—THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF HIS HEAD-QUARTERS ON THE FRONTIER OF BEIRA—SIR WILLIAM BERESFORD'S OPERATIONS AROUND BADAJOZ—LORD WELLINGTON'S VISIT TO HIS QUARTERS.

LORD Wellington, at the time of driving Massena out of Portugal, and for many months after, felt much anxiety respecting the religious instruction of his army. His ideas on the subject were those of a strict churchman, looking exclusively to the services of episcopally ordained clergymen, and showing repugnance to dissent, yet so accompanied with liberal feeling, and so illustrative of both his own character and his army's condition as to be interesting to men of every class. "I am very anxious upon the subject of army chaplains," wrote he at Cartaxo, "not only from the desire which every man must have that so many persons as there are in this army should have the advantage of religious instruction, but from a knowledge that it is the greatest support and aid to military discipline and order. It has besides come to my knowledge that Methodism is spreading very fast in the army. There are two, if not three, Methodist meetings in this town, of which one is in the guards. The men meet in the evening, and sing psalms; and I believe a serjeant (Stephens) now and then gives them a sermon. Mr. Briscall * has his eye upon these transactions, and would give me notice were they growing into anything which ought to be put a stop to; and the respectability of his character and conduct has given him an influence over these people which will prevent them from going wrong. These meetings likewise prevail in other parts of the army. In the 9th regiment there is one, at which two officers attend, Lieutenant ——— and Dr. ———; and the commanding officer of the regiment has not yet been able to prevail upon them to discontinue this practice. Here, and in similar circumstances, we want the assistance of a respectable clergyman. By his personal influence and advice, and by that of true religion, he would moderate the zeal and enthusiasm of these gentlemen, and would prevent their meetings from being mischievous, if he did not prevail upon them to discontinue them entirely. This is the only mode in which, in my opinion, we can touch these meetings. The meeting of soldiers in their cantonments to sing psalms, or hear a sermon read by one of their comrades, is, in the abstract, per-

* A young clergyman attached to head-quarters, who remained with the army till the end of the war, and was afterwards curate at Strathfieldsaye

fectly innocent; and it is a better way of spending their time than many others to which they are addicted. But it may become otherwise. And yet, till the abuse has made some progress, the commanding officer would have no knowledge of it, nor could he interfere."

These views, if fairly interpreted, simply indicate, what we have so often seen indicated before, Lord Wellington's strong solicitude for the good moral conduct of his army. He esteemed this above all price, not only as a man, but as a general,—not simply for the ends of social well-being, but for the successes of military enterprise. A bad man, in his estimation, was not more sure to be a bad citizen than to be a bad soldier. He, therefore, studied closely the exciting causes of every kind of misconduct among his men.—most of all the exciting causes of any prevalent disorderliness, whether military or moral; and made strenuous exertions, by every means in his power, to check them or cut them off. He had always been convinced, and was now more convinced than ever, from comparing the circumstances of his own army with those of the army of Massena, that one grand means of prevention, or rather an entire system of means, was a steady commissariat and regular pay. Hence, though our government, at this time, were once more in great straits for money, were obliged to enforce every practicable reduction in army expenses, were even contemplating the possibility of being compelled to relinquish the whole war on account of the state of their finances, our hero, even at the risk of precipitating a crisis, earnestly entreated them to look well to the regular sustenance of their own troops, and also to give what aid they could toward that of the troops co-operating with these, so long as the war should continue.

"It may be asked," said he, "why we should spend our money, and why these troops should not go on as the French troops do, without pay, provisions, magazines, or anything? The answer to this question is long. The French army is certainly a wonderful machine. But if we are to form such a one, we must form such a government as exists in France, which can with impunity lose one half of the troops employed in the field every year only by the privations and hardships imposed upon them. Next, we must compose our army of soldiers drawn from all classes of the population of the country,—from the good and middling, as well in rank as in education, as from the bad, and not as all other nations, and we in particular, do, from the bad only. Thirdly, we must establish such a system of discipline as the French have,—a system founded upon the strength of the tyranny of the government, which operates upon an army composed of soldiers, the majority of whom are sober, well disposed, amenable to order, and in some degree educated. When we shall have done all this, and shall have made these armies of the strength of those employed by the French, we may require of them to live as the French do, namely, by authorised and regulated plunder of the country and its inhabitants, if any should remain; and

we may expose them to the labour, hardships, and privations which the French soldier suffers every day; and we must expect the same proportion of loss every campaign, namely one half of those who take the field. This plan is not proposed for the British army, nor has it yet been practised in any great degree by the Portuguese; but I shall state the effect which, in my opinion, the attempt has had upon the Spaniards. There is neither subordination nor discipline in the army, among either officers or soldiers; and it is not even attempted, as indeed it would be in vain to attempt, to establish either. It has, in my opinion, been the cause of the dastardly conduct which we have so frequently witnessed in the Spanish troops; and they have become odious to their country; and the peaceable inhabitants, much as they detest and suffer from the French, almost wish for the establishment of Joseph's government, to be protected from the outrages of their own troops. These armies, therefore, must be paid and supported, if any service is expected from them; and at present, at least, I see no chance of their being paid, except by British assistance."

Lord Wellington's solicitude for the good conduct of his army, the welfare of the Portuguese, and the termination of the war, was vastly increased by the events of Massena's retreat from Santarem into Spain. The atrocities of the French mode of subsisting their troops were then spread before him, at almost every step of his pursuit, with a wanton, bloody, diabolical ruffianism which often horrified the stoutest-hearted of his officers. One instance which occurred south of Thomar may illustrate the whole,—recorded by Napier, who personally saw it, and "whose graphic powers are never called forth by mawkish sensibility, or his indignant feelings excited by undue hostility towards his enemies." "This day's march," says he, "disclosed a horrible calamity. A large house, situated in an obscure part of the mountains, was discovered, filled with starving persons. About thirty women and children had sunk; and, sitting by the bodies, were fifteen or sixteen survivors, of whom one only was a man, but all so enfeebled as to be unable to eat the little food we had to offer them. The youngest had fallen first; all the children were dead. None were emaciated in the bodies; but the muscles of the face were invariably drawn transversely, giving the appearance of laughing, and presenting the most ghastly sight imaginable. The man seemed most eager for life. The women appeared patient and resigned, and, even in this distress, had arranged the bodies of those who first died with decency and care."

Lord Wellington himself, though describing the behaviour of the retreating army only from Santarem to Condeixa, where they were not nearly so hard pressed as afterwards, says,—"Their conduct throughout this retreat has been marked by a barbarity seldom equalled and never surpassed. Even in the towns of Torres Novas, Thomar, and Pernes, in which the head-quarters of some of the corps had been for four months, and in which the inhabitants had been invited,

by promises of good treatment, to remain, they were plundered, and many of their houses destroyed, on the night the enemy withdrew from their position; and they have since burned every town and village through which they have passed. The convent of Alcobaça was burned by order from the French head-quarters. The bishop's palace, and the whole town of Leiria, in which General Drouet had had his head-quarters, shared the same fate. And there is not an inhabitant of the country of any class or description, who has had any dealing or communication with the French army, who has not had reason to repent of it and to complain of them. This is the mode in which the promises have been performed, and the assurances have been fulfilled, which were held out in the proclamation of the French commander-in-chief, in which he told the inhabitants of Portugal that he was not come to make war upon them, but with a powerful army of 110,000 men to drive the English into the sea. It is to be hoped that the example of what has occurred in this country will teach the people of this and of other nations what value they ought to place on such promises and assurances, and that there is no security for life, or for anything which makes life valuable, excepting in decided resistance to the enemy."

So profoundly impressed was Lord Wellington with this last sentiment that he felt shocked to contemplate the possibility of a French invasion of Britain. Ever was his regard for the general wellbeing of the world sharply provoked by the tyranny of the French armies; and now was his regard for the peculiar welfare of his native land correspondingly alarmed by their atrocity. He received, when among the thickest of the desolations in the track of Massena's army, a letter from Lord Liverpool stating once more, and very pointedly, that the British government might perhaps feel obliged to withdraw from the Peninsular contest on account of the expense of it; and after showing, in reply, that much of the imputed cost of the bygone part of that contest did not really belong to it, and that the very large real item for transports would thenceforth nearly cease, he says,—"From what I have seen of the objects of the French government, and the sacrifices they make to accomplish them, I have no doubt that, if the British army were for any reason to withdraw from the Peninsula, and the French government were relieved from the pressure of military operations on the Continent, they would incur all risks to land an army in His Majesty's dominions. Then indeed would commence an expensive contest. Then would His Majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge: and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants, would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor in the scene; and I truly hope that the King's government will consider well what I have above stated to your Lordship,—will ascertain as nearly as is in their

power the actual expense of employing a certain number of men in this country beyond that of employing them at home or elsewhere,—and will keep up their force here on such a footing as will, at all events, secure their possession without keeping the transports, if it does not enable their Commander to take advantage of events, and assume the offensive."

The atrocities of Massena's retreat were only supplementary to direful disastrous inflictions during the whole period of his invasion. The war which he waged, much more than most wars, spread desolation far beyond the immediate scenes of strife; and the mode of subsisting his army and of keeping it in fighting temper, by means of plunder, rapine, and licensed outrage, laid utterly waste all the districts either occupied by his brigades or over-run by his foragers. "In the district of Leiria," says Southey, "the population was cut down by the barbarities of the enemy, by famine, and by disease from 48,000 to 16,000; and in the subdivision of Pombal from 7,000 to 1,800. Two hundred families in the town of Pombal derived before the invasion a comfortable subsistence from husbandry; after the retreat, a hundred and sixty-four of those families had totally disappeared; and the few survivors of the remaining thirty-six were suffering under famine and disease. In a principal street of that poor town was found one dismantled dwelling, standing alone in the midst of ruins, and containing three wretched inhabitants. Such was the desolation which this more than barbarous enemy had left behind them, that in what had been the populous and flourishing town of Santarem, the screech-owls took possession of a whole street of ruins, where it seemed as if man had been employed in reducing human edifices to a state which rendered them fit receptacles for birds and beasts of prey. The number of these birds, and the boldness with which the havoc everywhere about inspired them, made it frightful to pass that way even in the day-time; insomuch, that a soldier who had been promoted for his personal bravery, was known more than once to forego his mess, rather than pass to it through these ruins. Dogs, who were now without owners, preyed upon the dead. Wolves fed on human bodies in the streets of Leiria; and retaining then no longer their fear of man, attacked the living who came in their way. There were parts of the country where the people, having no other sustenance, allayed the pain of emptiness without supplying the wants of nature, by eating boiled grass, which they seasoned, such as could, with the brine and scales left in the baskets from which salt fish or sardinahs had been sold, these being at that time the scarcest and almost only remaining articles of food."

The conduct of Massena's army could not fail, among such a people as the Portuguese, to excite hatred and provoke retaliation. During all the period of its lying before the Lines and behind Santarem, the ordenanca made many a reprisal upon its marauders; and throughout its retreat to the Agueda, they constantly hung upon its skirts to seek opportunities of revenge. André Vieuxeux,

speaking partly from personal observation, says,—"They killed every straggler whom they could lay their hands upon before the heads of the British columns came up. They killed those who fell behind from sickness, as well as those who straggled for the purpose of marauding or seeking for food. They killed the wounded who were left behind for want of means of transport, as well as those who dropped down from weakness and fatigue. They killed them with their knives, or dashed out their brains with stones, or with the long knobbed sticks which the Portuguese peasantry carry on their shoulders. The appearance of the British advance (for the British army always protected the prisoners) made the Portuguese leave their work of death at times unfinished; and they left their victims, whom they generally stripped stark naked, to die in the fields right and left of the line of march. The writer, then a very young man, speaks from recollection. It was on the 10th of March, on the road from Payalva to Pombal, that he saw the first dismal traces of the disastrous retreat of the French,—bodies of dead soldiers, carts broken down on the road, carcasses of horses and mules; and from that day till he arrived at Celorico, on the 29th of March, there was hardly a day on which he did not see numbers of dead bodies scattered about the fields right and left of the road, generally naked, most of whom had no marks of wounds from firearms, and had either died of disease, of which many of them bore evidence, or had been finished by the peasantry in the manner described. One day he remembers counting them; and in a few hours of the march he reckoned between 100 and 200, till he felt too sick to reckon any more. He became at last familiarized with the sight; for men become used to any sight, however offensive, by continual repetition of it. Some of the poor creatures seemed to have crawled or been dragged out of the road to die behind the loose stone-walls with which the fields are enclosed; and on looking over the stone-walls into the fields, they were seen lying in clusters of three or four or more, in all sorts of positions. A few were still breathing. It was a horrid sight. He also remembers once or twice seeing Portuguese villagers, men and women, insulting and kicking the bodies of dead Frenchmen on the road, when they were properly reproved and driven away by a British non-commissioned officer."

Lord Wellington, though utterly disapproving all this revenge, yet was charmed with the Portuguese people's stern resistance to the French,—with their warm patriotism, their detestation of tyranny, their firm assertion of the rights of life and property; and he thought it proper, immediately after driving the invaders across the Agueda, to use his high influence as Marshal-General of Portugal and as Masséna's conqueror, in an attempt to render these feelings of the Portuguese people permanent, by fixing their attention on the design and origin of the horrors which they had suffered. He, therefore, on the 10th of April, issued a proclamation, saying, among other things,—"The Portuguese nation now knew by experience that the Marshal-General was not mistaken

either in the nature or the amount of the evil with which they were threatened, or respecting the only remedies to avoid it, namely decided and determined resistance, or the removal and concealment of all property and everything which could tend to the subsistence of the enemy, or to facilitate his progress. Nearly four years have now elapsed since the tyrant of Europe invaded Portugal with a powerful army. The cause of this invasion was not self-defence. It was not to seek revenge for insults offered or injuries done by the benevolent Sovereign of this kingdom. It was not even the ambitious desire of augmenting his own political power, as the Portuguese government had, without resistance, yielded to all the demands of the tyrant. But the object was the insatiable desire of plunder, the wish to disturb the tranquillity and to enjoy the riches of a people who had passed nearly half a century in peace. The same desire occasioned the invasion of the northern provinces of Portugal in 1809, and the same want of plunder the invasion of 1810, now happily defeated; and the Marshal-General appeals to the experience of those who have been witnesses of the conduct of the French army during these three invasions, whether confiscation, plunder, and outrage are not the sole objects of their attention, from the general down to the soldier. Those countries which have submitted to the tyranny have not been better treated than those which have resisted. The inhabitants have lost all their possessions, their families have been dishonoured, their laws overturned, their religion destroyed; and, above all, they have deprived themselves of the honour of that manly resistance to the oppressor of which the people of Portugal have given so signal and so successful an example."

His Lordship then went on to warn the Portuguese that, being not yet destroyed, they would still be an object of desire to the oppressor,—that, having still something considerable to lose, they might again be visited by his plundering hosts. "They should," therefore, he said, "be unremitting in their preparations for decided and steady resistance. Those capable of bearing arms should learn the use of them; or those whose age or sex renders them unfit to bear arms should fix upon places of security and concealment, and should make all the arrangemnts for their easy removal to them when the moment of danger shall approach. Valuable property, which tempts the avarice of the tyrant and his followers, and is the great object of their invasion, should be carefully buried beforehand, each individual concealing his own, and thus not trusting to the weakness of others to keep a secret in which they may not be interested. Measures should be taken to conceal or destroy provisions which cannot be removed, and everything which can tend to facilitate the enemy's progress; for this may be depended upon, that the enemy's troops seize upon everything, and leave nothing for the owner. By these measures, whatever may be the superiority of numbers with which the desire of plunder and of revenge may induce, and his power may enable, the tyrant again to invade this country, the result

will be certain; and the independence of Portugal, and the happiness of its inhabitants, will be finally established to their eternal honour."

Nor did Lord Wellington merely instruct and warn and congratulate the people whom he had delivered; he also had very soon the gratification of presenting them with some substantial means of relieving their distress. The appeal which he had made on their behalf to the benevolence of the British nation, which we noticed in our thirty-second chapter, had been well received. A grant of an hundred thousand pounds for their use was made by the unanimous vote of the House of Commons; a contribution of about three times that amount was raised by private subscription throughout the British Islands; and a request was forwarded to our hero and Mr. Stuart to disburse the money in such a manner as they should deem most conducive to the benefit of the living victims of the invasion. How heartily Lord Wellington undertook this trust, and how much in the comprehensive painstaking spirit which so eminently characterised him in his professional sphere, may be inferred from the following note of the 10th of May to Mr. Stuart,—"It occurs to me that the articles most suited to relieve the distress of the Portuguese would be wheat, of which there are several cargoes now at Lisbon, Indian corn, planks and beams for building, nails, large pipe staves and iron hoops, or rather casks shapen with their hoops, &c. If you are of the same opinion, write for those articles to England."

But let us return to the precise juncture of Massena's expulsion from Portugal. This brings us back to the thick of military affairs. Our narrative necessarily alternates these affairs with others. But Lord Wellington never did, —never at any time during the war,—never especially at the juncture of triumphing over Massena; for, while giving attention as usual to many momentous matters of policy, of general interest, and of army-government, he was incessantly and mainly occupied in counter-plotting the foe. Massena, though at present driven away, might return; his army, though at present enfeebled, might be reinforced,—though at present dispirited, might become reimboldened; and the French emperor, though baulked for the present in all the main objects of his mighty armaments and pompous boasts, would probably be roused, or rather was known to be roused already, to reiterate and increase his efforts till both his ambition should be gratified and his wounded pride appeased. Besides, the gates of Portugal were completely open to the French; the frontier fortresses were in their possession; Ciudad Rodrigo, Almeida, and Badajoz were entirely their own; while Soult's army—small in numbers indeed, but strong in position and in triumph—stood now, and had stood for months, on the offensive in the south. Lord Wellington, therefore, even at the close of his victorious pursuit of Massena, required to stand scarcely less on the alert than when he occupied the same ground at the invader's advance in the previous year.

Massena, on crossing the Agueda, had the near prospect of such accessions of

strength as would raise his fighting force to upwards of forty thousand men; but he was so fatigued, so harassed, and so downcast that he could not show front to his pursuers; and thinking it good policy to give his troops some immediate repose, he precipitately continued his retreat so far as to Salamanca,—thus leaving Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo, with their garrisons, far behind him, the former completely cut off from every possible communication with him, and the latter also at the mercy of being thoroughly invested. Lord Wellington did not feel at liberty to follow beyond the Agueda. Had he gone across that river with any considerable portion of his army,—had he even sent across a sufficient force to cut off Massena's communication with Ciudad Rodrigo,—he would have at once incurred a serious risk of sharp reprisals, subjected his cavalry to a ruinous scarcity of forage, and overtasked the utmost efforts of his commissariat to bring up requisite supplies of provisions from his magazines. He therefore pushed even his light division no further than to Gallegos, Espeja, and other places adjacent to the left bank of th Agueda, intending that it should "endeavour to interrupt the enemy's communication with Ciudad Rodrigo only when circumstances should render it convenient and advantageous." And the rest of his army he posted in a number of places on both sides of the Coa, with the headquarters at Villa Formosa.

Here Colonel Waters arrived one day, in a romantic escape from captivity by the French. He was taken prisoner on the morning of the 3d of April, before the commencement of the combat of Sabugal, having crossed the Coa alone, in his usual daring way, to pick up intelligence, and being intently occupied in observing the enemy through a spying-glass, when four hussars pounced upon him. Lord Wellington, on hearing of his capture, which he did through the French prisoners taken in the battle, said to his servants, "Waters will soon be with us again; I know him well; bring on his baggage." Waters would not give his parole to the French; so that he was kept in close custody. He even bore himself carelessly and confidently, as if he scarcely considered himself a prisoner; and actually went so far as to tell the man in whose house he was lodged at Ciudad Rodrigo that he intended to escape. "This man," says Napier, "betrayed him; but a servant detesting his master's treachery, secretly offered his aid, and Waters coolly desired him to get the rowels of his spurs sharpened. When the French army was near Salamanca, Waters, being in the custody of gens d'armes, waited until their chief, who rode the only good horse in the party, had alighted, then giving the spur to his own beast, he galloped off. An act of incredible resolution and hardihood: for he was on a large plain,—and before him, and for miles behind him, the road was covered with the French columns. His hat fell off; and, thus distinguished, he rode along the flank of the troops, some encouraging him, others firing at him, and the gens d'armes, sword in hand, close at his heels. But suddenly breaking at full

speed between two columns, he gained a wooded hollow, and, having baffled his pursuers, evaded the rear of the enemy's army. The third day he reached the British head-quarters."

A convoy from Salamanca succeeded, on the 13th of April, in spite of the British right division, in throwing a large supply of provisions into Ciudad Rodrigo. Lord Wellington, therefore, in the existing state of things, saw no use in attempting anything more on the northeastern frontier of Portugal than merely to maintain the blockade of Almeida; and even that he "undertook, not as a part of a plan, but as the consequence of the preceding operations during Massena's retreat, upon finding by intercepted letters and other intelligence that the place was but ill supplied with provisions." Campbell's division and Pack's brigade were intrusted with the blockade; and the rest of the army was so posted as to cover and protect these forces, to command a ready supply of forage for the horses and cattle, and to be in readiness for the speediest possible combined movement in any manner which the fluctuating exigencies of the war might require.

Lord Wellington now turned his most earnest thoughts to the operations round Badajoz. Gladly would he have gone four weeks before to direct these operations in person; he could be hindered from going only by the superior necessity of following the retreat of Massena; and now, the instant that he could safely leave the northeastern frontier, he committed the temporary command of his army there to Sir Brent Spencer, and proceeded, by way of Sabugal, Castello-Branco, Villa-Velha, and Portalegre, to Elvas, where he arrived on the 20th. But, in order to show the circumstances in which he acted, we must trace the current of events in that quarter, from the time of the surrender of Badajoz, and especially from that of the advance of Sir William Beresford.

As soon as he obtained possession of Badajoz, Marshal Soult, alarmed by the proceedings of the British at Cadiz, and leaving Mortier to prosecute the hostilities in Estremadura, returned to Seville. About the same time, however, Buonaparte ordered changes among the corps in the Peninsula, which soon came into operation, with the effect of greatly increasing Soult's force, enabling him to go back to Estremadura, and putting him into communication with the army of Massena, refreshed, remodelled, and reinforced. The chief of these changes were that a large part of the force hitherto maintained at Madrid should cease to attend King Joseph's person, and go into general field service,—that Drouet should march with eleven thousand men into junction with the 5th corps, and supersede Mortier in the command of it,—that the rest of Drouet's corps should be disposed in two divisions, and interposted with the army of Massena,—that Marmont, a very distinguished general, who will afterwards figure prominently in our narrative, should supersede Ney, and of course Loison also, in the command of the sixth corps,—and that certain subsidiary forces

under Bessières and others, should hold the lines of communication along the Spanish frontier between Massena's army and Soult's, and backward thence to the open roads to France. We must mention also that about the time of the surrender of Badajoz, or a few days before, Castanos was appointed to the command of the small remnants of the deceased Romana's army in Estremadura, and that, soon afterwards, Blake, at the head of about twelve thousand men, including Ballasteros' division, marched from Cadiz to co-operate with Castanos.

Mortier, immediately after the departure of Soult from Estremadura, marched with his infantry upon Campo Mayor, and summoned that place. Campo Mayor was weakly fortified,—was defended by only two hundred men and five mounted guns,—and was commanded at four hundred yards' distance, by a low hill; so that it could not be expected to make any resistance. But the governor of it, Major Talaia, a Portuguese engineer, was a stern stubborn soldier; and he compelled Mortier to undertake the labour of a regular siege, held out against him five days before receiving a second summons, and then obtained leave to wait twenty-four hours for succours. But no succour arriving at the end of that time, which was on the 21st of March, he surrendered. Mortier, immediately on obtaining possession, charged Latour Maubourg with the task of dismantling the works and of removing the artillery and stores to Badajoz, and returned to the Guadiana.

Sir William Beresford felt obliged to halt in the midst of his original march toward Badajoz, till he should be joined by the large body of troops destined to act under him, who could not be detached from the pursuit of Massena at an earlier point than Condeixa. But as soon as he was in full strength by the junction of General Cole's division, which it will be remembered was sent away from the vale of the Deixa on the 14th of March, he moved steadily forward. Lord Wellington, writing to him on the 18th, said,—"You had better lose no time in moving up to Portalegre, and attack Soult, if you can, at Campo Mayor. I will come to you if I can; but if I cannot, do not wait for me. Get Castanos to join you, from Estremoz, with any Spanish troops he can bring with him." And again on the 20th, he said,—"I believe you should manœuvre upon Soult's right, throwing your own left towards the Gebora. The country is hilly on the left from Arronches towards Campo Mayor. The Caya is fordable, I believe, every where for infantry, but as well as I recollect, the bottom is of a description to allow of the passage of horses and carriages only in a few places. There are fords, as well as a bridge at Arronches. The Caya, it is said, gives a good position for defensive for the Alemtejo about Arronches; but I had not time when I was there to examine it. The character of Soult's operations, I think, is to detach largely on all. I recommend to you to keep your troops very much *en masse*. I have always considered the cavalry to be the most delicate arm that we possess. We have few officers who have practical knowledge of the mode of using it, or who

have ever seen more than two regiments together; and all our troops, cavalry as well as infantry, are a little inclined to get out of order in battle! To these circumstances add, that the defeat of, or any great loss sustained by, our cavalry in these open grounds, would be a misfortune amounting almost to the defeat of the whole; and you will see the necessity of keeping the cavalry as much as possible *en masse* and in reserve, to be thrown in at the moment when an opportunity may offer of striking a decisive blow. If Soult goes to the south of the Guadiana, which I think likely, lay down your bridge, and make a *tete de pont* opposite Juramenha; and in the first instance, invest Badajoz on the left of the Guadiana, doing the same with cavalry only, or Spanish troops or militia, on the right. You might also make the Spaniards seize the bridges of Merida and Medellin."

Beresford's force comprised twenty thousand infantry, two thousand cavalry, and eighteen guns. He was within two marches of Campo Mayor when he heard of the surrender of that place; and, thinking that he might surprise the French troops in possession of it, he pushed instantly toward it. His corps had been detached so secretly and promptly from the main army, that as yet Mortier knew nothing of its advance, still less of its vicinity. Mortier's field force, too, had been so reduced by Soult's abstraction of six battalions of infantry and a regiment of cavalry, and by the detaching of three thousand men to hold the fortress of Badajoz, and of four hundred to hold that of Olivença, that it did not now amount to quite ten thousand men. Had Wellington, and not Beresford, been at the head of the advancing corps, he would scarcely have failed to retrieve, by a single stroke or two, all the disasters which had been inflicted by Soult, even to the capturing of Badajoz; for that place was still unrepaired, with its breaches open and its defences shattered, while the line of Mortier's occupancy was too extensive, and contained too many key-points, to be readily held by his comparatively small force: and Wellington would probably have stunned him by a dashing blow in the vicinity of Badajoz, and then wheeled suddenly round his flank, either by an extemporized bridge at Juramenha or by the permanent bridge of Merida, and driven his field-force to destruction or to headlong flight, with the effect of having his garrisons for an easy prey. But Beresford was a general of less mercurial thought, and less thundering action; and though promptly enough and very bravely resolving to confound the enemy, he set about the task almost as heavily and quite as charily as if their strength had been equal or even superior to his own.

On the morning of the 25th, Beresford's cavalry and a strong detachment of his infantry, came suddenly upon Campo Mayor. The French force under Latour Maubourg, consisting of twelve hundred cavalry, three battalions of infantry, some horse-artillery, and a battering-train of thirteen guns, were just in the act of marching out. Beresford instantly ordered an attack. The ground

all the way to Badajoz was an open plain, favourable for the operations of cavalry. The British 13th light dragoons, under Colonel Head, supported by two squadrons of the 1st Portuguese under Colonel Otway, were sodn close to the enemy on the left; while the detachment of infantry, at the same time, but at a considerable distance, were on the right. The heavy cavalry, however, moved in reserve; and Beresford remained so far in the rear as to have little or no power over the details of the pursuit. "Some French hussars," says Slierer, "charged out upon the 13th and the Portuguese, to favour the march of their infantry and guns, and gain time for them to push onward; but they were driven off instantly. Four regiments of French dragoons now drew up and presented a very formidable front; but the 13th British with great spirit charged through them, galloped forwards, cut down the French gunners upon the road, who were conducting the heavy train, and, pursuing their success, headed the French column of march. Some of them formed far in front of it; while others, more hot and uncontrollable, carried on a running and irregular combat with the fugitive horsemen of the enemy, several of the British dragoons being actually at last taken at the very gates of Badajoz." The loss of the allies, in this affair, amounted to about one hundred men killed or wounded, and upwards of seventy captured; and that of the French comprised about three hundred men killed or wounded, and one howitzer captured.

The behaviour of the pursuing cavalry, in spite of its rashness and irregularity, excited the admiration of the whole allied army. The faults of it, too, were not without some excuse; for the troops acted in the belief that both the pursuing infantry and the heavy cavalry would fall on,—ignorant that the infantry were never able to come up, and that Beresford, on getting notice of their own impetuosity, and supposing them to be actually lost, would not allow the heavy cavalry to become imperilled. Yet their conduct incurred the severe disapprobation of Lord Wellington, and drew from him a very sharp reprimand. "I wish you would call together the officers of the dragoons," wrote he to Beresford on hearing of it, "and point out to them the mischiefs which must result from the disorder of the troops in action. The undisciplined ardour of the 13th dragoons and 1st regiment of Portuguese cavalry is not of the description of the determined bravery and steadiness of soldiers confident in their discipline and in their officers. Their conduct was that of a rabble, galloping as fast as their horses could carry them over a plain, after an enemy to whom they could do no mischief when they were broken; and the pursuit had continued for a limited distance, and sacrificing substantial advantages, and all the objects of your operation, by their want of discipline. To this description of their conduct I add my entire conviction, that if the enemy could have thrown out of Badajoz only one hundred men regularly formed, they would have driven back these two regiments in equal haste and disorder, and would probably have taken many whose

horses would have been knocked up. If the 13th dragoons are again guilty of this conduct, I shall take their horses from them, and send the officers and men to do duty at Lisbon."

Sir William Beresford now put his troops into quarters round Elvas. He was induced to do so partly from regard to the fatigued condition of his men, some of whom had been incessantly marching since the commencement of the pursuit of Massena, and partly from want of immediate means to cross the Guadiana, and so undertake operations against Olivença and Badajoz. The Portuguese government had engaged to provide these means, and to have them ready at Elvas against the time of Sir William's arrival, but had provided only such as were almost useless. Every diligence was used by Captain Squires of the engineers, aided by detachments from the army, to construct a temporary bridge at Juramenha with such materials as were at hand; but the first which he formed was carried off by a flood, and the next was unavoidably frail and incapacious. Beresford's force, in consequence, did not get across the Guadiana till the 6th of April; and then they took up a position, on a strong range of hills adjacent to the temporary bridge, covered by a swampy rivulet.

General Phillipon, the French governor of Badajoz, made diligent use of Beresford's delay, to restore the defences of his fortress. Latour Maubourg also, who had succeeded to the command of Mortier, kept his force mainly employed in sweeping the country behind him, to the distance of fifty miles, to provision Badajoz for a siege. So intently was he occupied with this, and so inadvertent to advantages of generalship which lay close at hand, that he totally neglected to adopt measures for disputing Beresford's passage across the Guadiana. Yet no sooner got he intelligence that the passage was being made than he marched from Olivença, at the head of three thousand infantry, five hundred cavalry, and four guns, to oppose it. He was, of course, too late,—was even running with his small force against Beresford's great one, like a witless prey into the mouth of the lion; but he, nevertheless, surprised a squadron of the 13th light dragoons which was in front,—then went so close up to the main body as to exchange shots,—and then retired without loss or molestation.

Sir William Beresford, after taking measures to construct a strong bridge and entrench a strong position at Juramenha, advanced toward Olivença, Latour Maubourg retiring before him to Albuera. He summoned Olivença on the 9th, and expected that it would not make any defence, but found it sternly refractory. Sending therefore to Elvas for battering-guns to besiege it, and committing the charge of the siege to General Cole, he set out, after a halt of two days, to make a further advance against Latour Maubourg, with the view of driving him out of Estremadura. Cole opened his guns upon Olivença on the 14th, made a practicable breach before next morning, and obtained the surrender of the garrison at discretion.

Sir William Beresford drove all Latour Maubourg's field forces before him to the southern frontier of Estremadura, and sat down for some days at Zafra, while the French general retired to Llerena. He enjoyed the co-operation of the small corps of Castanos, and was also in near communication with part of the little army of Blake, not exactly supported by it, however, but rather delivering it from the toils of the French. He was likewise joined, on the 16th, by General Cole; and he marched, on that day, to the village of Los Santos de Maimona. His advanced guard, on entering that village, came suddenly upon two regiments of French hussars, who had advanced from Llerena for purposes of plunder; and his light cavalry, the same who had behaved so intrepidly in the pursuit from Campo Mayor, instantly charged these regiments, put them to flight, followed them vigorously for six miles, and killed or captured about three hundred of them, without themselves losing a man. Latour Maubourg retired on the 18th to Guadalcanal; the Spanish cavalry then occupied Llerena; and Sir William Beresford, judging that everything was now clear for his commencing a steady siege of Badajoz, retraced his steps to the Guadiana.

In the meantime, he was strengthened by the arrival from Lisbon of Alten's brigade of German light infantry. On the 20th also, as we formerly noted, Lord Wellington arrived at Elvas. His Lordship immediately wrote to Sir William, saying among other things,—"I cannot venture to stay long away from the frontiers of Castile, and I shall return to that quarter as soon as I shall have looked about me here. I cannot pretend to give directions at this distance. My opinion is that you are too far advanced for your object, and the sooner you come back the better."

On the 21st, our hero and his lieutenant met at Elvas; and on the next day, taking an escort of Alten's Germans and Madden's cavalry, they crossed the Guadiana, and reconnoitred Badajoz. A convoy was approaching at the moment of their reconnoissance; their escort attempted to cut it off; Philippon made a sortie to protect it; and a smart skirmish ensued, with the effect of a mimic victory over Wellington, about an hundred of his men being cut down, while the convoy, the object of dispute, reached its destination.

Lord Wellington felt convinced that Badajoz would make a very stout defence,—that Soult would do everything in his power to succour it,—that Beresford would probably find the siege of it both difficult and critical,—and that all the allied forces in Estremadura, Spanish as well as British and Portuguese, would require to co-operate on a well-concerted plan for repelling any advance and diversion which Soult might make in its favour. He therefore employed a large portion of the 23d in writing three elaborate memorandums,—one for Sir William Beresford as commander-in-chief of the forces,—another for Sir William and his chief officers of engineers and artillery, in reference to the immediate operations of the siege,—and another for the officers in command of the several allied

corps in Estremadura, respecting their joint operations for covering the siege and repelling Soult.

"During the siege of Badajoz," said he in the early part of the first of these memorandums, "Marshal Beresford's object will be to place his troops in such situations as that they will be best able to carry on the operations, and to join in case the enemy should attempt to relieve the place. If the enemy should make the attempt, Marshal Beresford will consider of, and decide upon, the chance of success, according to a view of the relative numbers of both armies, and making a reasonable allowance for the number of Spanish troops which shall co-operate with him in any attack which the enemy may make upon him. If he should think the enemy too strong for him, with the assistance which he will know that he will have from the Spanish troops, he will retire across the Guadiana, and thence, if necessary, toward Portalegre, taking the position of the Caya and Portalegre successively. If Sir William Beresford should think his strength sufficient to fight a general action, to save the siege of Badajoz, he will collect his troops to fight it. I believe that, upon the whole, the most central and advantageous place to collect his troops will be at Albuera. If the enemy should attempt to turn his left, in order to march upon Badajoz by Talavera, he has his choice between attacking them in that operation, or marching by his own left, along the Talavera rivulet. If they attempt to turn his right, he has the same choice, or to march by his right upon Valverde, and place his right upon the Valverde rivulet. All this must of course be left to the decision of Sir William Beresford. I authorize him to fight the action if he should think proper, or to retire if he should not. If the enemy should advance, different measures should be adopted in respect to the operations of the siege, according to the state in which they will be when the enemy shall make the attempt to relieve the place, and according to Sir William Beresford's intentions of fighting the battle or not."

Lord Wellington's instructions respecting the preliminaries and the works of the siege must have charmed military men by their clearness, comprehensiveness, ingenuity, and science; yet are not of such interest to general readers as to require to be quoted. At the same time, however, His Lordship displayed a searching cautious care respecting the safety of the battering-train and the stores for the siege, which may suggest an useful lesson to all classes of men in all departments of society. These were taken from the ramparts and magazines of Elvas,—none others suitable for the purpose being with the army or within reach; so that the investing of Badajoz occasioned the dismantling of Elvas, and involved a responsibility to bring the siege, in any event, to such a termination as should not expose Elvas, in its defenceless condition, to the approach of the enemy. "If, therefore," continued Lord Wellington in his first memorandum, "Sir William Beresford should determine, in consequence of the enemy's

strength, not to fight the battle, it will be necessary that he should make every effort to send back the ordnance and stores to Elvas before he shall raise the siege. If it should be necessary, and he should determine to fight the battle before he shall have obtained possession of Fort San Christoval, it will be necessary that he should send back from Fort San Christoval to Elvas all the ordnance and stores collected there, and afterwards by degrees, from the ground on the left of the Guadiana, the ordnance and stores collected there; keeping on the latter, if possible, only what could be drawn away at one trip by the cattle and other means in his possession. If he should determine to fight the battle, after he shall have obtained possession of San Christoval, he should leave there the ordnance and stores necessary and sufficient to command the passage of the Guadiana by the bridge of Badajoz, and on the left of the Guadiana what can be removed at one trip by the cattle, or other means in his possession; and all the rest should be moved to Elvas."

Any plan of co-operation by the three generals-in-chief, Beresford, Blake, and Castanos, was in some risk of being rendered impracticable by the pride of the Spaniards. But Castanos, who was senior to Blake as Blake was senior to Beresford, who also detested Blake's haughty disposition, and had a nearer resemblance of character than any other Spanish general to the deceased Romana, removed every difficulty by proposing that the general who commanded the greatest number of troops should command all the generals. Both Castanos and Blake, therefore, took the temporary rank of subordinates to Beresford; while the latter, of course, took his paramount orders from Wellington. These orders, in regard to the disposition of the forces for the threefold purpose of mutual support, of besieging Badajoz, and of watching the passes of the Morena, were that Beresford's own proper corps should be in second line,—that three battalions of Castanos' corps should assist in the siege,—that the rest of his infantry should be stationed at Merida, to command the grand road across the Guadiana,—that his cavalry should be stationed at Llerena, to observe the road of Guadalcanal, and to communicate through Zafra with Ballasteros,—that Blake's corps, with the exception of Balasteros' division, should take post at Xeres de los Cavalleros,—that Balasteros should take post at Barquillo, on Blake's left,—and that, in the event of a battle, all the forces should concentrate at Albuera.

Lord Wellington was pushing vigorously forward the preparations for the siege at the very time of writing his memorandums; so that he expected to see the place regularly invested before the close of the 24th. But on the night of the 23d a great freshet raised the Guadiana an additional height of ten feet, swept away the bridge at Juramenha, and rendered the river everywhere unfordable. His Lordship then desired Sir William Beresford to postpone operations till either he could re-establish the bridge or ford the river, and to place

his troops in such a situation as to command full communication with Portugal by the detour of Merida, still keeping Badajoz as closely blockaded as might be in his power. Nearly at the same moment, too, the Spanish generals were hindered from taking the places assigned to them by a sudden dispute between the Spanish and the Portuguese governments. This dispute was twofold and reciprocal, arising on the one side out of wanton outrages committed by Mendizabel's troops within the Portuguese frontier, and on the other out of a stupid demand by the Portuguese regency for the restoration of Olivença, which had been ceded to Spain only a few years before the commencement of the war. The acrimony on both sides was so great as to threaten a rupture between the kingdoms,—a rush of the Spanish forces and the Portuguese forces against each other,—to the confusion of Wellington and the triumph of the French. Affairs on the Guadiana suddenly became stagnant. Even our hero, so prolific in resources, so rapid in invention, so subtle in power, could have done little for some days to put them again into activity. Happily Mr. Stuart speedily succeeded, at Lisbon, in restoring amity. But before the effects of his remonstrances could be known, even so early as the 25th, Lord Wellington was peremptorily summoned away by intelligence of a new strong sudden crisis in the north.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MASSENA'S RETURN TO PORTUGAL—LORD WELLINGTON'S ARRANGEMENTS FOR STOPPING HIM—THE BATTLE OF FUENTES D'ONORO—THE EVACUATION OF ALMEIDA—MASSENA'S FINAL EXPULSION FROM PORTUGAL—HIS PERSONAL HISTORY—MORAL EFFECTS OF LORD WELLINGTON'S TRIUMPH OVER HIM.

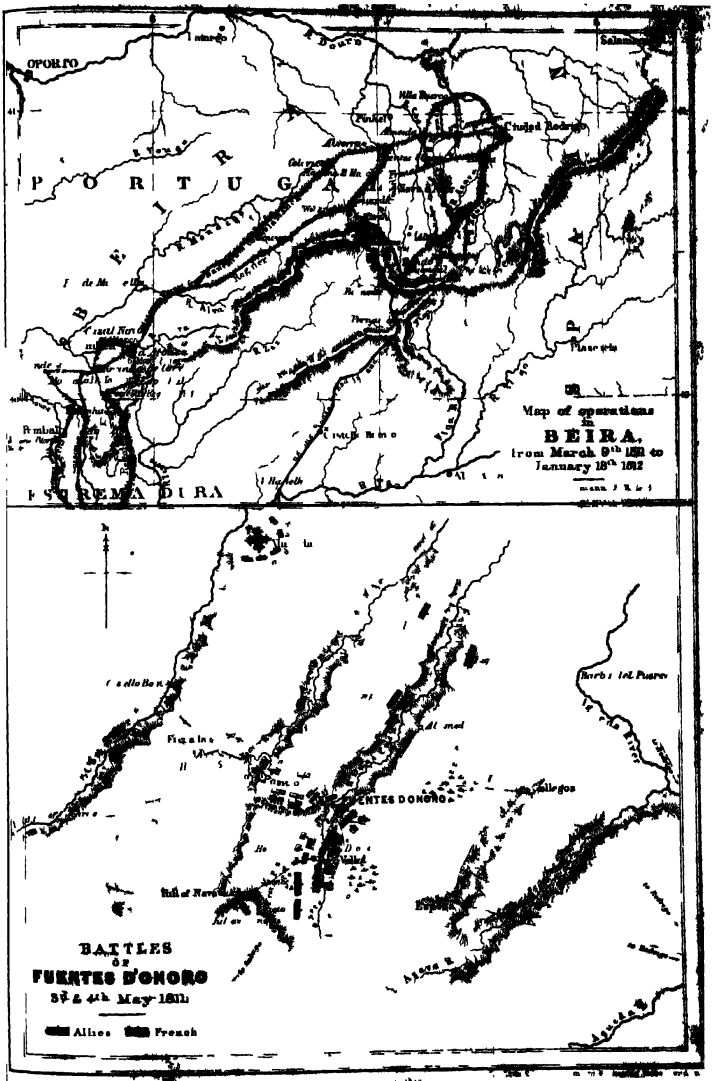
MASSENA, after his retreat to Salamanca, very rapidly re-organized his army. Had he remained upon the Agueda, he would have been constantly checked by the allies, and would have drained the magazines of Ciudad Rodrigo, and would have been comparatively far from his military resources. But at Salamanca, every hour brought some accession to his strength. The alterations already decreed by Buonaparte did great things for him; and the local facilities on the Tormes, the elasticity of the French spirit, and the high resolves of his own mind did scarcely less. He laboured to persuade his soldiers that they had not been beaten, but would yet be led on to victory: he induced Drouet to consent to assist him for a short time with the reserved part of the ninth corps, before proceeding to the south to supersede Mortier; and, by these means, together with full re-equipments for all his troops, some reinforcements from Bessieres, and the recall of all his own detachments, he was soon at the head of a compact, well-appointed, high-spirited army of 41,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry.

He immediately put all this force in motion toward the frontier of Portugal, announcing in a general order that his first object was the relief of Almeida. He reached Ciudad Rodrigo on the 25th of April, just twenty days after he had ran in thither, in the opposite direction, in flight from Sabugal. The British light division and the allied cavalry, on getting note of his approach, extended themselves as an advanced-guard behind the Azava, from the vicinity of its sources down to the vicinity of its junction with the Agueda, but with their main strength on the two roads leading to Almeida. The Azava, though but a very short stream, has such a deep rocky bed, and was then so greatly swollen, that it served, along with the known gallantry of this advanced-guard, to hold the enemy well in check; insomuch that, till the 2d of May, except for feeling the allied lines of outposts, Massena remained completely inactive at Ciudad Rodrigo.

Lord Wellington arrived at his head-quarters in Beira on the 28th. His force there was both smaller and less efficient than when he had left it. The Portuguese portion of it had continued to be miserably fed, and had been much reduced by both desertion and disease. Even the British regiments had depended for some

of their supplies upon a precarious course of smuggling from the Spanish frontier across the Agueda, and were therefore not in the best condition. The cavalry, both Portuguese and British, had particularly suffered. The total force of the allied army in Beira comprised only 32,000 infantry, 1,200 cavalry, and 42 guns; and even this was not all available for action in the field, part of it being required to maintain the blockade of Almeida. Lord Wellington clearly was not able to stop Massena's march, in any part of the plain between the Agueda and the Coa; nor was he in a condition to confront him anywhere in battle, except either on very unequal terms, or on very strong defensive ground. No such ground existed in front of Almeida, either near or remote. Yet, in spite of all disadvantages, our hero resolved to make an immediate stand, in battle-position, with his whole available force, to cover that fortress, and to hurl back the invaders into Spain.

All the country between the Agueda and the Coa is a slow slope, a sort of hanging plain, declining northward to the Douro, flecked with woods of cork and ilex, and cut into alternations of rocky ravine and low table-land by a number of streams, which chiefly run parallel to one another, and to the Agueda and the Coa. The upper tract of this region is but slightly furrowed by the water-courses, and presents a direct smooth line of march from Ciudad Rodrigo to Sabugal; but the middle tract is ploughed at great depths by strong currents, which in general can be passed only by bridges leading to Guarda and to Almeida. Lord Wellington determined to take his stand behind the Duas Casas, at the part where the upper tract merges into the middle one. The Duas Casas flows about midway between the Coa and the Azava; while another stream, the Turones, flows about midway between the Coa and the Duas Casas. The key of Lord Wellington's position was the village of Fuentes d'Onoro. A road from Ciudad Rodrigo crosses the Duas Casas there, leading through Frenada on the opposite bank of the Turones, to Almeida; but two more direct roads from Ciudad Rodrigo to Almeida cross the Duas Casas farther down, the one in the vicinity of the village of Alameda and the other leading toward Fort Conception, the former coming direct from Gallegos and the latter by way of Villa Fuenco. The bed of the Duas Casas from the upper vicinity of Fuentes d'Onoro downward is all stiff, stubborn, rocky ravine, but thence upward is but a slight meadowy depression, shaded and flanked with wood. The hill of Nave d'Aver rises beyond the wood, about two miles above the village, midway between the Duas Casas and the Turones, commanding both the road to Sabugal, and a branch-road thence to the bridge of Sacoiras toward Guarda. Most of Fuentes d'Onoro stood on the bottom and side of the ravine, and was not particularly defensible; but a small part of it, including an old chapel, crowned the craggy summit, and offered strong cover. Some stone enclosures in the vicinity also were not without consequence. But the principal ground was a gentle ont-


OPORTO
PORTUGAL
Map of operations
in
BEIRA.
from March 9th 1811 to
January 18th 1812
BATTLES
OF
FUENTES D'ONORO
3d & 4th May 1811
Allies
French

spread eminence, at the distance of about a cannon shot, commanding all the egress from the stream, and possessing everywhere an easy communication with the rear.

Lord Wellington aimed both to block all the avenues to Almeida, and to watch the road to Sabugal. The former of these objects was the main one, and eventually, by the vicissitudes of battle, became the only one; but the latter also possessed importance, both for giving security to his right flank, and for frustrating any attempt either to menace his communications, or to revive the old scheme of penetrating to the south by way of Penamacor. General Pack's brigade, together with the Queen's regiment from General Campbell's division, maintained the immediate blockade of Almeida. The fifth division, then under the command of Sir William Erskine, was posted at the bridge on the Duas Casas leading to Fort Conception. The sixth division, General Campbell's, minus the Queen's regiment, was posted at the bridge of Alameda. Five battalions of infantry, principally light troops drawn from various brigades, and placed under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, were stationed in the village of Fuentes d'Onoro. The first division, under Sir Brent Spencer, the third division, under General Picton, and the seventh division, under General Houston, were posted on the outspread eminence in the vicinity of that village. And a small corps of Spanish cavalry and infantry, under the guerilla chief Don Julian Sanchez, who had a day or two before come into junction with the allied army, was posted on the hill of Nava d'Aver. The extent of the entire position from the ground of the fifth division to that of the seventh division was about five miles,—and from the ground of the fifth division to the hill of Nava d'Aver about seven miles.

On the 2d of May, Massena's army, in full force, moved from Ciudad Rodrigo. The light division, which was now again under the command of General Craufurd, had a slight skirmish with the advanced guard at Gallegos; but after this, both they and the allied cavalry under Sir Stapleton Cotton fell readily back, offering no opposition, retreating during the night, and crossing the Duas Casas at Fuentes d'Onoro. The French came up, about mid-day of the 3d, in three columns abreast,—Regnier's corps marching upon Fort Conception, Junot's corps upon Alameda, and the rest of the army upon Fuentes d'Onoro. Lord Wellington, on seeing so strong a menace against his left, instantly sent off the light division to support General Campbell; but he still expected the main onset to be made at Fuentes d'Onoro,—calculating that Massena would not venture to defile across two narrow bridges, both in the face of two strong divisions, and at the risk of being struck in flank by the main body of the allies, rushing down the banks of the ravine. Nor did he prove to be in the slightest degree mistaken.

Loison, who was in command of the column which arrived opposite Fuentes

d'Onoro did not wait for Massena's personal arrival or for orders from him, but, being aware that he intended if possible to turn Wellington's right, made rapid dispositions for a dashing attack. He first opened a heavy cannonade from the brow of the ravine, and then sent down a strong column to attempt to drive the British from the village. The assailants rushed on with high discipline and almost ferocious bravery. The British resisted them vigorously, so that the fight became terrible; but they were at length obliged to yield the lower parts of the village, and to betake themselves to the upper; and even there, in spite of the boldest deeds, the utmost steadiness, the highest order, and the most judicious command, they were in some danger of being overcome. Lord Wellington, on seeing their peril, sent promptly to their aid successively the 71st, the 79th, and the 24th regiments. But the assailants also received proportionate reinforcements, and continued to be desperate. Colonel Williams fell badly wounded nearly at the most critical moment of the contest; but was succeeded in command by Colonel Cameron of the 79th,—an officer of equally high character, who also before the business of Fuentes d'Onoro came to an end, received a mortal wound. The combat slowly yet steadily turned in favour of the British. The French fought like wolves, yielding ground only by inches, and sometimes standing fast in the middle of the street, at the very point of the bayonet, till they were literally impaled. The British battalions had never before experienced such stubborn resistance; they achieved, not properly one victory, but a series of victories, almost step by step, from the craggy summit of the ravine down to the water's edge; they were victorious at all only, as Lord Londonderry expresses it, by driving back their antagonists "with a heroism which has never been surpassed;" and even despite of victory, they had not the satisfaction to see the foe retire up the opposite side of the ravine till after the fall of twilight, or in any such haste as to inspire assurance that they would not return. "Night," says the author of the Victories of the British Armies, "was closing. Undismayed by a heavy loss, and unwearied by a hardly-contested action, a cannon, as it appeared to be, being seen on the adjacent heights, the 71st dashed across the rivulet and, bearing down all resistance, reached and won the object of their enterprise. On reaching it, the Highlanders discovered that, in the haze of the evening, they had mistaken a tumbrel for a gun; but they bore it off, a trophy of their gallantry." Lord Wellington, after the close of the contest, withdrew a large part of the force to the main position, leaving only the 71st regiment, the 79th, and the second battalion of the 24th to hold the village. The loss of the British in this affair, which some historians call the first combat of Fuentes d'Onoro, was 260; and that of the French was somewhat greater.

"As may be readily imagined," says Lord Londonderry, "the dawn of the 4th had not yet appeared, when the whole of our line got under arms, and waited anxiously for a renewal of the combat. Day broke, however, without disclosing

any disposition on the part of the enemy to resume the offensive; and as hour after hour stole on, a belief arose that nothing more would be attempted. In this persuasion we were confirmed by the report of several deserters who came in, and from whom we learned that Massena, overawed by the obstinacy of yesterday's resistance, had resolved to attempt nothing further till he should be reinforced by a body of the imperial guard, which was understood to be on its march to join him. These statements seemed correct. Clouds of mounted and staff officers might be seen riding from time to time along the opposite ridge, and examining our dispositions, while, as evening approached, we observed no inconsiderable addition to the enemy's cavalry, particularly to their hussars and lancers, arrive."

Massena, after long and careful reconnoisance, became completely confirmed in his original idea of the desirableness of turning Wellington's right, and even made that idea commensurate with his whole plan of action. He therefore resolved to leave only Regnier's corps on the lower part of his own original position, to leave no more than one division even opposite Fuentes d'Onoro, and to precipitate all the rest of his army upon the undepressed part of the Dues Casas' course, over about a mile and a half above the commencement of the ravine. Lord Wellington so far anticipated this intention as to send Houston's division to occupy the village of Poço Velho and a swampy wood adjacent to it, about a mile above Fuentes d'Onoro; but he did not, till the morning of the 5th, suspect the whole extent, or nearly so, of Massena's purpose. Massena designed to have made his new dispositions under night, so as to commence his attack at day-break; but he encountered so many obstructions and such long delay that, for two hours before he could strike a blow, all his movements were clearly descried,—Loison's corps and Drouet's division ascending the stream some little distance from the position they had held on the previous day, and Junot's corps coming up from Alameda, and, together with the whole vast mass of the cavalry, marching above Poço Velho. Lord Wellington drew Spencer's and Picton's divisions so far to the right as to place them opposite Drouet's and Loison's corps; and at the same time promptly ordered up the light division from his left, and sent them and all his cavalry hastily onward to the support of Houston.

The French cavalry, strongly aided by both infantry and artillery, rushed upon Houston's advanced-guard, drove it in, took possession of Poço Velho, made way through the wood, and pushed on to the hill of Nava d'Aver. Houston's main body retired but slowly and in perfect order; and were joined by the light division in sufficient time to stop the advance of the infantry, and to restore the fight. The French cavalry spent about an hour in driving Julian Sanchez away from the hill of Nava d'Aver, and in returning to the wood. "Sanchez immediately retired across the Turones, partly in fear, but more in

anger, because his lieutenant having foolishly ridden close up to the enemy making many violent gestures, was mistaken for a French officer, and shot by a soldier of the guards before the action commenced." The French cavalry then turned Houston's right flank, and compelled him to fall back. The British cavalry, though at that moment only about a thousand strong, and though posted on a very commanding open position, instantly descended, along with Captain Ramsay's battery of horse-artillery, to give a charge. But the French cavalry anticipated them, and with one shock drove in all their outguards, cut off their artillery, and came sweeping in upon their reserves, yet not without approaching in so disorderly a manner as to receive a partial check.

In the midst of that check, too, says Napier, "a great commotion was observed in their main body. Men and horses there closed with confusion and tumult towards one point, where a thick dust arose, and where loud cries and the sparkling of blades and the flashing of pistols indicated some extraordinary occurrence. Suddenly the multitude became violently agitated, an English shout pealed high and clear, the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth sword in hand at the head of his battery, his horses breathing fire stretched like greyhounds along the plain, the guns bounded behind them like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners followed close, with heads bent low and pointed weapons, in desperate career. Captain Brotherton of the 14th dragoons, seeing this, instantly rode forth, and with his squadron checked the head of the pursuing troops, while General Charles Stuart, joining in the charge, took the French colonel Lamotte fighting hand to hand. The main body of the enemy, however, came on strongly, and the British cavalry retired behind the light division, which was immediately thrown into squares. But ere the seventh division, which was more advanced, could do the same, the horsemen were upon them, and some were cut down. Nevertheless the remainder stood firm, and the Chasseurs Britanniques, being ranged behind a loose stone wall, poured such a fire that their foes recoiled and seemed bewildered."

In spite of many bold bright displays on the part of the British, however, the day continued to be decidedly in favour of the French. All the engaged parts of the British line, except at the village of Fuentes d'Onoro, were giving way; the divisions were so far separated as to be losing the power of combined action and of mutual support; the right flank was completely turned; the communication with Sabugal was entirely cut off; and the rear of the army was beginning to be deforced toward the rugged ravines of the Turones and the Coa, with no line of retreat across the latter except one bridge at Castello-Bom. Lord Wellington was never so near being defeated; he even seemed on the verge of a most disastrous overthrow, involving not only defeat but destruction; yet never was he more cool, more calculating, more in the electric mood of genius; and he then performed a feat whose brilliance has rarely been equalled

in the history of warfare, and which was creditable alike to his troops and to himself, displaying their high qualities as distinctly as his own, and evincing how grandly he confided in them, and how nobly they had benefited by his tactics.

Let this feat be described in the graphic words of Alison:—"He drew back the whole centre and right wing of his army," that is, of the part of his army in action, which was exclusive of Campbell's and Erskine's divisions, "the left being drawn up and remaining firm at Fuentes d'Onoro, as the pivot on which the backward wheel was performed, in order to take up a new position facing to the original right of the line, and nearly at right angles to it, on a ridge of heights which ran across the plateau, and stretched from the ravine of the Duas Casas to that of the Turones. Such a retreat, however, in the course of which the outer extremity of the line had to retire four miles over a level plateau, enveloped by a formidable and victorious cavalry, was most hazardous. The plain over which the troops were retiring was soon covered with carriages and fugitives from the camp-followers; and if any of the divisions had given way, the enemy would have burst in upon them with such forces as would have sent the disorderly multitude headlong against some of its own squares, and thrown the whole into irreparable confusion. Meanwhile, a fierce contest was going on in Fuentes d'Onoro, where the three victorious regiments who had held it two days before, after a gallant resistance, were pierced through, and the lower part of the town was taken. But in that dread hour, perhaps the most perilous of the whole war for England, she was saved by the skill of her chief and the incomparable valour of her soldiers. Slowly, and in perfect order, the squares of the first, (the third,) the seventh, and the light divisions, retired for several miles, flanked on either side by the terrible cuirassiers of Montbrun, flushed with the newly won glories of Wagram,—pressed in rear by the columns and batteries of Ney's (Loison's) corps, which had broken the Russian army at Friedland. In vain their charging squadrons swept round these serried bands, and the light of the British bayonets was for a time lost in the blaze of the French cuirasses. From every throng the unbroken squares still emerged, pursuing their steady way amidst a terrific fire; the seventh division successfully accomplished its long semicircular sweep, crossed the Turones, and took up its ground between that stream and the Coa; the centre of the army soon gained the ridge of heights for which it was destined; a scarlet line was seen on the summit of the steep, with frequent guns through its interstices; while what was now the left, with invincible firmness, still made good the crags and chapel of Fuentes d'Onoro."

This new position of the main body of the army, though extending nearly at right angles with the original one, covered as effectually as that did every avenue to Almeida, and was very much stronger, but at the same time had no access to the road to Sabugal. Picton's division and Spencer's division stood in first line from Fuentes d'Onoro to the ravine of the Turones; Houston's division was

landed from the opposite side of that ravine to Frenada, and was soon joined at the latter place by the small corps of Julian Sanchez; the cavalry took post behind the right of Picton's division; and Craufurd's brigades formed a reserve to the right of Spencer's division, at the same time sending detachments into the ravine of the Turones, to maintain connexion with Houston's division. So dexterously, in spite of all difficulties, was this new position attained that not an accident attended the movement into it, with the exception of the surprise of one outpost, involving the capture of a colonel and fourteen men. The French mistook the movement for retreat, and were first chafed to see it so slow and stubborn, and next confounded to find it standing fast in steady, strong, resolute battle order. All Massena's contrivances for victory, the fruit of an entire day's reconnoisance and study, were to turn the British right flank through an open smooth tract of land; and what could he do now, when with a front as powerful as at the commencement, that flank rested on a rugged ravine? He halted his main body, sent off a strong detachment to glide down the ravine, and began a heavy cannonade against the British centre; but his detachment was speedily repulsed by Craufurd's riflemen, his cannonade was sharply answered by twelve British guns, and his whole forces, so recently in the flush of imagined pursuit, were obliged, without another effort, to draw back.

But the fighting still continued fierce at the village of Fuentes d'Onoro. The French there had been much stronger throughout the day than the British; they now were rapidly reinforced till they comprised all Loison's corps, together with part of Drouet's division; and they made so tremendous a charge to follow out the advantages they had already won that, for a moment, the whole village, up to its farthest strong points on the flank of the ravine, seemed to be their own. But, at that juncture, strong reinforcements also arrived from Lord Wellington's centre to the British; and they thoroughly restored the contest. The tug of battle thenceforth till sunset was as terrible as could happen within such narrow limits. The fighting combined the stubbornness of desperation with the closeness of street action; and though as sternly resistive as that of the 3d, and as slow to yield ground, it vacillated from end to end of the village,—from the river's edge at the lower extremity to the very verge of the British main position at the upper. The three British regiments who had been in it from the commencement, and who were still in the front of it, at length passed into a paroxysm of bravery, refused to fight any longer like common combatants, and prepared to rush upon the French like furies. Colonel Mackinnon, one of the most dashing officers in the British army, led them on; and the colonels under him caught up his order in a spirit as furious as his own. "At them, Eighty-eighth!" eagerly exclaimed one of these; while another, alluding to a resemblance which they had all observed between the scenery then around them and the scenery around the barracks of Glasgow, exclaimed, "Let us show them, my

lads, now we can clear the Gallowgate!". And on they went with such phalanxed impetuosity as really to make a "clearing," very similar to the dispersion of a dense mob, except that the masses before them, instead of retiring like men, stood for a moment and then huddled off like bullocks. "The imperial guard," says Maxwell, "waited and received the charge; bayonet crossed bayonet, and the combatants fought hand to hand. But it was the struggle of a moment; and the best soldiers of France gave way before the Connaught rangers. Till the awful shock, many were impaled, and fairly lifted from the ground; while broken, trodden down, and slaughtered, the routed enemy were forced in wild disorder by the Irish and Highland soldiers through the same street by which, in all the confidence of approaching victory, they had so recently and gallantly advanced."

The battle was now at an end. Both parties abandoned the lower part of the village; the French retired a cannon-shot beyond the Duas Casas, and the British maintained possession of the upper part of the village. The wearied combatants there, however, were speedily relieved by a brigade of the light division. The whole British army then posted their picquets, and bivouacked on the ground which they had occupied at the close of the strife. But all, together with their illustrious chief, expected a renewal of battle at the return of daylight; and the brigade in the village threw up some breastworks among the crags, and made some entrenchments on the open ground beyond, which would have rendered the carrying of the village of little benefit to the enemy.

On the morning of the 5th, about the time when the general action of Fuentes d'Onoro began, a part of Regnier's corps made a demonstration against Sir William Erskine's post; but was easily repulsed by a battalion of the Lusitanian legion. With this exception, Regnier's corps stood entirely inactive, yet in consequence of its position and strength, it prevented so much as one battalion of Erskine's and Campbell's divisions from being drawn off to succour the British combatants. The battle, therefore, was done entirely by four divisions of allied infantry and about one thousand allied cavalry against two complete corps d'armée and one strong division of French infantry, and about five thousand French cavalry. The loss on the allied side, including killed, wounded, and captured, amounted to nearly 1,600 men; and that on the French side was estimated at the time to amount to nearly 5,000, but probably did not much or at all exceed 3,000.

The battle of Fuentes d'Onoro was claimed as a victory by both sides. The French claimed it on the ground that they drove the allies from their original position; though, in truth, they only pushed back the right wing and the centre, and never got possession of the strong point on the left which commanded the road to Almeida, and which had been the only point of contest on the 3d. The British claimed it on the far higher grounds that the cause of the battle, the sov-

the rest of the troops resuming their former dispositions in the vicinity of Almeida.

A fine instance of the generosity of the British soldiers occurred in connexion with the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro. Lord Wellington, writing a few days after the battle to Mr. Percival, then prime minister of Britain, thanking him for his exertions on behalf of the distressed Portuguese people, said,—"My soldiers have continued to show them every kindness in their power, as well as to the Spaniards. The village of Fuentes d'Onoro having been the field of battle the other day, and not being much improved by this circumstance, they immediately and voluntarily subscribed to raise a sum of money, to be given to the poor inhabitants as a compensation for the damage which their properties had sustained in the contest."

Lord Wellington's army, though well entitled to congratulate themselves on the immediate result of the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro, were nevertheless destined, in the denouement of that affair, to suffer a serious humiliation. Brennier, the French governor of Almeida, was highly distinguished for ingenuity and bravery; and he managed to outwit the blockading force. His garrison comprised about fourteen hundred men; and at the time of Massena's advance, were so straitened for provisions that they could not hope to hold the place many days longer without receiving supplies. Brennier, though fully hoping to receive these, made elaborate preparations for attempting an escape, and for blowing up the fortress, in the event of being reduced to extremity. Lord Wellington had no battering-train; so that nothing more could be done than to maintain the blockade in vigilance and strength. But on each of the nights of Massena's juxtaposition to the blockading army, Brennier so amused the regiments immediately under the walls with loud explosions within the fortress and with feigned attacks upon the picquets, as completely to bewilder their caution: and at length, a little after midnight of the 10th, he sprung his mines, sallied forth in a compact column, bayonetted the sentries in his way, passed silently and safely the quarters of the reserves, and proceeded onward to the Agueda, many thousands of the British rising in hubbub around him, some of them making great havoc upon his ranks by death or capture, but all failing to prevent the clear escape of a strong nucleus of his column.

Lord Wellington's report of this affair to Lord Liverpool is unique among his narrative despatches, both for possessing an apologetic character, and for evincing considerable emotion. "You will receive by this post," says he, "the account of the blowing up of Almeida; and, although I believe that we have taken or destroyed the greatest part of the garrison, I have never been so much distressed by any military event as by the escape of even a man of them. The enemy having retired across the Azava during the night of the 9th, I went forward in the morning to observe their subsequent movements. About one o'clock

of the day of the 10th, having seen their whole army in march to cross the Agueda, I sent orders for the right of the army to resume their cantonments on the Duas Casas, the advanced guard and cavalry upon the Azava and Upper Agueda, the fifth division (Sir W. Erskine) to send a regiment to Barba de Puerco, and the sixth division (Major-General Campbell) to resume the blockade of Almeida. Sir W. Erskine was dining with Sir Brent Spencer at headquarters, and received his orders about 4 o'clock; and he says he sent them off forthwith to the 4th regiment, which were stationed under former orders, on the Duas Casas, half way between Aldea del Obispo and Barba de Puerco. General Campbell called upon me about half-past 5 or 6 o'clock, and told me that, before dark, his division would have resumed their positions for the blockade. At about half-past 12, the place was blown up; and the garrison had about fourteen miles to march to Barba de Puerco, and nearly the same distance to the only fords on the Agueda, the whole of which were occupied by our dragoons. General Pack and General Campbell both expected that the garrison would attempt to escape, and were both at Malpartida, about four miles from Almeida, on the road towards the Agueda and Barba de Puerco. General Pack joined the picquets, and followed the enemy with ten men, and kept up a fire upon them, as a guide to the other troops, which he supposed were following. General Campbell did follow with eight companies of the 36th regiment. The 8th Portuguese regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas, which were at Junça, on the south-west side of Almeida, marched when the explosion was heard, and arrived at Barba de Puerco before the French; but finding nobody there excepting a picquet of cavalry, they passed the Duas Casas again, and thus missed them.

"The Queen's regiment which were within a mile of Almeida, on the road to Malpartida, were not aware that the place was blown up, and did not march at all; and the 4th regiment, which, it is said, did not receive their orders before midnight, and had only two and a half miles to march, missed their road, and did not arrive at Barba de Puerco till after the French, and with General Campbell and General Pack; and the flank battalions of the fifth division, which Sir W. Erskine had detached from Aldea del Obispo (so long after he had heard the explosion, that he had sent an officer to Almeida, between five and six miles, to ascertain what it was, and this officer had returned,) arrived nearly at the same time. The other corps of the sixth division had marched different distances in pursuit of the enemy: but excepting the 36th and the 8th Portuguese, none had crossed the Turones. Thus your Lordship will see that, if the 4th regiment had received the orders, issued at one, before it was dark at 8 o'clock at night, or if they had not missed their road, the garrison must have laid down their arms; and the same would have occurred if Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas had remained at Barba de Puerco; and possibly the same would have occurred had the pursuit been judiciously managed."

"Possibly I have to reproach myself for not having been on the spot; but really, when the enemy's whole army had crossed the Agueda, with the exception of one brigade of cavalry in front of Ciudad Rodrigo, I did not think it probable that the attempt to escape would be made; and having employed two divisions and a brigade to prevent the escape of 1,400 men, who I did not think it likely would attempt to escape, the necessity of my attending personally to this operation, after I had been the whole day on the Azava, did not occur to me. However, it is that alone in the whole operation in which I have to reproach myself; as everything was done that could be done in the way of order and instruction. I certainly feel, every day, more and more the difficulty of the situation in which I am placed. I am obliged to be every where; and if absent from any operation, something goes wrong. It is to be hoped that the general and other officers of the army will at last acquire that experience which will teach them that success can be attained only by attention to the most minute details, and by tracing every part of every operation from its origin to its conclusion, point by point, and ascertaining that the whole is understood by those who are to execute it."

The blowing up of the fortress of Almeida proved to be nearly as masterly as the escape of the garrison. The fortifications for every immediate purpose of the war, were rendered useless. Three of the five bastions had been utterly destroyed; the crests had been thrown into the ditch; many of the stones had been hurled to great distances; the very foundations looked to have been shaken; and the whole place bore the appearance of a ruin. Yet two of the bastions remained, the mines in them having failed to explode; the revetements and ravelines were untouched; the main outline of the rampart and the ditch was entire; and the whole place, by means of clearing, scarping, and some slight rebuilding, was capable of being made secure against a coup de main. It likewise contained a great deal of ordnance and shot. Lord Wellington did not feel at liberty to bestow much pains upon it, still less to expend money, but contented himself with reporting on its condition to the Portuguese government; and they soon afterwards undertook to reconstruct it.

Lord Wellington, writing to Sir William Beresford, said,—"I think the escape of the garrison of Almeida, although we have taken and destroyed a good lot of them, is the most disgraceful military event that has yet occurred to us." And his whole army viewed it in the same light. A staff officer who was present says,—"It seemed as if, by this untoward event, all the advantages obtained by the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro were thrown away. Not that we very deeply regretted the escape of the individuals; they were brave men, had made a bold venture, and deserved that it should be crowned with success; but it was mortifying to reflect that now Massena might, with some show of reason, speak of his late operation as a victory, and not as a defeat. He might, in a specious manner,

inform Europe that he had manœuvred merely for the purpose of bringing off the garrison of Almeida; and as the garrison had actually escaped, how could we contradict him? It is not worth while longer to dwell on this affair; but I will venture to affirm that no one who witnessed the effect this disappointment produced upon our army will ever be able to forget it."

The army, however, were speedily consoled by evidence of their complete triumph over Massena. Intelligence soon reached them that Massena had been disgraced by Buonaparte on account of the retreat from Santarem,—that he was already an object of scorn throughout Europe,—that Marmont had superseded him in the chief command, with Regnier for his second,—that Massena, Junot, Ney, and Loison were all on the way privately to Paris,—and that Marmont, though coming into command in the vicinity of Ciudad Rodrigo, had found the prospect around him so forbidding as to have no alternative but to continue the retreat to Salamanca.

The disgrace of Massena was one of the greatest personal reverses which occurred in the course of the whole war. He had risen from profound obscurity to a height of military fame inferior only to that of Buonaparte himself; and he fell from it like the topmost stone of an overwhelmed pinnacle, simply because the foundations of it were mined and blown up by Wellington He was a native of Nice, born in 1758. He contracted in boyhood a strong passion for military adventure, but struggled long in obscurity, deserted from his native flag to the flag of Republican France, suddenly attracted notice, and then rose rapidly and brilliantly to the place of one of the first generals of the republic and one of the first marshals of the empire. He fought many battles, achieved many victories, acquired many honours in Italy, in Switzerland, and in Germany, together with the high reputation of never sustaining a defeat; and at length he was declared by Buonaparte to be "the cherished child of victory," and elevated to the rank of Prince of Essling.

But, in spite of all his prosperity, he was ever a brutal man and a coarse commander. His apologists attempt to say that his atrocities in Portugal were the mere accidents of unavoidable foraging, in a famished country, to feed his troops,—that his defeat at Busaco was a misfortune incurred against his orders, by the imprudent ardour of strong bodies sent forward merely to reconnoitre,—that his defeat at Fuentes d'Onoro was not a defeat at all, but a victory,—and that his entire campaign in Portugal was a masterly retention of the country during eight months, with only 40,000 soldiers, amid most disadvantageous circumstances, against 120,000 soldiers, fully equipped and enjoying every facility for enterprise. This kind of mendacity, however, was reciprocated with his apologists, and perhaps supplied to them, by a principal element in his own gross character; and, though successful enough to please some of his low admirers in France, or to confound some simpletons whom he had beaten in other lands, was



not fitted for a moment to deceive either his master, officers, or any one of his enlightened antagonists. Buonaparte soon saw and indignantly that, notwithstanding his great successes against the slow-moving tacticians of Italy and Germany, he totally wanted wit to contrive, even to comprehend, the subtle strategy of Wellington; and his best friends, however sincerely they might regard his reverses in Portugal as resulting from his own errors, but from the misconduct of his officers, could not deny his frequent breach of faith, his constant rapacity, his wild military horrors, and his general conduct to the Portuguese people were abominable and atrocious.

Still Massena was a great general,—manifestly great in the fame of his many victories,—and necessarily great in some proportion of skill, as well as of bravery, by which he had achieved them. His mind, though coarse, was strong,—though drowsy in foresight, was wide awake in a crisis,—and though powerless to plan a campaign, was very powerful to execute one. Hence, though blunt and lustreless through every part of the contest with Wellington till he arrived before the Lines, he became sharp and brilliant in his retreat to Santarem, in all his occupancy of Santarem, and during most of his retreat to the Mondego. Buonaparte said of him "that he was brave, decided, and intrepid,—that in conversation he was dull, but in dictation a clear and forcible thinker,—that he was ambitious, selfish, negligent of discipline, and a bad ruler of his troops,—and that, though prone to make faulty dispositions for battle, he was stubbornly pertinacious, and could not be discouraged." Such a general, bad man though he was, under such a master, as bad a man as himself, ought not to have been dismissed from his command with any such discourtesy. Yet he was dismissed in the rudest manner of the foulest disgrace,—obliged to travel privately to Paris, attended only by his own son and by one aide-de-camp,—and never again allowed to figure in any military affair. He died in 1817.

The sensation produced throughout Europe by Wellington's triumph over Massena was immense. The Portuguese saw at last that his system of strategy had been the right one, and while the vast masses burst into enthusiastic acclamation, the deeply-committed hostile few either sprang forward to confess their error, or slunk into solitude to conceal their shame. The Spaniards suddenly displayed an admiration as ardent as their previous mistrust had been cold, and began to whisper an earnest wish that he would assume the supreme command of all their armies. The French were awe-struck, as if in the presence of a superior power, feeling that a hand was upon them of totally different mould and grasp from any whose touch they had ever felt before, and they thenceforth, in their conflicts with him, stood shorn of their former dash and temerity. The other nations of Continental Europe felt equal astonishment and delight at the stunning sharp check so manifestly given to a career of conquest, which hitherto had almost defied and insulted the civilized world. But the British, as their half-stead[illegible]

and as suited a great glad crisis in the history of a free people, were almost wild with enthusiasm. Their jealousies, their partisanships, their oppositions, and their obloquies all gave place to united, universal, uproarious joy. They hoped at length, and hoped truly, that Buonaparte's rancorous hostility was to be repelled by them on land as well as on the ocean; and most began to see, what has become so luminously visible to their posterity, that the commander of their own Peninsular army, about whose martial character they had been so divided in opinion, was in truth an incomparably greater general than Buonaparte. Both houses of parliament voted him thanks for the deliverance of Portugal; and some of the leaders of the Opposition, even Mr. Whitbread himself, wrote personally to him to recant their unfavourable opinions, and to express their respect for his genius and their delight with his exploits.

Lord Wellington, we need not say, was quite as cool under these demonstrations of applause as amid the fire of battle. His nearest approach to self-congratulation which we have observed occurs in a letter of the 25th of May to Mr. Villiers. "No man," said he, "can appreciate better than yourself the difficulties with which I have had to contend; but I believe that you are not aware of all of them. I persevered in the system which I thought best, notwithstanding that it was the opinion of every British officer in the country that I ought to embark the army; while, on the other hand, the Portuguese civil authorities contended that the war ought to be maintained on the frontier,—for which they wanted not only physical force, but the means for providing for the force which they could produce in the field. I believe nothing but something worse than firmness could have carried me through the nine months' discussion with these contending opinions. To this add that people in England were changing their opinions almost with the wind; and you will see that I had not much to look to excepting myself."

END OF VOL. I.

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